Nov. 23, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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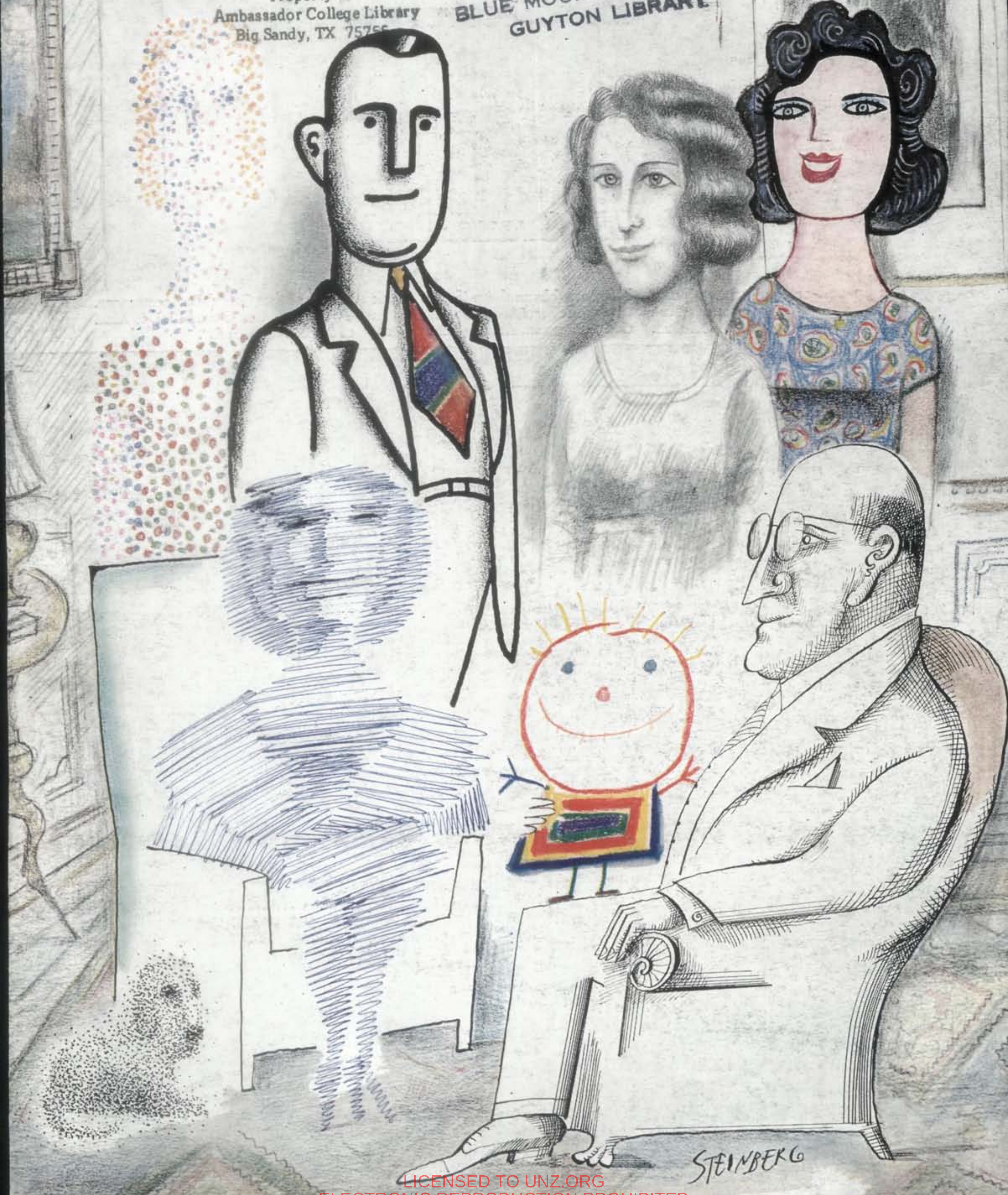

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The discovery of

Old Grand-Dad.

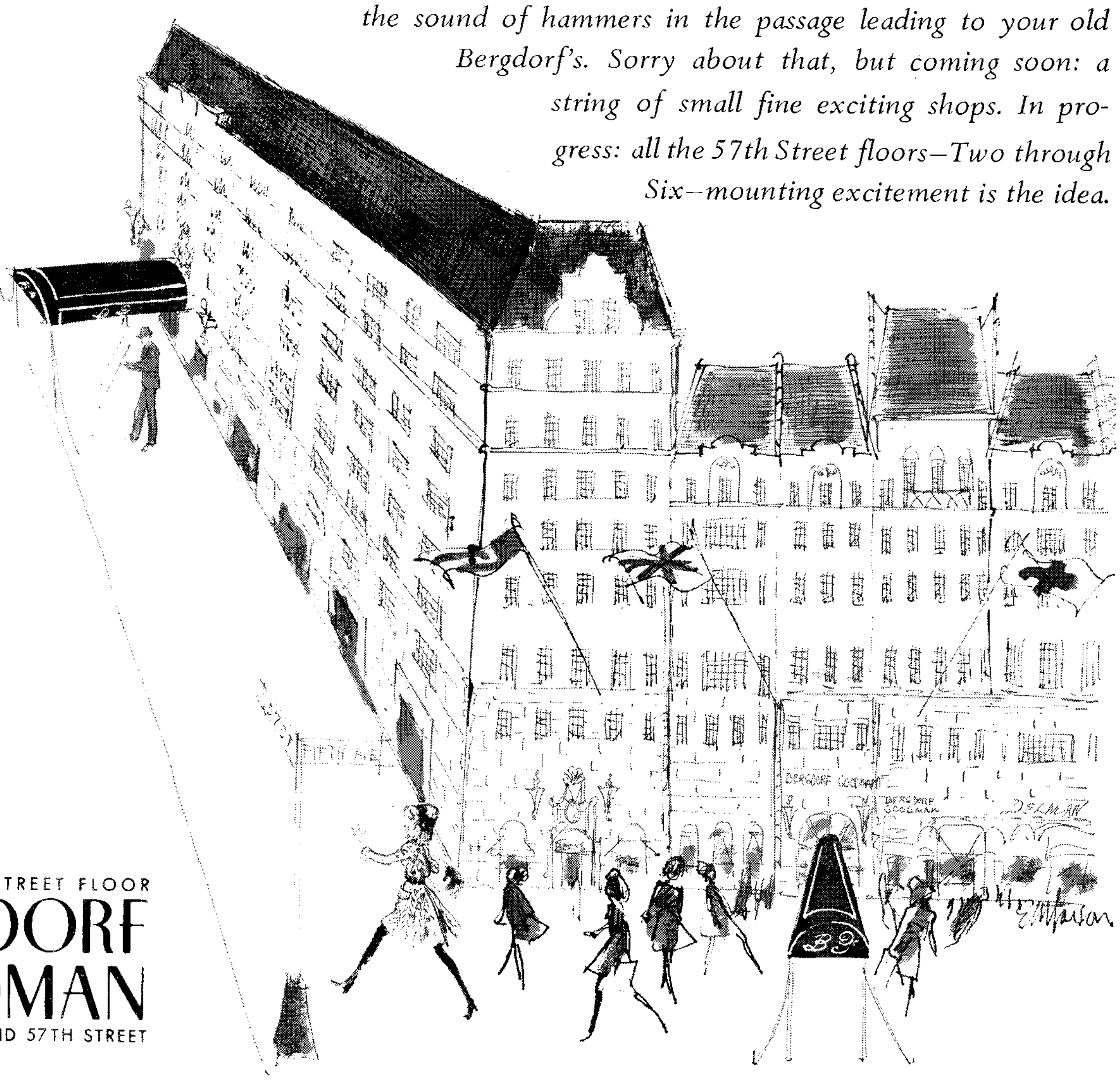
The up-and-coming generation is making a discovery—uncovering the pleasure of drinking Old Grand-Dad. Who can blame them if they think they're the first? After all, their fathers thought so, too. And neither generation cares that Grand-Dad costs more. They know Old Grand-Dad is head of the Bourbon family.

Old Grand-Dad: Head of the Bourbon Family.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys.
86 Proof and 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company,
Frankfort, Ky.

Hosannah! Bergdorf's Round the Bend!

The 57th Street door is open (and we're back on our rocker). You can tell the door by the new green canopy, the carriage lamps—and the soft sound of "Welcome" as you walk in. Which means: Bergdorf Goodman now stretches all down Fifth from 58th Street clear to 57th Street. We are now a three-directional store. A see-through store, a four-or-more-door store. But all doors lead to the same familiar Bergdorf's: intimate, exclusive and luxurious, with a passion for quality. But, because even at sixty-seven, we're in love with tomorrow's world too, we've thrown a few surprises into the new spaciousness. For instance, when you walk in the 57th Street door you'll find yourself in a Man's World. As Bergdorf's is perhaps the most feminine store on the Avenue, we're pretty fussy about our Bergdorf male. Here then, in our opinion, is the very best in fashion for men. Possibly it's the most ruthlessly-edited collection in town A complete Alfred Dunhill of London shop. The best. An extravagantly-small selection of men's toiletries. (Most of them just didn't make it.) Up a half-flight you'll find none other than Jerry, hairstylist to men at Bergdorf's, heading up his superb staff. Here, too, our mahogany-lined walk-in Humidor, approved (heartily) only last week by the august Mr. Dunhill himself. Also on the Main Floor, a spirited Stationery and Engraving Department plus a Gift Mall which could turn a man's Christmas shopping from blight to bliss. Something we hope to accomplish every day of the year. Ooooops! Whiffs of paint, the sound of hammers in the passage leading to your old Bergdorf's. Sorry about that, but coming soon: a string of small fine exciting shops. In progress: all the 57th Street floors—Two through Six—mounting excitement is the idea.



MEN'S SHOP, STREET FLOOR
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Molière's THE MISANTHROPE (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; and Thursday, Nov. 28, at 2. . . . ¶ T. S. Eliot's THE COCKTAIL PARTY: Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 25-26, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 28-29, all at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Cannibals—A play by George Tabori, with an all-male cast. Season subscribers (twenty or fifteen dollars) only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—Rochelle Owens' farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Huui, Huui—A play by Anne Burr, the first winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman in a play by Murray Schisgal. Directed by Donald Driver. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 26. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

CORT THEATRE
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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Lovers—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted by Peter Lind Hayes and several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

The People vs. Ranchman—A confused and noisy protest against something or other. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Piraikon Theatron—Final performances of Euripides' HIPPOLYTUS, in modern Greek. A quick trip to Berlitz may be indicated; no earphone translations. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's KING LEAR, with Lee J. Cobb: Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 21-23, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 26-27, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2. . . . ¶ William Gibson's A CRY OF PLAYERS, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23-24, and Thursday, Nov. 28, all at 2, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

Sweet Eros and **Witness**—A double bill by Terrence McNally. Opens Thursday, Nov. 21. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

We Bombed in New Haven—Joseph Heller's attempt at an anti-war play, unwisely aping such of his betters as Pirandello and Brecht. With Jason Robards and Diana Sands. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Long Runs—CACTUS FLOWER: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.) . . . PLAZA SUITE: Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . THE PRICE: Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy. Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, and Kate Reid compose the family, and David Burns is a funny old outsider. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE: Muriel Spark's short novel turned into a play by Jay Allen, with Zoe Caldwell in the principal role. (Helen Hayes,

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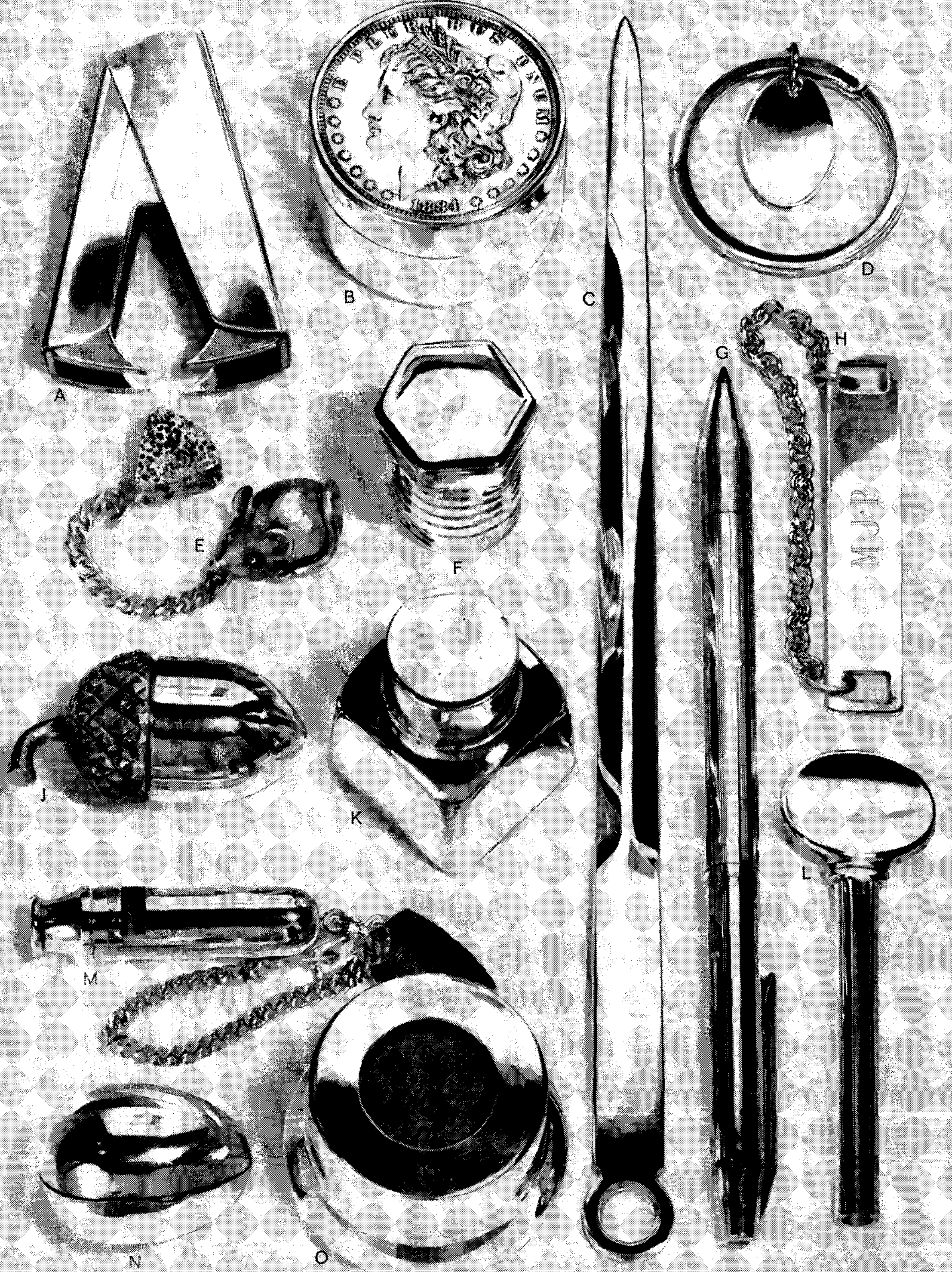

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 14.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

THE BELIEVERS—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NOËL COWARD'S SWEET POTATO—A revue with several likable performers, who have gathered a rather faded bouquet from the assorted works of the Old Master. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

GEORGE M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

HAIR—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HOW TO STEAL AN ELECTION—This cheerful little revue about politics aims at satire and misses, but it provides some entertainment along the way. Oscar Brand's songs are especially bright. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MAGGIE FLYNN—This drearily old-fashioned musical purports to be based on the Civil War draft riots here. With Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

THE MEGILLA OF ITZIK MANGER—A tiny Israeli affair, conducted largely in Yiddish. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

ZORBA—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 1st Printing (Shakespeare and Company, Paris): February 1922. (1000 numbered copies). (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN RAINBOW:** Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Haydn Concerto," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:15: "Firebird," "Four Temperaments," "La Source Pas de Deux" (première), and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 24, at 1:15: "Stravinsky Symphony," "Agon," "La Source Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:15: "Serenade," "La Source Pas de Deux," "Raymonda Variations," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Haydn Concerto," "La Source Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Firebird," "La Source Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Agon," "Trois Valses Romantiques," and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 1:30: "Party Mix" and "Orbs."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:30: "Lento," "Public Domain," and "Agathe's Tale." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

AFRICAN DANCE COMPANY OF GHANA—A company of forty-five dancers, musicians, and singers appearing here for the first time. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 7:30; Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8; Thursday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8; Friday, Nov. 29, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7:30: "Somniloquy," "Tent," and "Tower."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 1:30: "Imago." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

MARLENE DIETRICH—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 9; on Sunday, Nov. 24, a special performance for the Actors' Fund. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 30.)

WALK TOGETHER CHILDREN—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished Negro actress, appears in a program of poems, songs, and prose excerpts, all of them pertaining to black life in this country over the past hundred years or so. The pleasures of the evening are as often literary as dramatic, giving the audience a chance to get acquainted with writers who may be unfamiliar. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays and Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

CHAD MITCHELL'S COUNTERPOINT—A one-man show of songs. Opens Thursday, Nov. 21. (Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. 475-7804. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

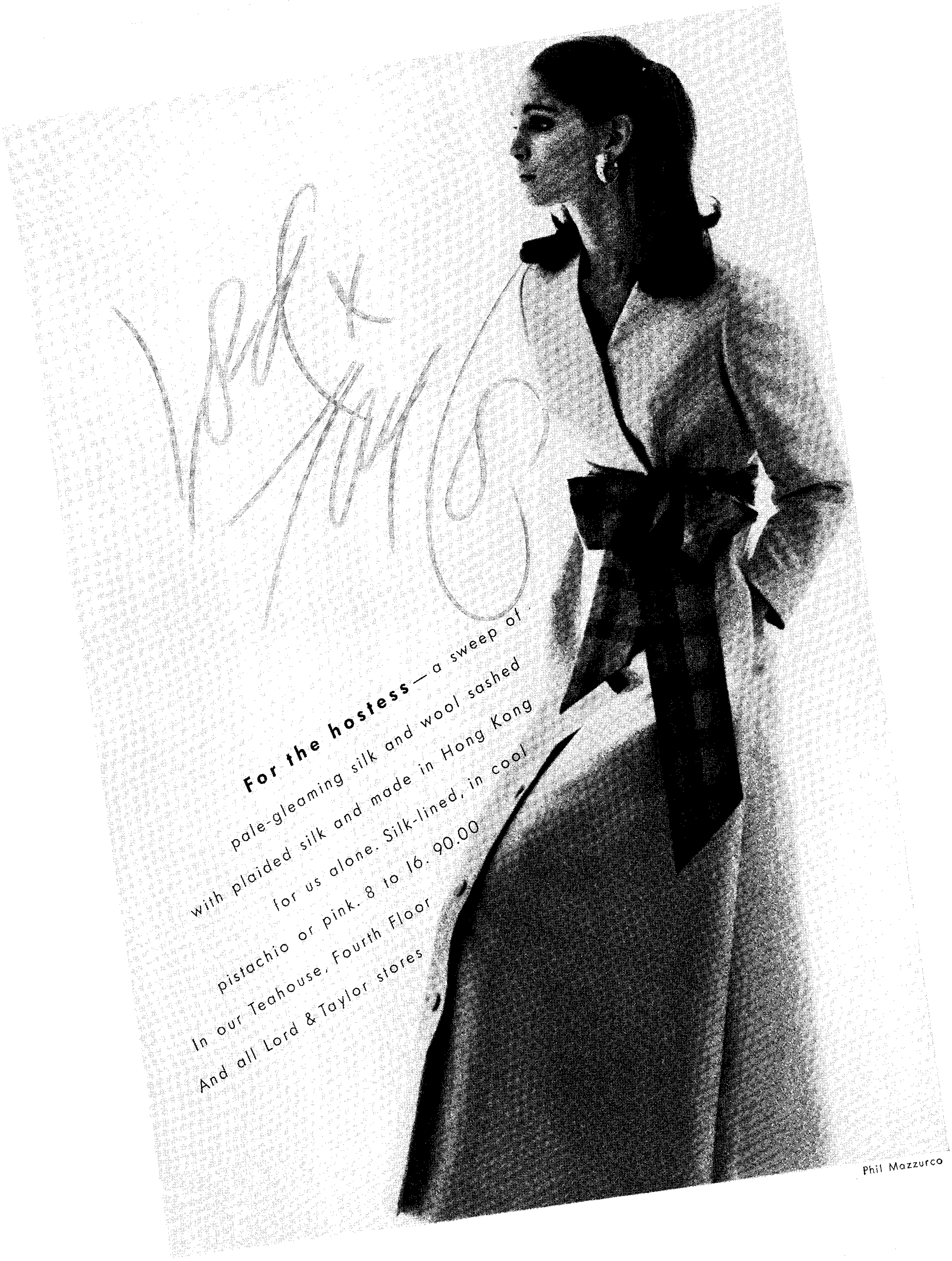
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. The cur-



For the hostess—a sweep of pale-gleaming silk and wool sashed with plaided silk and made in Hong Kong for us alone. Silk-lined, in cool pistachio or pink. 8 to 16. 90.00

In our Teahouse, Fourth Floor

And all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rent show begins at about nine-thirty and involves folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker, as well as folk singers Bunky and Jake. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. Hamilton Face, a group of Juilliard types, is on the show through Saturday, Nov. 23, as is a singer and guitarist named Billy Mitchell. On Tuesday, Nov. 26, the Fifth Annual Thanksgiving Blues Bag begins, and it will be a large one, including the Butterfield Blues Band, Pacific Gas and Electric, and Joe Williams, along with other performers out of a blues bag or some other bag. Shows at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's just about all that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and music by the Brew Moore quartet, including Bill Takas on bass, Wynton Kelly on piano, and Jimmy Cobb on drums. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz every night from nine-thirty until closing by the McCoy Tyner quintet. Mondays, from nine-thirty to four, are one-night stands for various jazz groups. On Tuesday, Nov. 26, the Lee Morgan quintet will start playing. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Nov. 23, the Noah Howard quintet, and Sunday, Nov. 24, McCoy Tyner's concert ensemble.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Junior Mance trio alternates with the solo piano of Toshiko, for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, the Miles Davis quintet will share the stage with comic Irwin Corey. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, the Eddie Harris quartet and the Gary Burton foursome will play. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, the DMZ, a political cabaret with Brechtian overtones, precedes the music. Tuesdays through Sundays, beginning at about ten, the Herbie Hancock sextet is on the bandstand, and on Sunday, Nov. 24, it will play a five-to-seven gig in addition to its nightly one. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right: it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start oscillating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud, live sound of the Epitomé alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. The American Dream and rock records take turns over a good system. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, the Sugar Blues Band will also be around. On Tuesday, Nov. 26, Graffitti takes over. The dancing runs from nine to two Tuesdays through Thursdays, as well as Sundays, and from eight to four Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. Alcohol? No.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—High up (by day it's a restaurant called the Penthouse Club) and filled with sleek-looking people, this is a place to spend an hour or so either gazing at the view—which is superb—or merging with the shaking, strobe-lighted scene. Snacks. Dancing to records from ten to three or four every night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, Los Vegas, a Mexican quintet, plays for listening. Starting Monday, Nov. 25, the quintet will be succeeded by Pat and Barbara, who play and sing. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can dance (from seven to three or four) or patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other, real establishments. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Music Box does. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Jimmy Mack," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

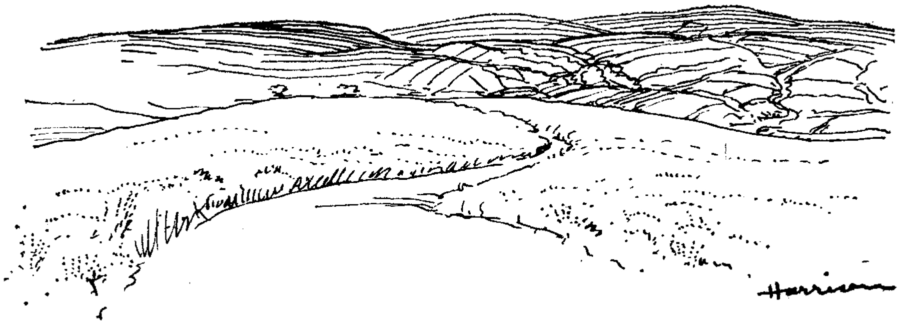
(Dining, too.)

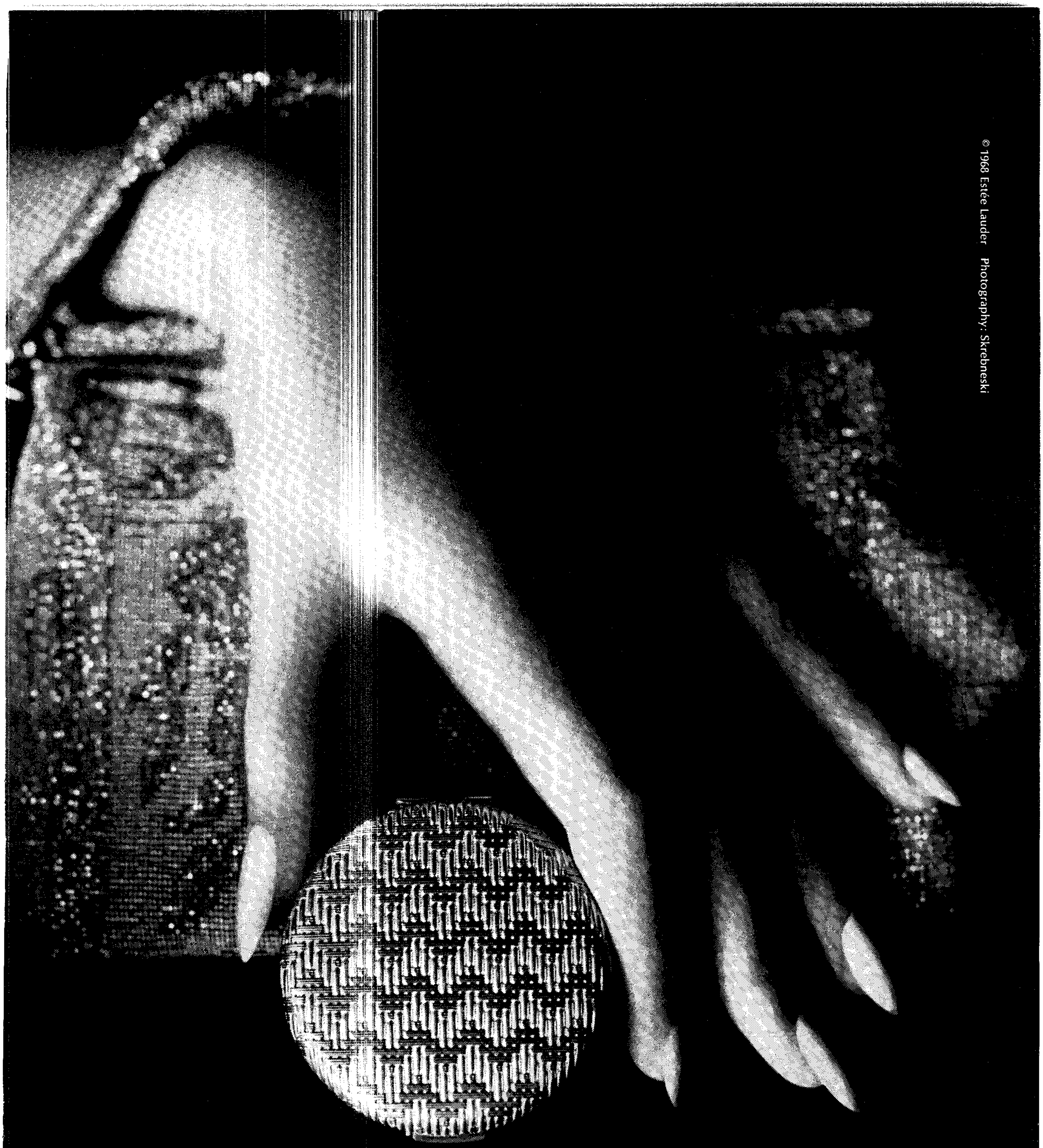
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): It's still royal old Marrakech, but you won't know everybody within the walls of the Medina anymore. The music comes not from the African Moors, or even the Yorkshire Moors, but from Manhattan, and some of it flows out of a gramophone. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The count is Yale 27, Slippery Rock Teachers 2 every night, to the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time in the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): When slow motion in this city seems a necessity, the restaurant here is always ready to second that motion, even while Ernie Warren's cheery crew of music-makers functions, which it usually does from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): It's true what they say about Dixie when it's played by what is shyly called the World's Greatest Jazz Band, for the roster lists such great men as Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Yank Lawson, Ralph Sutton, and Morey Feld. They begin at eight, other music begins at six. No noise Sunday nights, however. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Plain as day, this décor, but there is a floor the size of a six-day bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling equal-but-separate dances like the Monkey et al.), in-perpetuity dance music, and a modicum of sustenance. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, starting time is three-thirty. A triad of bands, the leading (and most Latin) of which is Argueso's, disport themselves. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, undaunted by perma-





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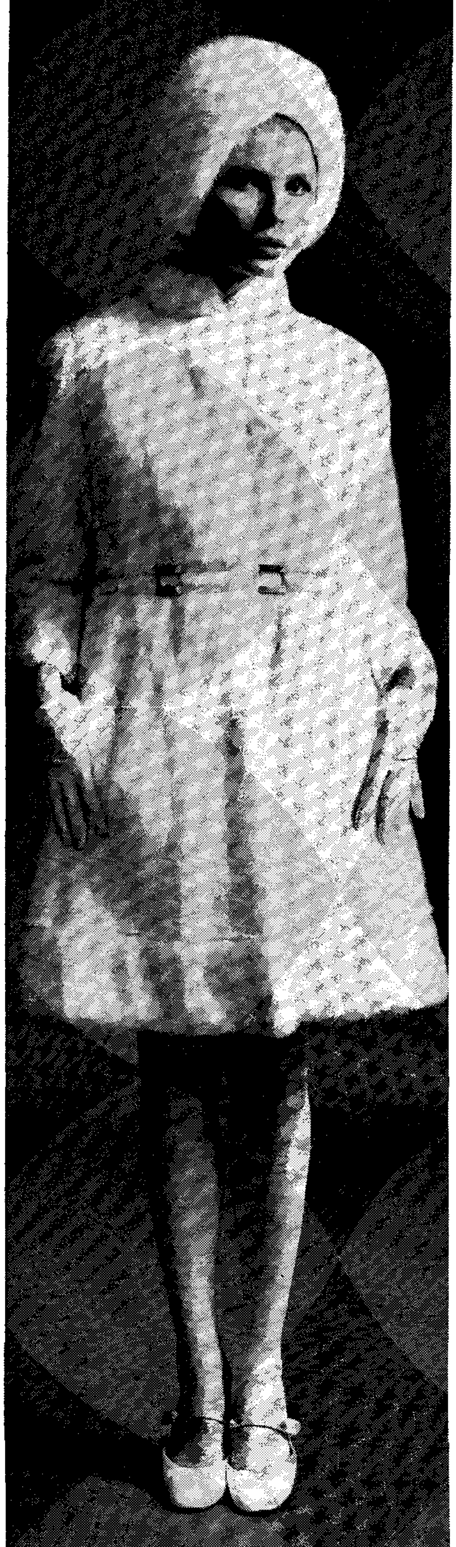


*Fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nent adversity, conducts a chatterboxing match with nearly all the ills we mortals are heir to. Never before ten, and closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the sea—in this case, the Mediterranean. Be they Greek, Israeli, or Armenian, the hands are turned to assertive but cheerful music, song, and conversation. Yoel Sharr and Avram Grobard provide a large part of the chitter and the chatter, George Mgrdichian races along an oud, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, and a solemn female turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the local minirevue, can't quite make up its mind: when it's good, it's very, very good, and when it's bad, it's . . . Ronny Graham is, though, engaged in slowly mending its ways. Except on Sunday, it is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Jane Morgan's pre-Christmas clearance of sugar-plum ditties, which happens during dinner and supper in the Royal Box, ends on Saturday, Nov. 23. The arena reopens on Friday, Nov. 29, to house Ella Fitzgerald. The band of Lee Evans, whose notes are by no means merely promissory ones, will still be there.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Mariquilla, a gypsy moth who creates her own flame, has been shipped in—along with her flamencan following—from Granada to do heel-and-toe work. Los Chavales de España fall in behind, singing, parading, blowing their own horns (all hands double and triple in brass) in Welcome Wagon style. Seven nights a week is the plan. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, fervent demonstrations of the offbeat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song go on until all hours, and every night.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Girls who have simply nothing to wear go bravely out evening after evening in the gallimaufry labelled "Les Belles de Nuit." Their mentors are the team of Stiller & Meara, whose unhappily-married skits are all schizoid; their handicap is a Mitteleuropa ballet troupe that can't tell its ankle from its elbow. No nights off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Like so many other sopranos nowadays, Vikki Carr, who visits the Persian Room during dinner and supper, has begun to experiment with pressure cookers. She retires on Tuesday, Nov. 26. Next evening brings along Gloria Loring, up from the freshman class of night-life carollers. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte wax, without waning, right up to curfew. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** which is now housing Ahmad Jamal's haunted threesome, switches over to Mongo Santamaria's resounding band on Tuesday, Nov. 26, but the rather restrained modern version of Alexander's Ragtime Band run by Mousie Alexander will continue to perform for dancers. Proceedings commence at eight. As for the menu, dinner is served full tilt, but supper is sandwich time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary and, except on Sundays, violin and piano begin a pleasant conversation. From Tuesday through Saturday, the violin belongs to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of this hall.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Billy Eckstine comes up in the world (sixty-five stories, anyway) twice a night, during dinner and supper, to sing his witching arias. Dance music commences at seven. Closed Sundays.

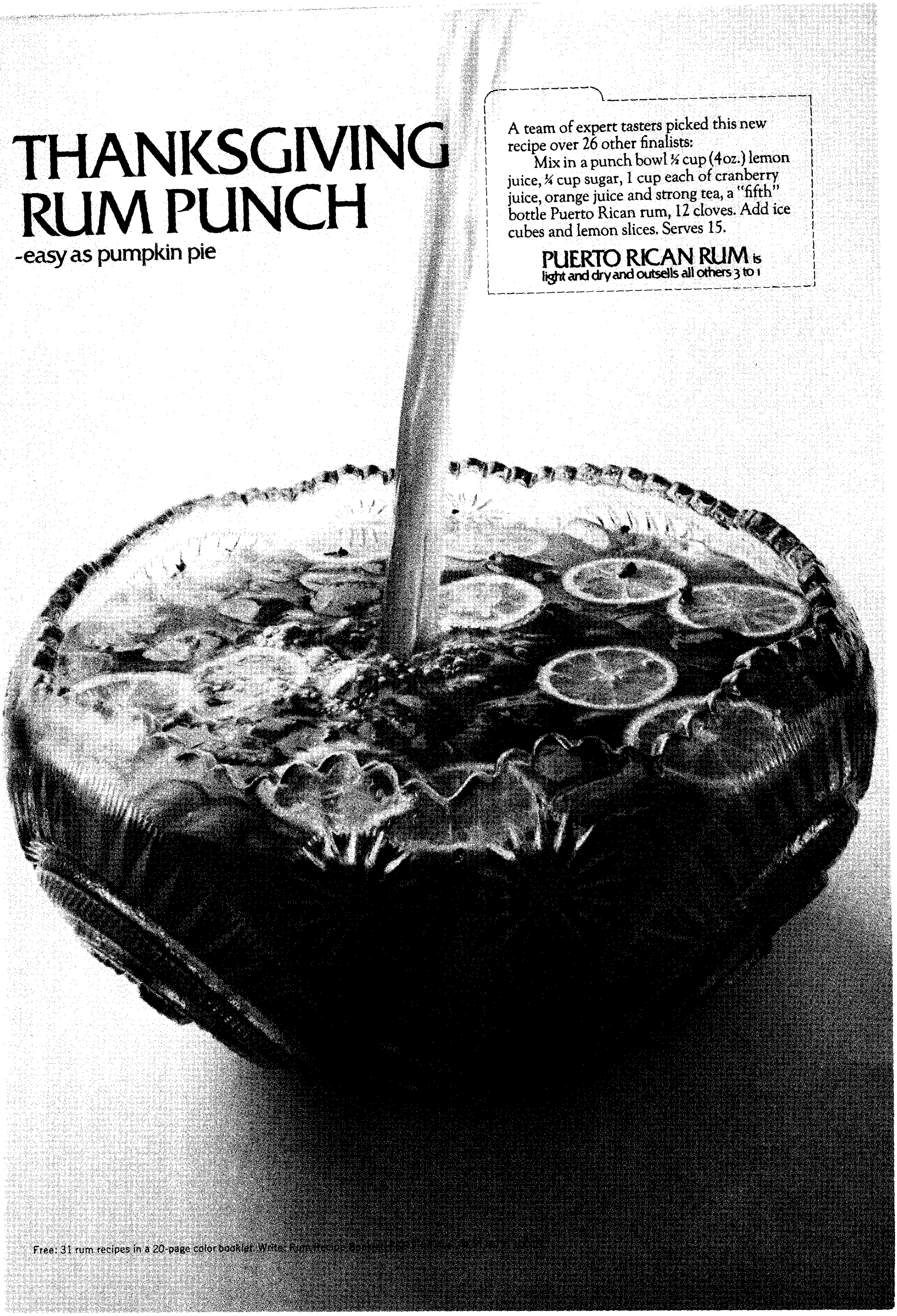
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Dinner and supper in the Maisonette combine beauty (Monique Van Vooren) and the feast. The songs she so deftly delineates are in general custom-made. She comes to a halt on Saturday, Nov. 23; on Monday, Nov. 25, Earl Wilson, Jr., becomes the singer. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort take up every bit of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The hostess of the Empire Room is the musically inclined Julie London, and it's the strong measures in her chansons that she likes best to take. Her dinner and supper recitations finish on Saturday, Nov. 23. On Monday, Nov. 25, she will be replaced by the Four Seasons, a glee club specializing in pop art. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo and the rock group known as the Redells will keep on doing the dance tunes. Special timetable for Thanksgiving Day: the Seasons at four and eight, dancing from two-thirty until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays. Thanksgiving Day, though, the dancing runs from three to eight.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From dusk until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Fine-drawn (almost *fin de siècle*) and dandy. The dandy is Bobby Short, declaiming those special songs about the *vita* that may be *breve* but is also extremely *dolce*. He begins at eight-thirty, and he and his two sidemen (the beamish Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) run on until two. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The greenroom that will always be a tribute to its first ruler, the late Cy Walter, now offers, in his stead, the piano of Dick Hankinson most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Gulf Stream has a beneficial influence on this establishment and a bubbly influence on the troubadour in attendance. His beat is dinner, and calypso, as well as after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Younger than springtime is often the mood, and hop, skip, and jump from one table to another is the favorite sport. Dan Ruskin's piano may sometimes be rose-colored, but it has many ideas of its own. No music Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is so often Second Best, and so are its bars-and-grills, but this one has the virtue of offering Charles De Forest, whose tongue and piano trip a very light fantastic. He lays off Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri prefers to view the world from on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour. There she chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Fridays and Saturdays, Mlle. D. does a reprise at midnight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A souvenir of the Budapest of another day. Béla Babai's orchestra flavors the scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. There is a gaggle of girl singers, too, but they can be taken or left alone. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): From his crow's nest in the bar of this more than passing fair seascape, George Taylor, a night watchman of long standing, delivers song and piano from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera bouffe and opera bœuf à la mode, with the waiters standing not upon ceremony but upon cacophony, bellowing Italianate arias in the course of their nightly rounds. Closed



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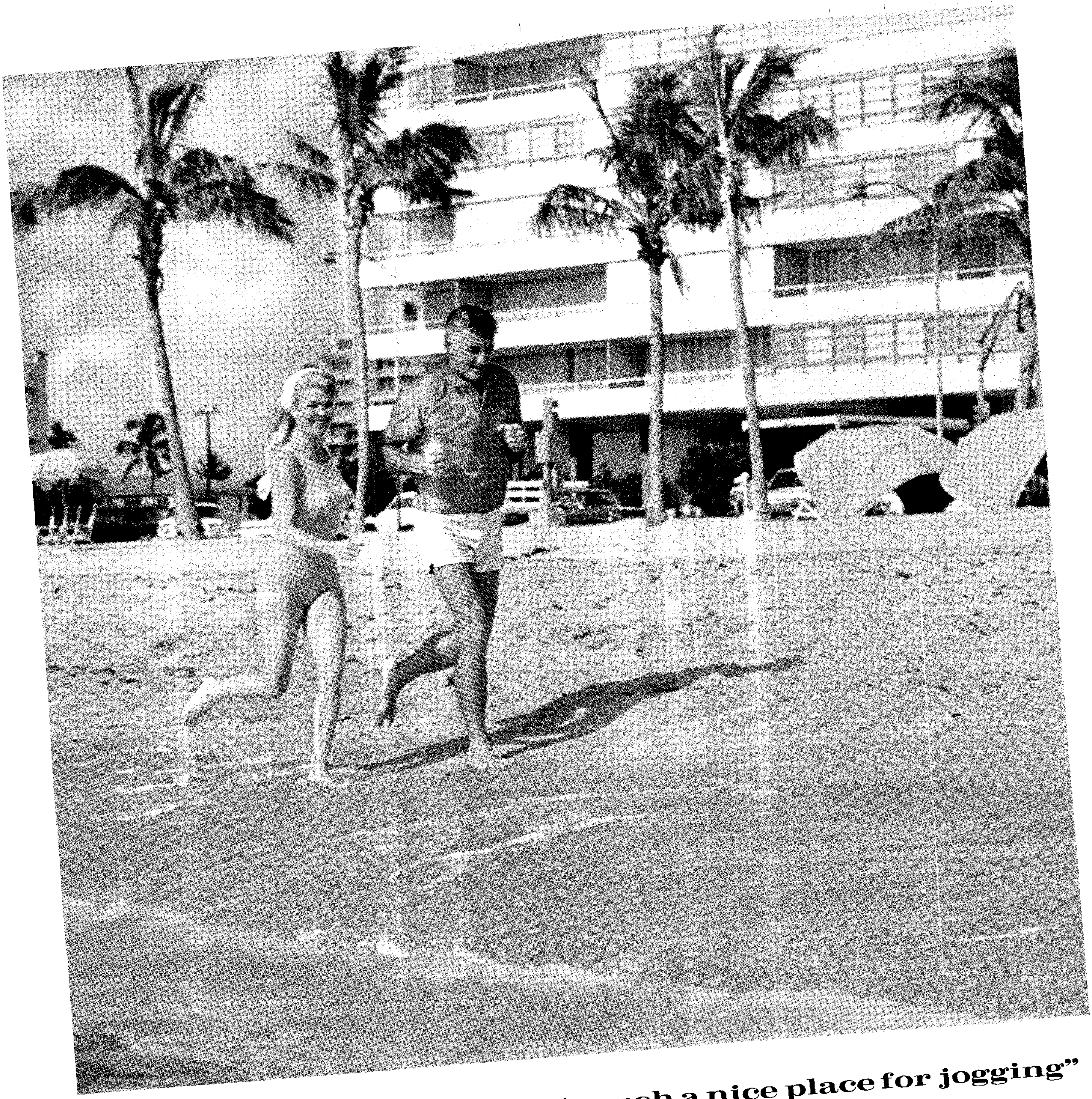

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In its pleasant fashion, it's sort of a houseboat on the Thames. Just the same, Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, has the sound of midnight Manhattan. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. Fiddle and pianoforte are the weapons of choice, and Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists, makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The grand town house looks more and more Roman as the years pass. In the bar, a folksy piano disports itself from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9402): The upper half of the same town house, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is piano from five until a bit after midnight every evening. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The old Roman forum serves as a parade ground for Herman Honigsberg, who, diplomatically table-hopping, Stradivarius at the ready, is followed by an entourage of fellow-musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays and Thanksgiving Day off. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The acoustics here are greatly improved by Ray Hartley's piano. He operates from five-thirty until one, but takes Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There's enough panoply in this refectory to point up the fact that the Ring George Feyer's piano has in mind is Viennese, not Wagnerian. His conversation, though, is today, and political. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The largely innocent song and music that issue in the restaurant from the Talbot Brothers, otherwise known as the Bermuda Islands, have their final outings on Sunday, Nov. 24 (five to nine) and Monday, Nov. 25 (six to ten). . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Mauricio Aguilar—Heavily painted fruits and flowers; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings and drawings by a leading European Expressionist who is frequently shown in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Avedisian—Eight large Minimal paintings; through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Francis Bacon—Twenty new paintings by the British artist celebrated for his distorted figures in enclosures; through Dec. 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexandre N. Benois (1870-1960)—Watercolors of landscapes, monuments, and interiors by an artist who is associated with ballet and was a friend of Diaghilev; through Dec. 20. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

J. Jacques Besner—Abstract sculptures, some on pivots, by a Canadian; through Dec. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Bleifeld—Bronzes in the traditionalist mode, including some of Biblical themes; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Paul Brach—Abstract paintings by a former New Yorker now living in California; through Dec. 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marc Chagall—Paintings of the past three years; through Dec. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arland Christ-Janer—Geometrical paintings by the president of Boston University; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1894-1941)—Two showings of works by a much-admired American individualist often compared to the Douanier Rousseau—Oils, watercolors, and drawings; through Dec. 7. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Twenty-eight oils; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dan Flavin—New "sculptures" made of arrangements of fluorescent light tubes; through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Fosburgh—Traditionalist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Landscapes and still-lifes, plus studies for the paintings; through Dec. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Alberto Giacometti and Jean Dubuffet—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Fifteen paintings of flags of different nations done in commemoration of the First World War Armistice; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Gene Hedge—An artist known for his collages resorts to rolling fluid paint on canvas; through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eva Hesse—Fibre-glass and rubber objects; through Dec. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hokanson—Wood sculptures in irregular Abstract shapes; through Friday, Nov. 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Indiana—A collaboration by the artist with the poet Robert Creeley in a set of ten serigraphs on the theme of the digits; through Monday, Nov. 25. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

James Lechay—Portraits of friends and travel impressions by a veteran New Yorker long displaced in the Middle West; through Dec. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

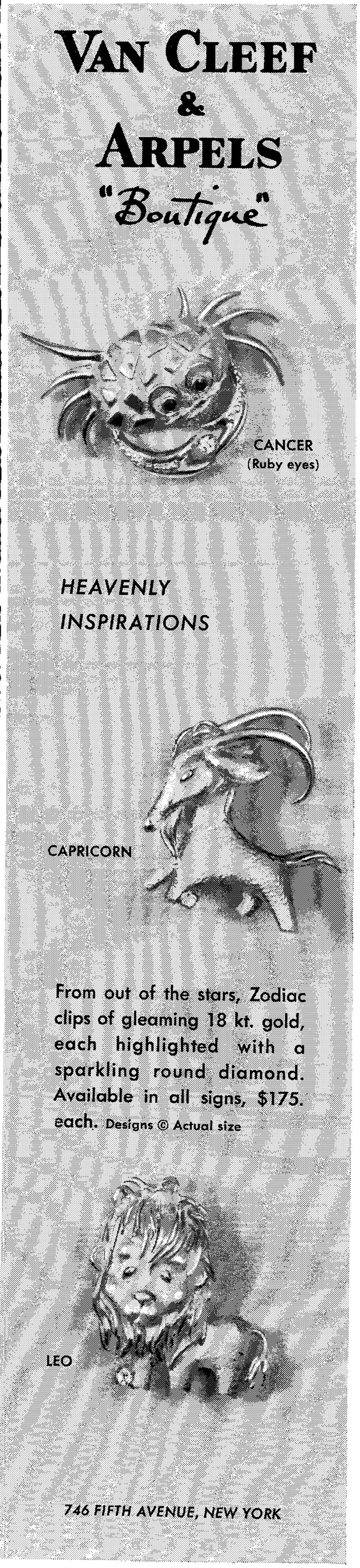
Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—A joint exhibition covering various phases of the work of the French modernist—Oils; through Dec. 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Gouaches, watercolors, and drawings, from 1910 to 1953; through Dec. 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Lloyd—Flashing light patterns using diffracting lenses; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sven Lukin—Lacquer paintings on formed wood shapes that push out from the wall; through Dec. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte—Thirty-five paintings, plus gouaches, drawings, and two sculptures, dating from 1928 to 1966; through Dec. 21. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marino Marini—Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and graphics, many of them on the art-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ist's favorite theme of the horse and rider; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Phyllis Mark—Sculptures that make use of movement and lights; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Abstract oils and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irene Moss—Large Abstract heads composed of irregular oblongs of color; through Friday, Nov. 22. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

Jules Olitski—New color-expanse paintings; through Dec. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Gouaches, oil paintings, and assemblages, from 1945 to 1968; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

María Luisa Pacheco—Paintings and drawings by a Bolivian artist who works in New York; through Dec. 7. (Zegrí, 152 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Waldo Peirce—This leading American painter's work of the past thirty years; through Dec. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Larry Poons—Paintings by a prominent young artist concerned with mathematical and color relations; through Tuesday, Nov. 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eduardo Ramirez—Geometric sculptures in translucent Plexiglas by a Colombian artist known for his architectural reliefs; through Dec. 1. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Felicien Rops (1833-98)—A large exhibition of prints by a Belgian who was a friend of Baudelaire and is known for his satirical wit; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Watercolors and drawings by an Austrian artist; through Dec. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John R. Skeaping—Sculptures and gouaches depicting horse races at Saratoga and animals *in action by a member of the Royal Academy*; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Carl Sprinchorn—Watercolors and drawings that record theatre, dance, and café life from 1910 to 1930; through Dec. 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays; open Thanksgiving Day.)

Antoni Tàpies—Paintings, collages, and works on paper by a prize-winning Spanish modernist; through Friday, Nov. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Ruth Vollmer—Geometrical abstractions in bronze and aluminum; through Dec. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christopher Wilmarth—Wood sculptures in massive simple forms; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Stained-glass panels and windows designed by the celebrated architect; through Dec. 16. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

The Art of the Goldsmith and the Jeweler—A large benefit exhibition of gold boxes, diamond jewelry, and works by Fabergé, from the sixteenth century to the last of the czars; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (A La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Ave., at 59th St. Weekdays, 11 to 4:30.)

Sculptures—At the **chalette,** 9 E. 88th St.: Pieces in many mediums emphasizing "structure" by seven artists, most of them former students of Josef Albers; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **goldowsky,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Items by such artists as Robert Morris, Nadelman, Oldenburg, and di Suvero; through Saturday, Nov. 23.... **knoedler,** 14 E. 57th St.: About a hundred original French bronzes, from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Wednesday, Nov. 27.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 67th St.: A large exhibition of oils and watercolors by artists who contributed to the development of Impressionism in the United States, among them Prendergast, Glackens, Hassam, and Cassatt; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **schweitzer,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Americans who worked and travelled in Europe after 1850, including Inness, Metcalf, Moran, and Sargent; through Saturday, Nov. 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—The third international miniature print competition exhibition, sponsored by the Pratt Graphic Center, offers a hundred and seventy-six examples, none of which is larger than four square inches; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: A benefit exhibit of seventy rarely seen paintings by four masters of Impressionism—Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley; through Saturday, Nov. 30.... **carus,** 243 E. 82nd St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by Middle European Expressionists; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **christie's,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: A benefit show presenting "Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Their Circle," comprising master works by the artists named and by Redon, Pissarro, Vuillard, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 30.... **french embassy,** 972 Fifth Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, sketches, and watercolors by about fifty French authors, among them Hugo, de Musset, Proust, Verlaine, Valéry, Tzara, Malraux, and Cocteau; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Closed Saturday afternoons.)... **frumkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: French figure drawings from Delacroix to Dubuffet, featuring thirty years of drawings by Giacometti; through Dec. 5. ... **hahn,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by, for instance, Monet, Pissarro, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Dec. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **hammer,** 51 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings by Bonnard, Gauguin, Matisse, and Modigliani (to name a few); through Dec. 7.... **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Dec. 7. (Closed Mondays.) ... **seligmann,** 5 E. 57th St.: French and Italian drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through Saturday, Nov. 23.... **shickman,** 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish paintings, including an oil study by Rubens, and paintings by, among others, Salomon and Jacob van Ruisdeal and Jan Steen; through Dec. 7.... **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show, assembled by the Fogg Art Museum, of seventy masterpieces of the seventeenth century (by Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, Fragonard, Tiepolo, and others—many of the works shown in New York for the first time), which interpret scenes and modes of classical antiquity; through Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Jan. 11.... ¶ Paintings by Wassily Kandinsky *taken from the Museum's collection*; through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednes-

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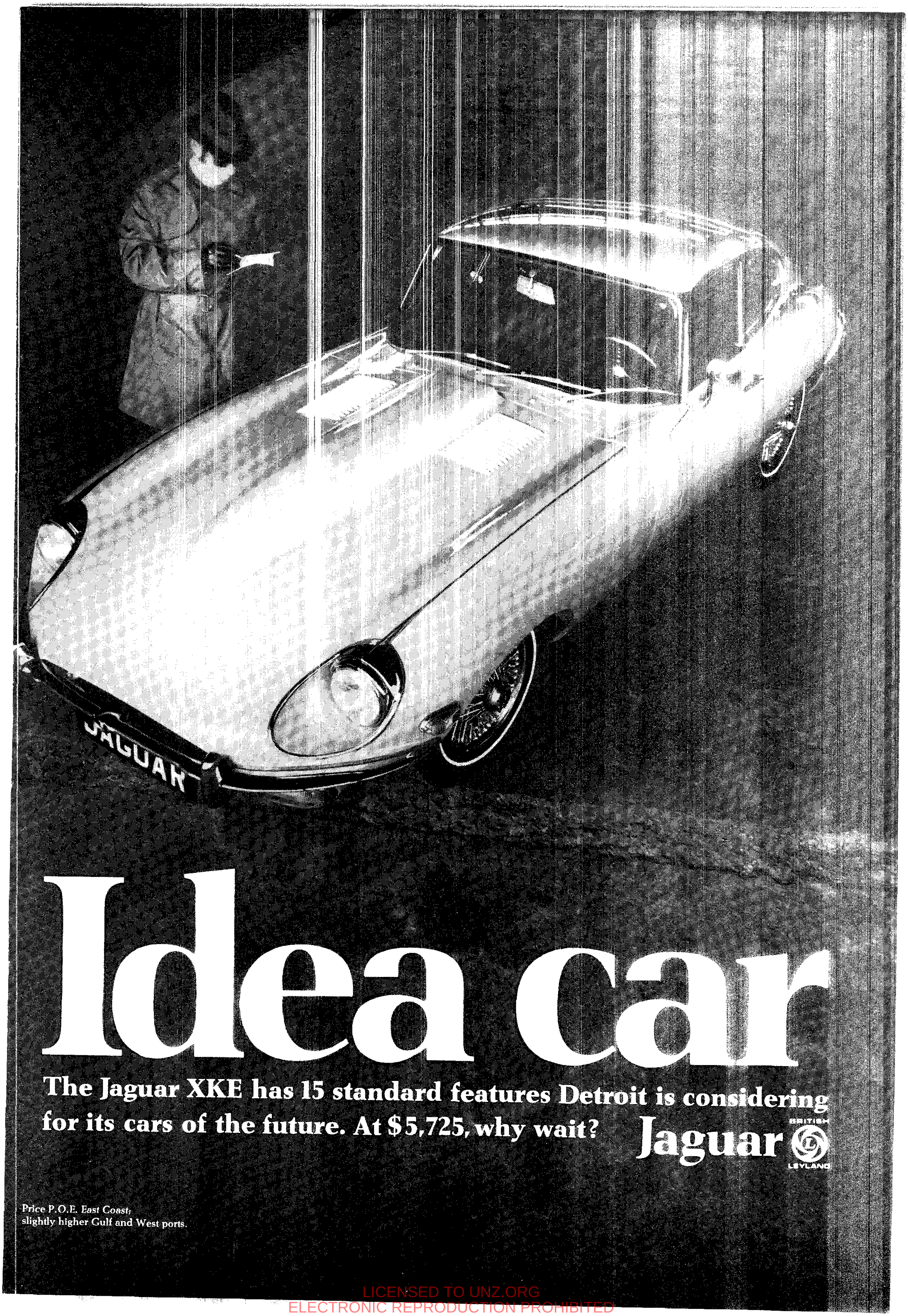

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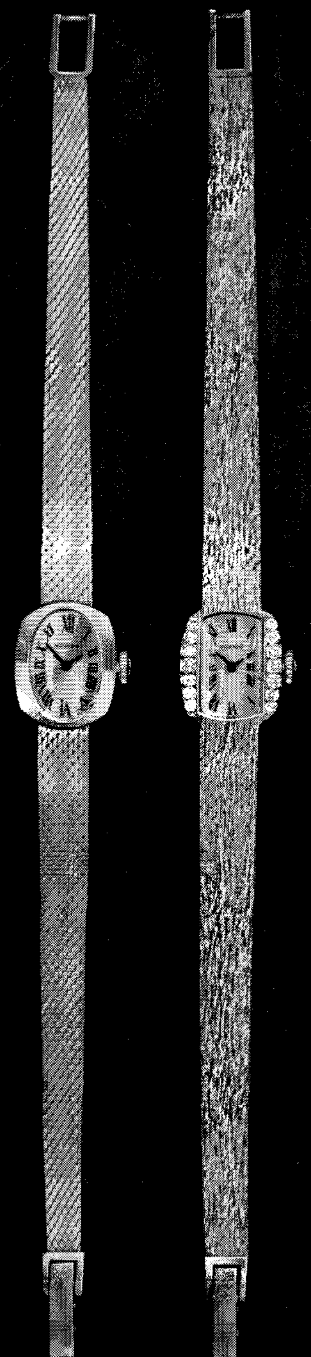

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A wide-ranging exhibit of the art of the thirties, emphasizing different trends, from American regionalism to social realism and various forms of Abstract art, and consisting of a hundred and six paintings and sculptures by eighty artists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of the graphic art of Winslow Homer, from the wood engravings done for *Harper's Weekly* in the late eighteen-fifties to the last etchings of 1889, plus paintings and drawings used as sources for prints; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Ninety-two paintings by Franz Kline, ranging from his early paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes and New York City subjects to the action paintings of his mature period; through Sunday, Nov. 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The sixteenth national print exhibition, composed of two hundred works by a hundred and twenty-four artists, the majority of them well known; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by members of the Institute; through Dec. 22. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Davis, Calder, Albers, Arp, and Nevelson, accompanied by documentation—e.g., sketches, photos, correspondence, bills of sale—of the kind that assists art historians and protects the investment of collectors; through Sunday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-three etchings by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and his son, Francesco, including the famous prison series of the elder Piranesi; through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A "pond" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Scenic and costume designs, scripts, caricatures, posters, and maquettes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, Ming Cho Lee, Noguchi, Al Hirschfeld, Karinska, and other artists who have contributed to City Center productions over the past twenty-five years; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—The largest and most representative exhibit of modern Persian paintings ever assembled in the United States, presented in connection with an international conference on contemporary Iran; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, 10:30 to 7.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," a hundred miniatures and manuscripts showing the influence and place of the Herat school in the history of Islamic painting; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Books, handsome indeed, designed and hand set by the eminent Dr. Giovanni Mardersteig at his Officina Bodoni located in Verona, Italy; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A splendid thread of figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An album of eighty oil portraits by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865) of residents of the Hudson and Housatonic valleys; through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—An exhibition arranged under the ambitious title "The Humanist Tradition in Contemporary American Paintings," with examples by such artists as Lester Johnson, Leland Bell, Loren MacIver, Robert Beauchamp, Richard Diebenkorn, and Elmer Bischoff; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Approximately three hundred of the Society's original watercolor drawings of "The Birds of America" by, but of course, John James Audubon. No recorded birdsong accompaniment, to our regret. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The John Quinn Memorial Collection, composed of correspondence with members of the Irish Literary Revival, the artists of the Paris School, and English and American writers whose work he advanced. Books, manuscripts (one being T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), and photographs are also to be seen. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5.)

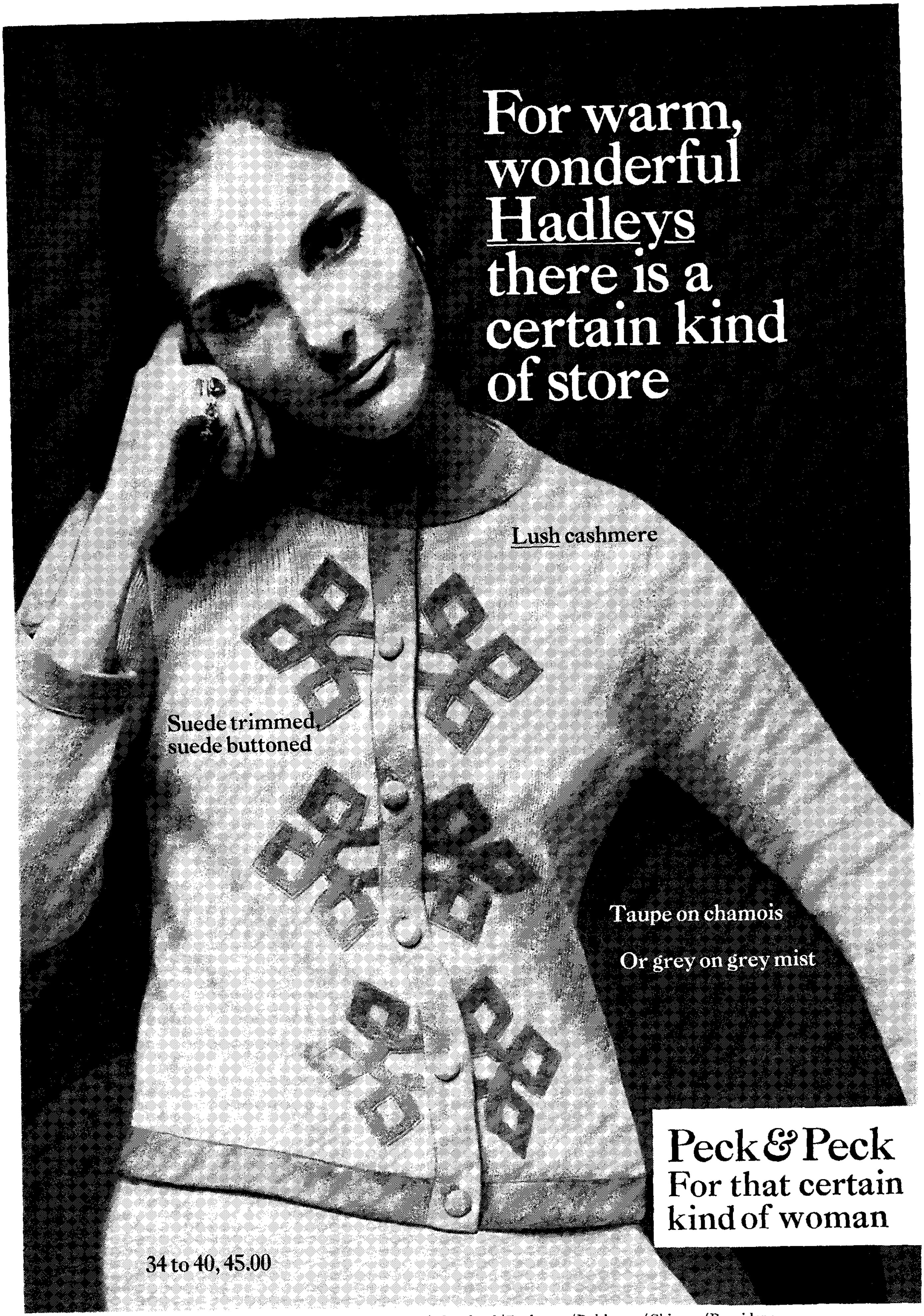
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-second annual, consisting of sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the American Abstract Artists group, which includes such familiar figures as Albers, Lassaw, Hans Richter, Perle Fine, Will Barnet, Hyde Solomon; among several guest Abstractionists are Agostini, di Suvero, and Ralph Humphrey. Through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30: A new production of Wagner's "Das Rheingold," with Josephine Veasey, Lili Chookasian, Thomas Stewart, Gerhard Stolze, Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, and Andrea Velis. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Frank Guarrera, Russell Christopher, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 25, at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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8: "Das Rheingold," with Josephine Veasey, Lili Chookasian, Thomas Stewart, Gerhard Stolze, Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Shirley Love, Carlo Bergonzi, Robert Merrill, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, William Dooley, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Gabriella Tucci, Barry Moreil, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, William Walker, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Josephine Veasey, Lili Chookasian, Thomas Stewart, Gerhard Stolze, Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, and Andrea Velis.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Colin Davis conducting on Friday, Nov. 22, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 25, at 7:30 (all with Robert Goldsand, piano). . . . ¶ Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 2, at 7:30 (no soloists).

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—William Steinberg conducting, with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, and Michael Grebanier, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Lorin Maazel conducting a program of music by Richard Strauss, with Samuel Mayes, cello, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Richard Bonynge directing a performance of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" in concert form, with Martina Arroyo and Beverly Sills, sopranos; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Anastasios Vrenios, tenor; Justino Díaz and Spiro Malas, basses; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Thomas A. Sokol directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

MARTINA ARROYO—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:40.)

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU—Baritone, with the Juilliard String Quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

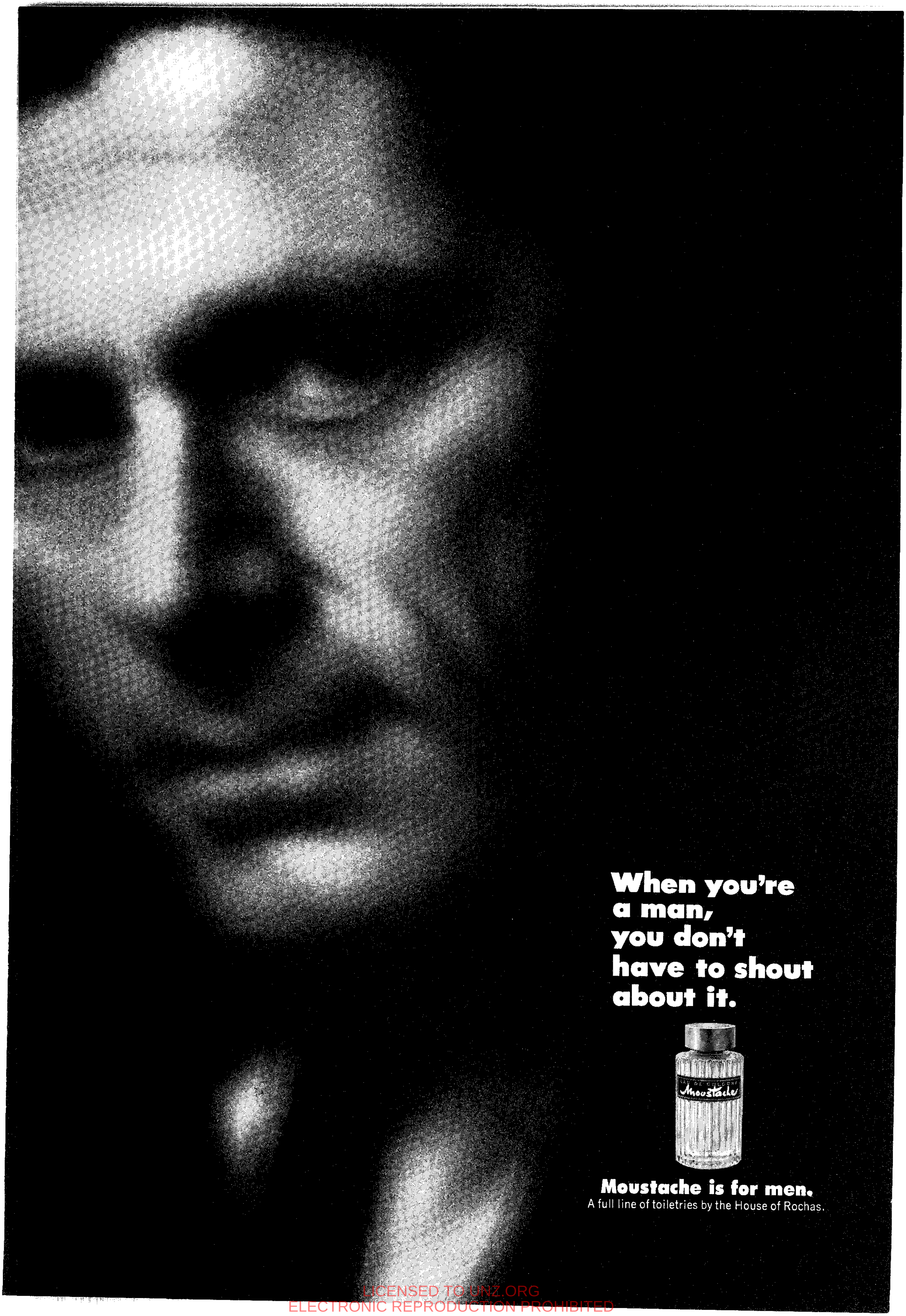
ROBERT GURALNIK—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

JOHN WILLIAMS—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

PETER FRANKL—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JEANNE-MARIE DARRÉ—Piano, in the first of two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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

all-Chopin recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The New York Chamber Soloists. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3:30.)

Hilde Somer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Frederick Jacobi and Zita Carno, performed by George Dunbar, tenor; the Hudson Woodwind Quintet; and the Manhattan School of Music Percussion Ensemble, conducted by Paul Price. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 25, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Hugues Cuénod—Tenor. (La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington Mews. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Rollino and Sheftel—Music for two pianos and piano four hands. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:40.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:40.)

American String Trio—With Theodore Lettvin, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Note—Pina Carmirelli will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 25, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

James Brown Revue—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8.

Iron Butterfly, Canned Heat, and Youngbloods—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 8 and 11:30.

New Lost City Ramblers—McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call 280-3600.

Incredible String Band—Fillmore East. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 9:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.

Jefferson Airplane, Buddy Guy, and Glenn McKay's Head Lights—Fillmore East. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, at 8 and 11:30.

Buffy Sainte-Marie—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.

New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble and New York Chamber Soloists—A program called "Rock/Bach." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Enrico Macias—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.

MISCELLANY

Mantovani—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Nov. 23: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26: Knicks

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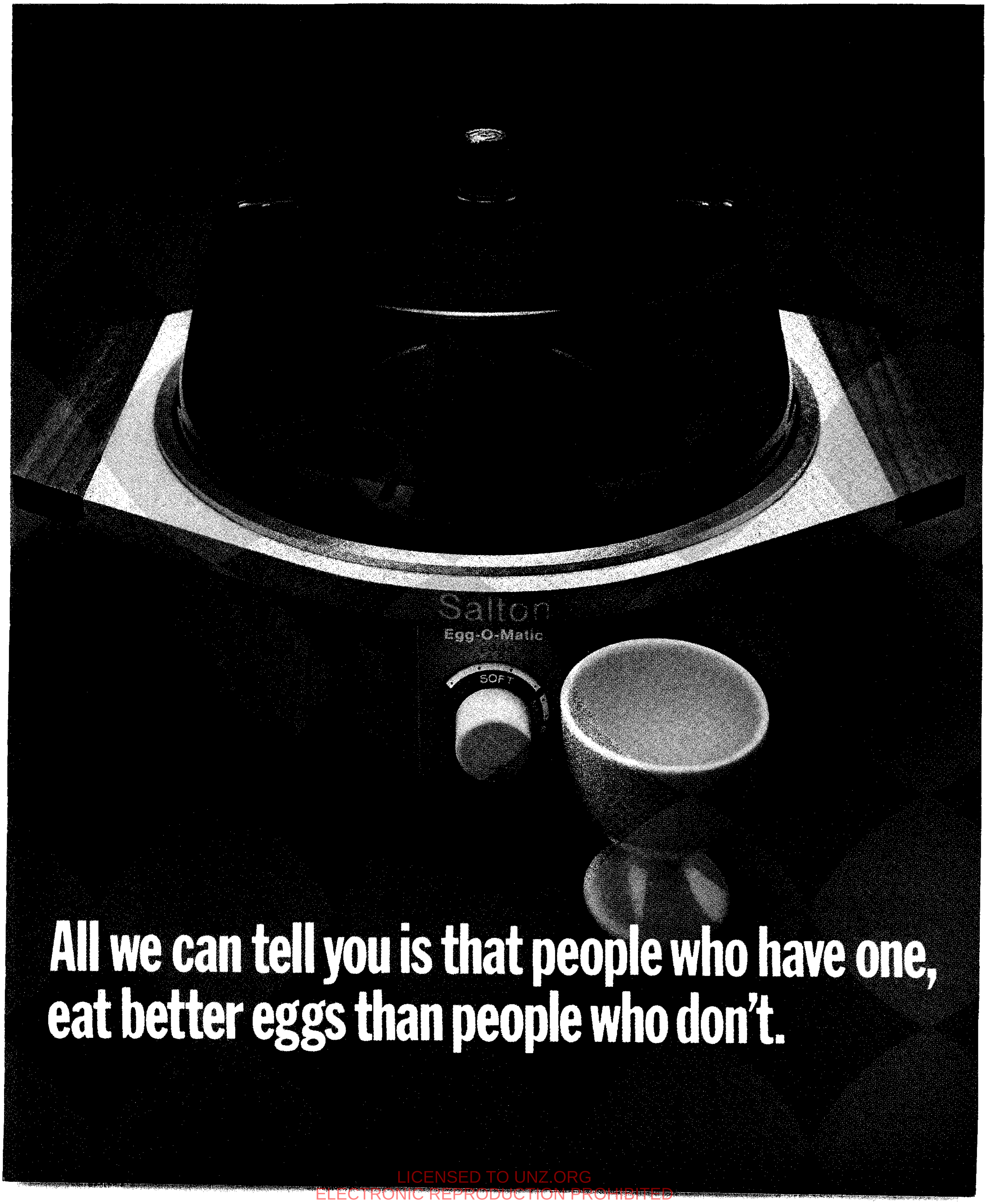
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30: Knicks vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:35.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 23:** (all games at 1:30): Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 30:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Oakland. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Karate—Professional Karate World Championships. (Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2. For information about tickets, call 245-8086.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, Dec. 10. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 23; the Remsen, Wednesday, Nov. 27; the Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 30. . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Professional Tennis—Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Pancho Gonzales, Roy Emerson, Tony Roche, John Newcombe, Dennis Ralston, and Earl Buchholz. (Madison Square Garden Center. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 28-29, at 5, and Saturday, Nov. 30, at noon.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—Immense balloons (among them Snoopy and Bullwinkle) bobbling along above floats, a dozen bands, and a thousand costumed marchers. Starts at 9 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10.

Music—By the **MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK:** Gene Forrell conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 11:30 and 2:30.). . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Magic Flute," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Three Wishes" and "The Monkey and the Snake." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Friday, Nov. 22, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23-24, at 1 and 3:30; Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30; Thanksgiving Day at 3:30; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 1 and 3:30.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **MARA AND HER COMPANY:** "Princess Qua Qua: A Russian Fairy Tale." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 1:30 and 3:30.). . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Puss in Boots." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 11 and 2 and Sundays at 2.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Nov. 29, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is "The Legend of the Flying Horse." Starting Tues-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Nov. 26, there will be a new show, "Stars of Christmas Past." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 29, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Kenneth Koch and Tony Towle reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)... ¶ Lynn Lawner and Ned O'Gorman reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

LECTURES—"Cézanne and His Critics," by George Heard Hamilton, Thursday, Nov. 21, at 5:40. ... ¶ "Manuscript Illumination in Renaissance Flanders: Workshop Practices," by Jethro Hurt, Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 3. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Admission is free.)

INTERNATIONAL TOURNÉE OF ANIMATION—A program of twenty short animated films from twelve countries. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. JU 6-2828. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 26-27, at 8:30, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, at 3 and 8:30.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—In this twentieth annual exhibit, there will be special displays prepared by the United States Post Office Department, the United Nations, Air-India, and the Swiss and the Netherlands Antilles postal administrations, as well as a number of frames focussing on the show's theme, "Sports in Philately." (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 24, from noon to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Nov. 22, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century and other Continental silver, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 1:45: American, English, and Continental literature, mainly from the collection of Dr. Edward Percy Rich.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 1:45: Old-master paintings, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 22.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Six programs in a series of films directed by Ernst Lubitsch: Nov. 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Merry Widow" (1934); Nov. 22 at 2 and 5:30, "If I Had a Million" (1932); Nov. 23 at 3 and 5:30, "Angel" (1937); Nov. 24 at 2 and 5:30, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938); Nov. 25 at 2, "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940); Nov. 26 at 2 and 5:30, "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941).... ¶ Nov. 23 at 11:30: "The Spies" (1928), directed by Fritz Lang.... ¶ Nov. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Hell's Hinges" (1916), directed by and with William S. Hart. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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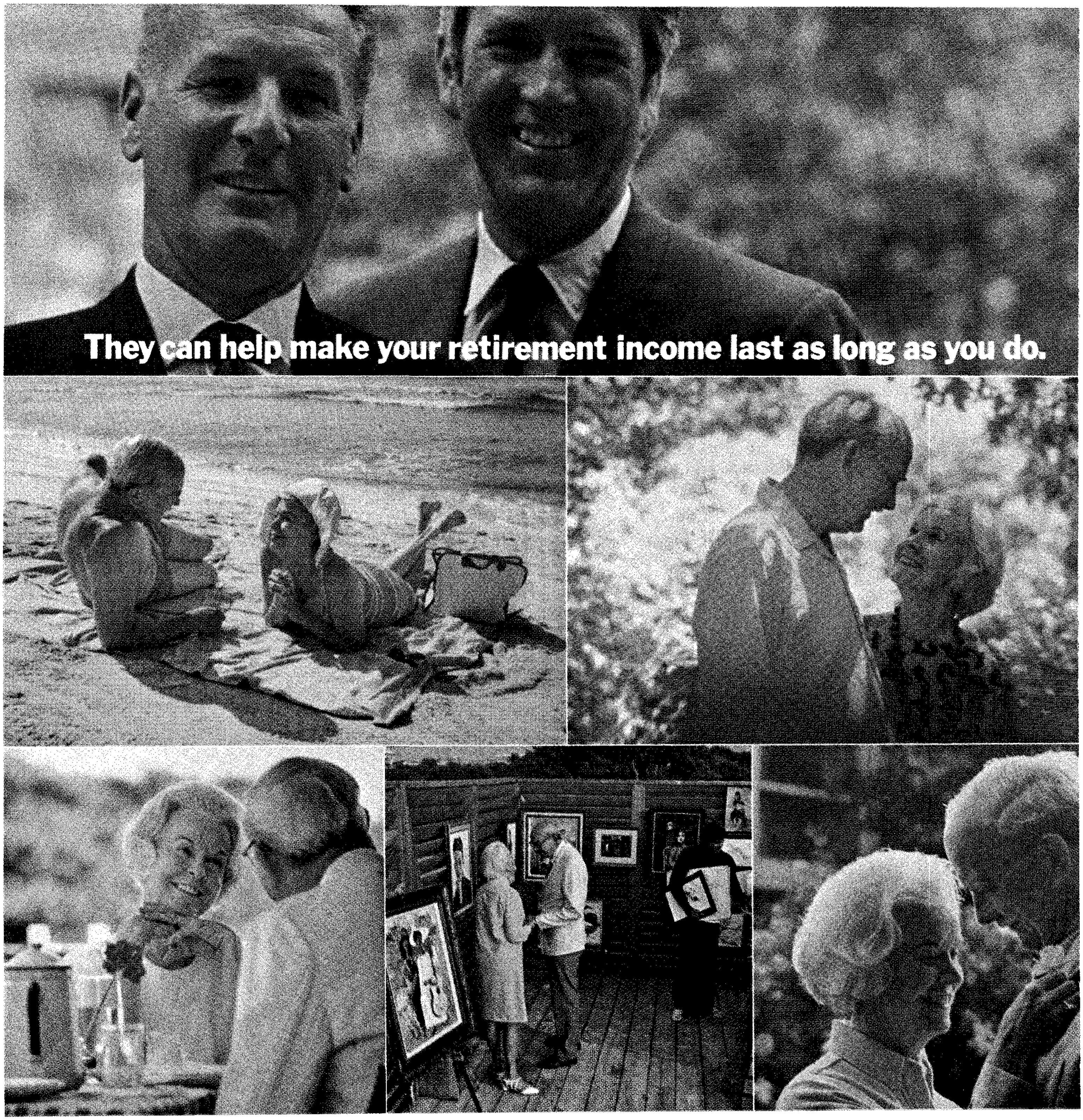
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 26.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 24.)

Barbarella—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this stale mess of an erotic comic-strip future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great filmmaker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Bullitt—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 25-26.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on war and Victorians has very pretty color and some witty bits. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9180; Nov. 25-26.)

The Deadly Affair (1967)—A spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Andersson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 21.)

Finian's Rainbow—Some of the whimsey in this message operetta is hard to take but Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; Fred Astaire is there, too, and Tommy Steele. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 26.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Hot Millions—Maggie Smith and Peter Ustinov in the first truly funny English comedy for a long time. Directed by Eric Till. If you care for the English, the character of the film is rather moving. The people are tough-tongued, apparently isolated, and secretly immensely good to one another. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Peter Sellers gets another chance at an American impersonation—this one a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie—in this careless comedy, which turns out to be surprisingly pleasant and occasionally witty. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback from a script by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Nov. 26.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 27.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets, in a production that seems to be reaching out for Academy awards. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 24.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 21.)

Pretty Poison—A new young American director, Noel Black, makes his début with a fine, small thriller, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and quietly and beautifully played by Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Rachel, Rachel—A beautiful, affectionate film, a lot more energizing than a bold statement of the plot sounds, about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Joanne Woodward plays her with piercing detail and humor. This is Paul Newman's first piece of direction in the cinema, and it is very good. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby—A Gothic-gynecological horror film about a nice birdbrain—played by Mia Farrow—who lives in the Dakota with John Cassavetes and gets mysteriously pregnant under the eye of Ruth Gordon as a witch neighbor. Ruth Gordon is very funny, but the film wastes its director, Roman Polanski. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 27.)

Star!—If only the musical numbers were better staged, one could forgive everything—even Julie Andrews' cold, hard impersonation of Gertrude Lawrence. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 22-25.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 27.)

Warrendale—Allan King's moving chronicle of the storms in the heads of a group of mentally disturbed children who are only a little more troubled than the people called normal. No commentary, no prompting of us. One needs only to watch, as the children watch one another. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 26.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most powerful—and most shocking—film is a surreal investigation of Whither Mankind. With Mireille Darc. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 27.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

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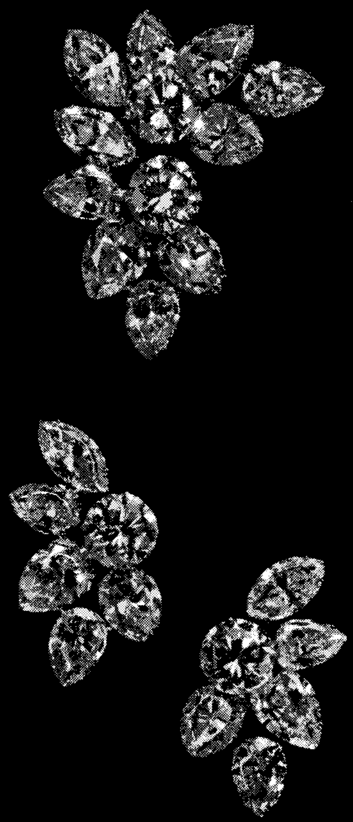

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FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
24	25	26	27	21	22	23

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Nov. 21: "Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.
From Nov. 22: To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 26: "Revolution," Today Malone; and "Judex" (1966; in French), Channing Pollock.
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 26: "Paper Lion," Alan Alda; and "The Party," Peter Sellers. (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Nov. 23-24, "Hey There It's Yogi Bear," a full-length cartoon, will be shown instead.)
From Nov. 27: **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 26: "The Legendary Champions," a documentary on boxing.
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 26: "The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.
From Nov. 27: "A Flea in Her Ear," Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 26: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Nov. 27: "The Girl on a Motorcycle," Alain Delon.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Nov. 23: "The Marriage Came Tumbling Down" (in French), Michel Simon.
From Nov. 24: "Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Yellow Submarine," a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Touchables," Judy Huxtable.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Lady in Cement," Frank Sinatra, Raquel Welch.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Inga" (in Swedish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
WEST SIDE STORY.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Nov. 26: "Unstrap Me," a George Kuchar film.
From Nov. 27: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (both in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 26: **WARRENDALE;** and "The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
PRETTY POISON.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
BARBARELLA.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Head," the Monkees.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
STAR!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
HOT MILLIONS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BULLITT.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Lady in Cement," Frank Sinatra, Raquel Welch.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 23: "Birds in Peru" (in French), Jean Seberg.
From Nov. 24: "Faces," John Marley.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 24: "You Are What You Eat," a rock film.
From Nov. 25: "Lady on the Tracks," a Czechoslovakian film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Head," the Monkees.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 24: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish); and **L'ATALANTE** (in French).
Nov. 25-26: **LES DAMES DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE** and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (both in French).
From Nov. 27: **WEEKEND** (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 26: "Paper Lion," Alan Alda; and "Live for Life" (1967; in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.
From Nov. 27: **ROSEMARY'S BABY;** and "Will Penny," Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 21: **THE PAWNBROKER;** and **THE DEADLY AFFAIR.**
Nov. 22-25: **TOM JONES;** and "The Devil's Disciple" (1959), Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster.
From Nov. 26: **THE GOLD RUSH;** and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

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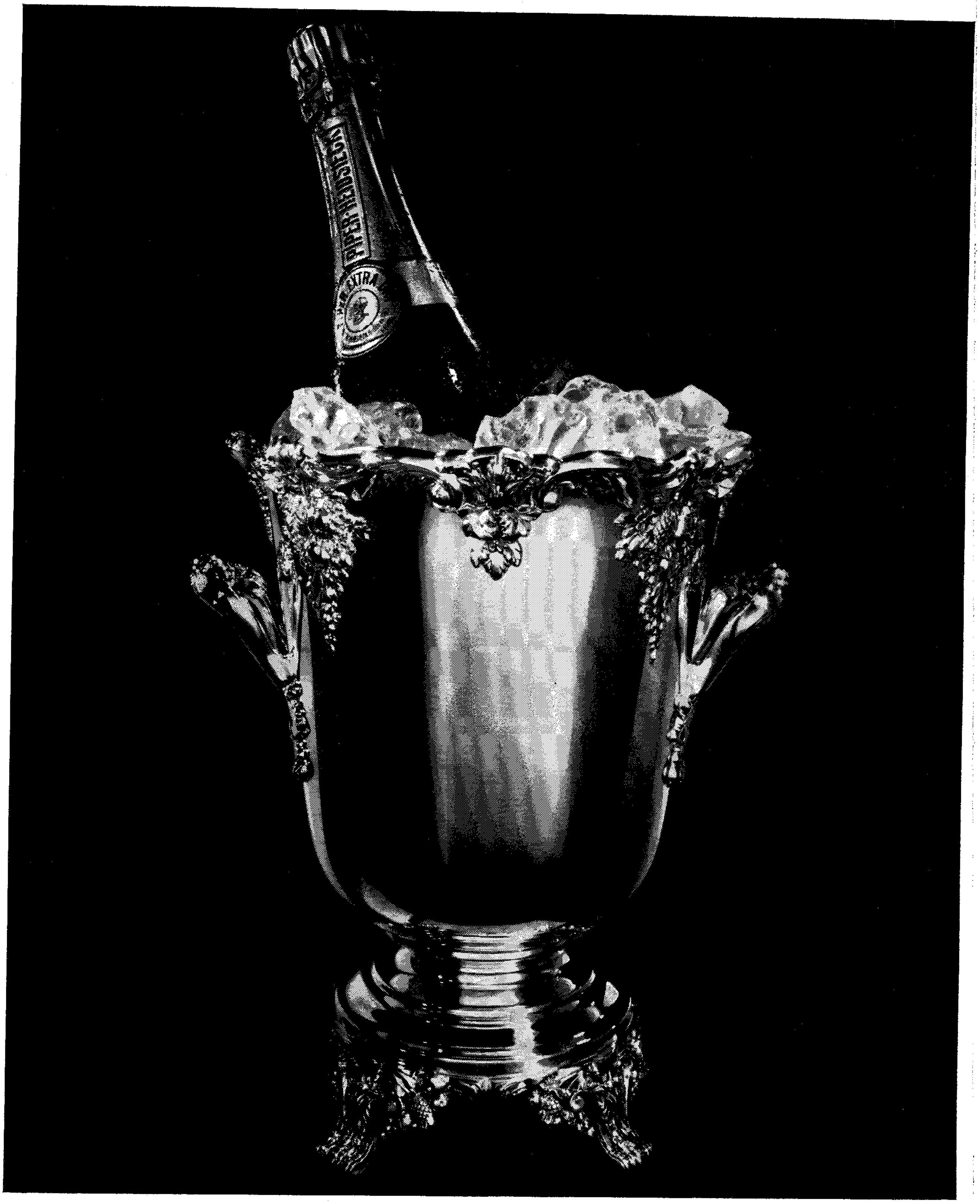

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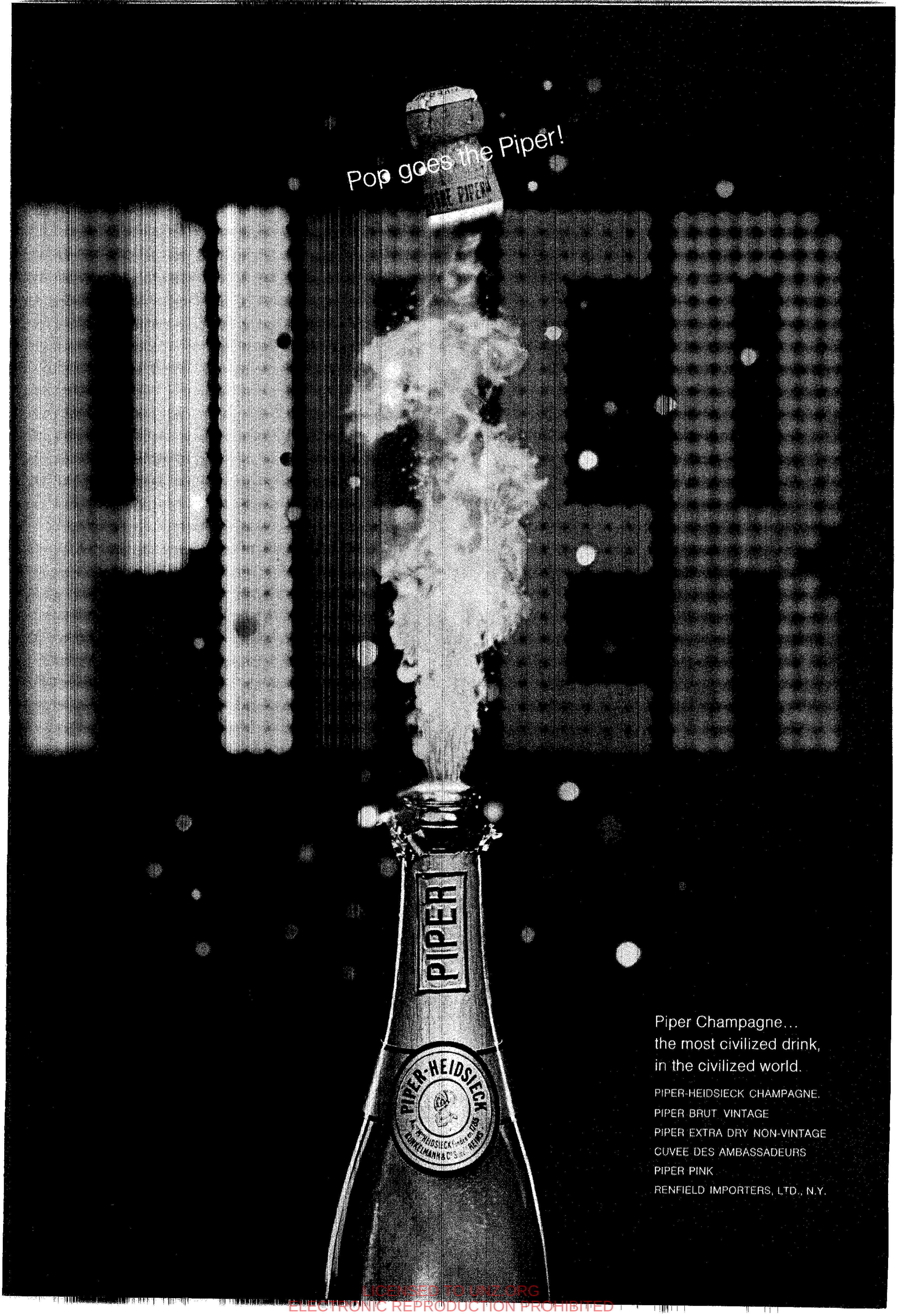
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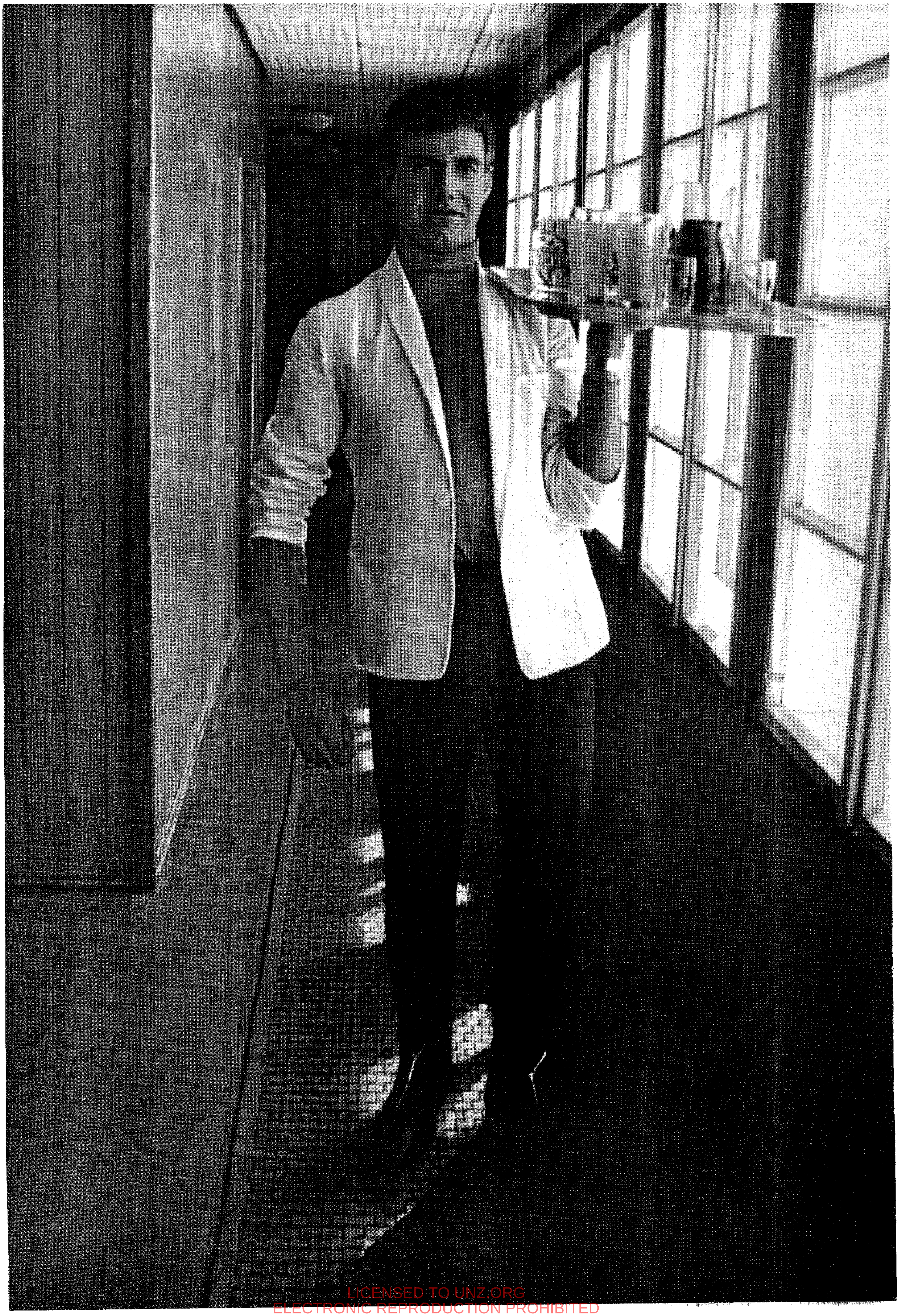

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A rare and irresistible love that makes you want only to ski and ski and ski, faster and steeper and better, from the earliest gray-white light of Saturday until the falling-dark dusk of Sunday, when at last you have to go home.

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On that Monday morning, and every morning after that, you go skiing. And you *stay* skiing.

It also takes dedication.

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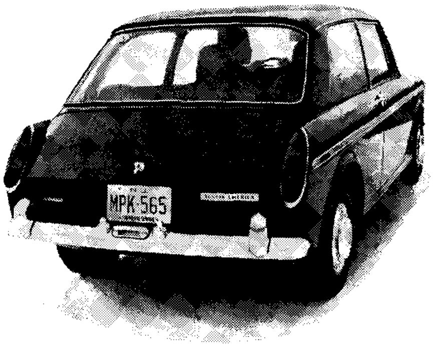

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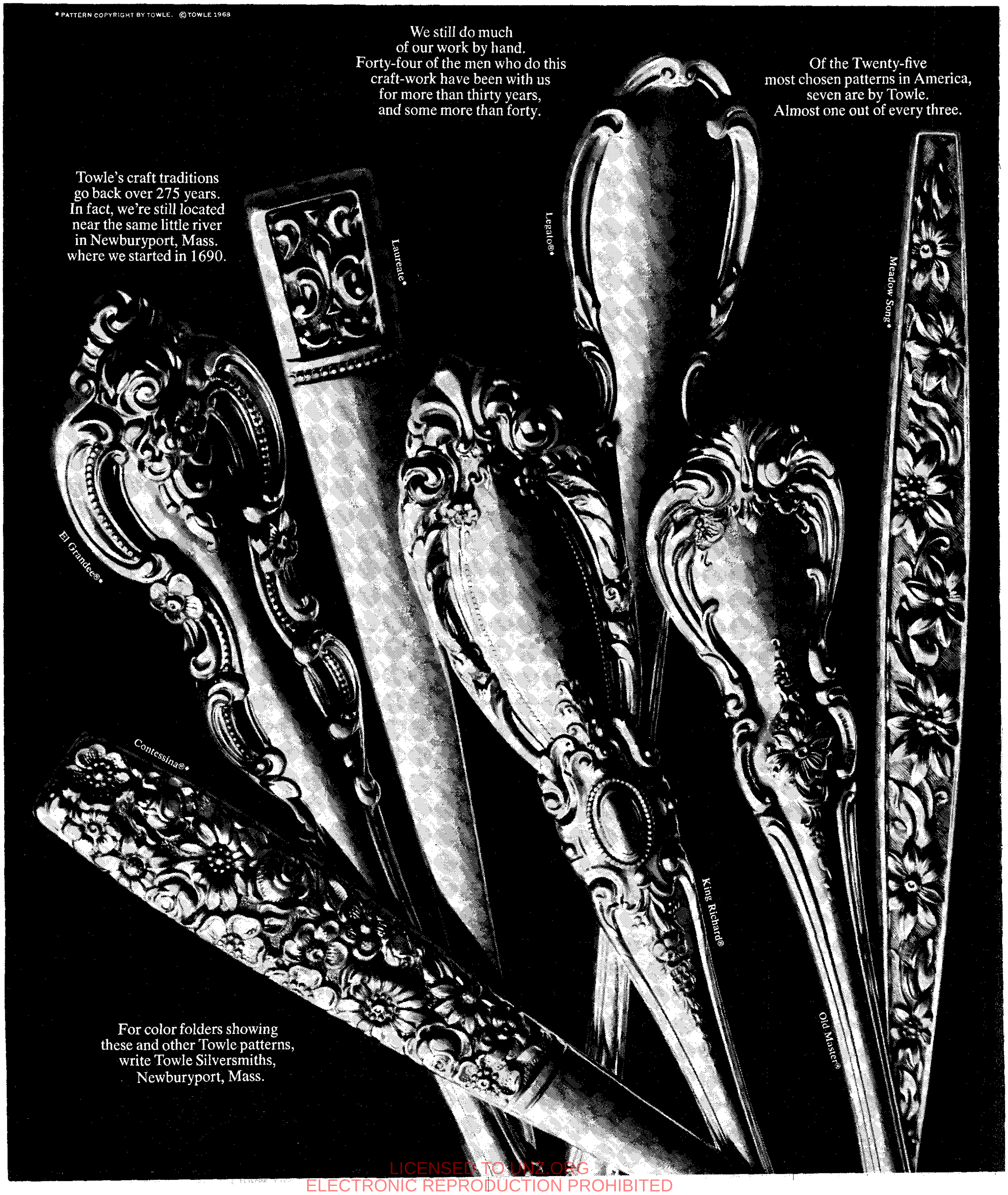
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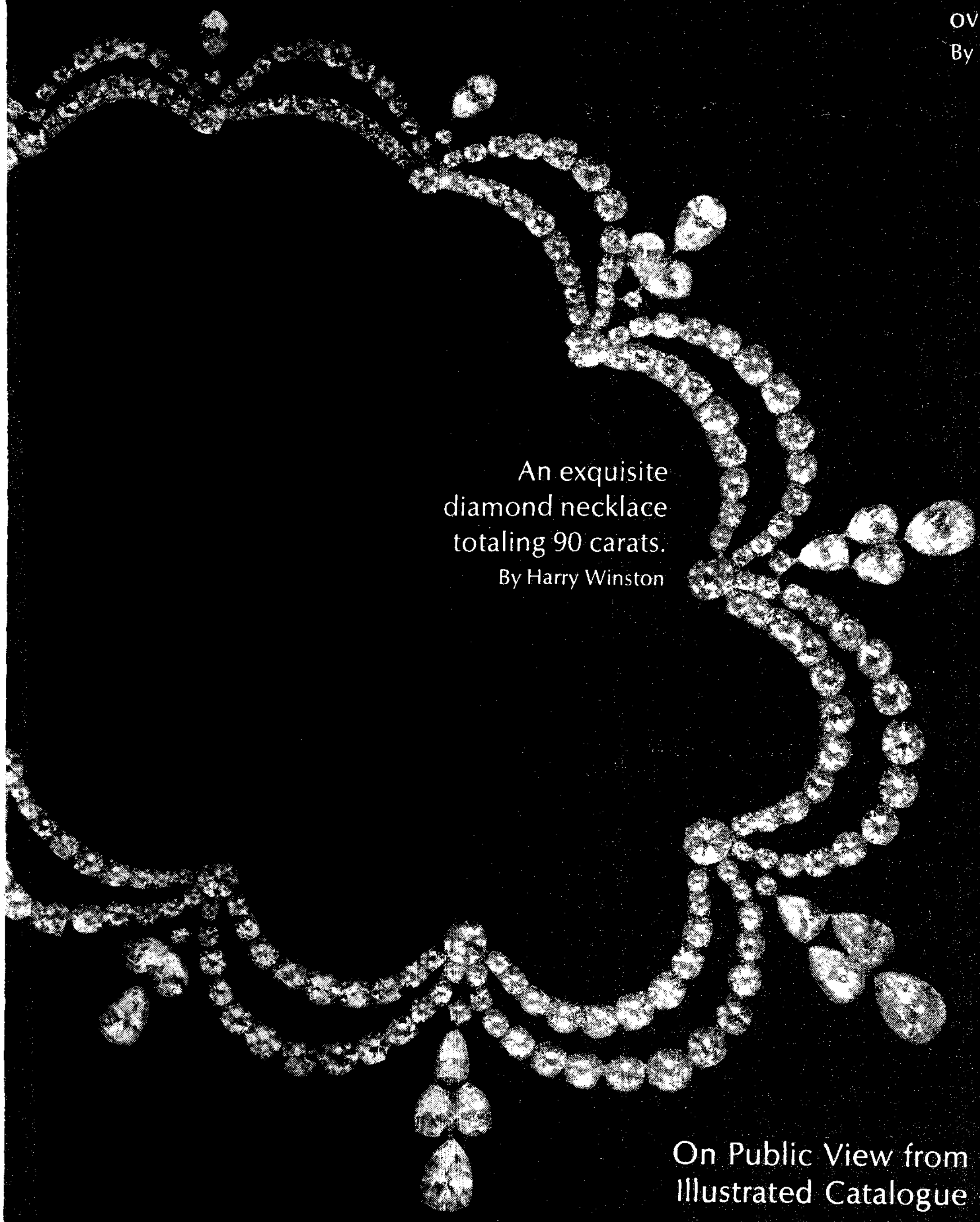

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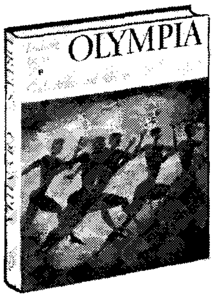
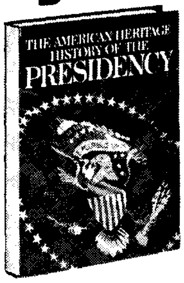
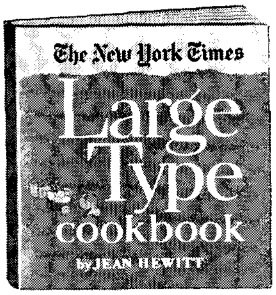


GREAT BIBLE STORIES AND MASTER PAINTINGS





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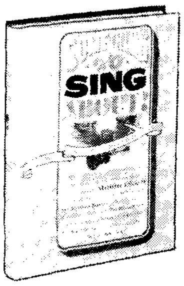
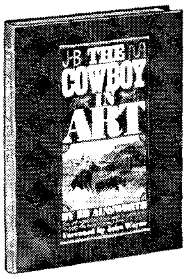
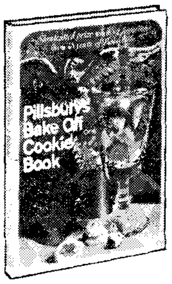
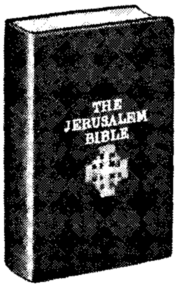




THE VICTORIAN SCENE: 1837-1901





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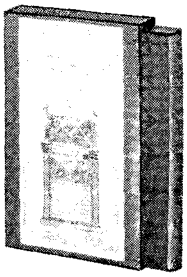

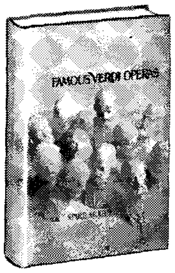

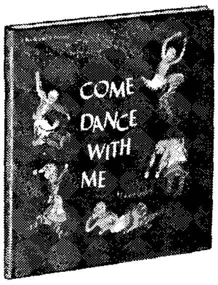

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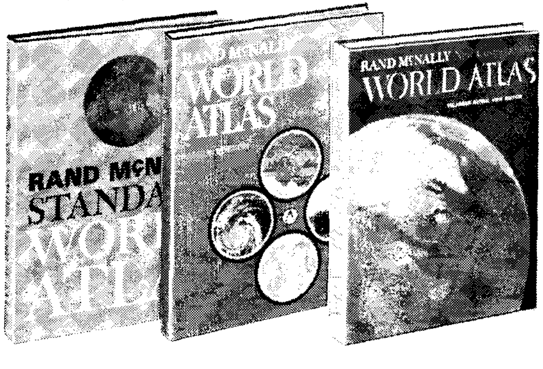

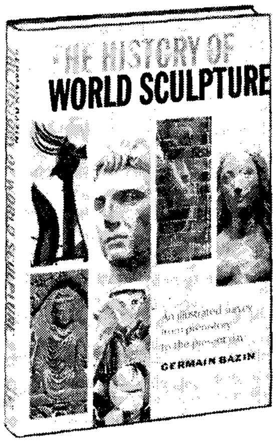

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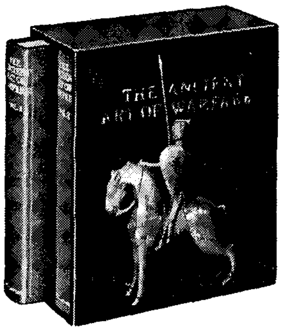
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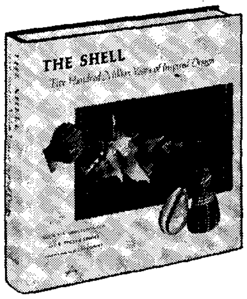

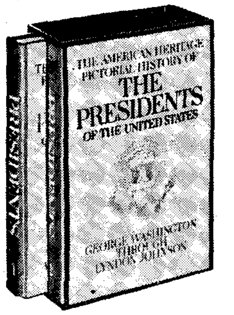
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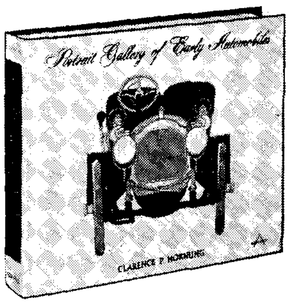
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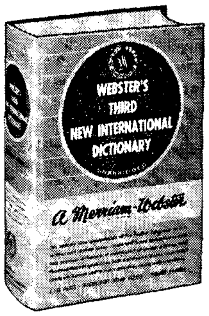
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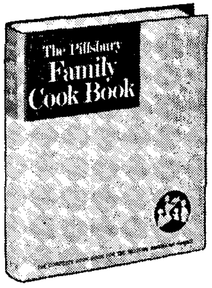
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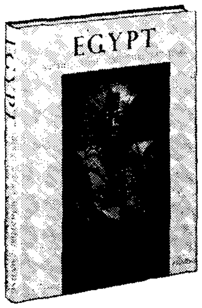

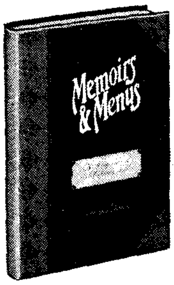
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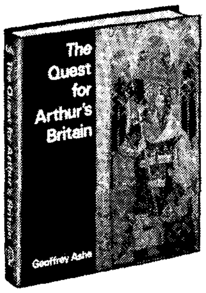
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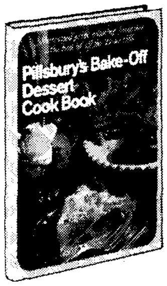
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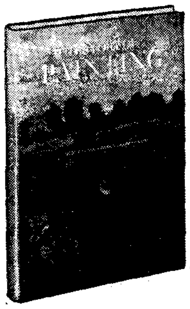

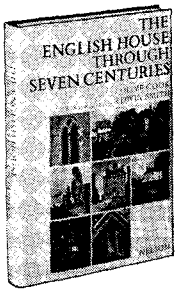
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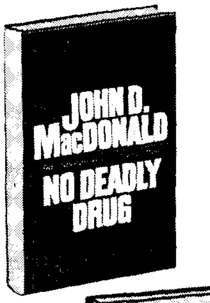
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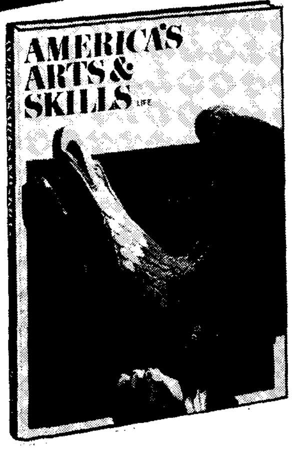
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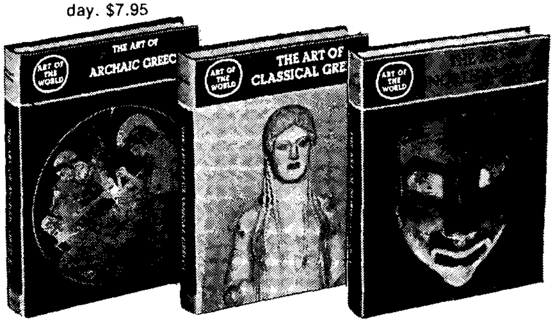
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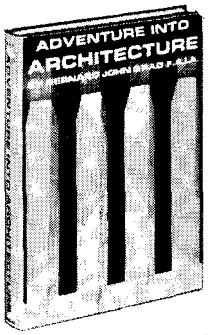
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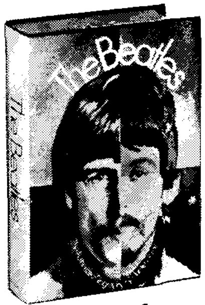
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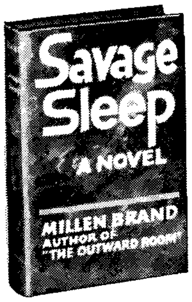
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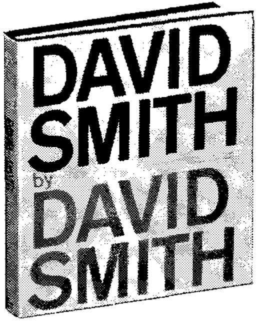
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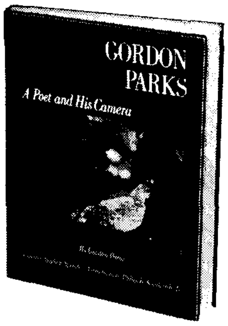
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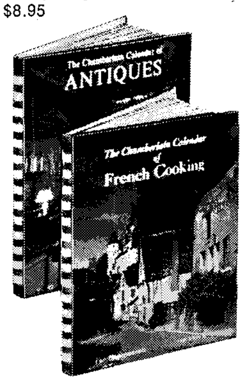
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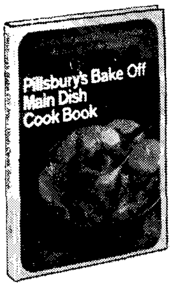
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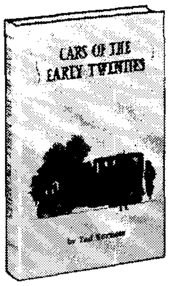
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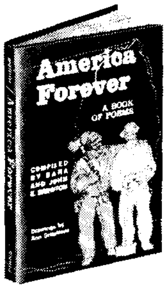
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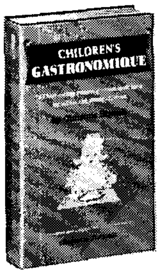
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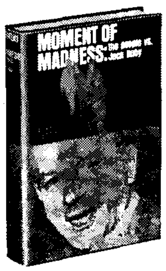
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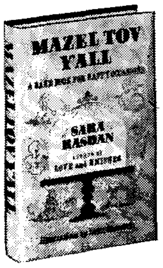
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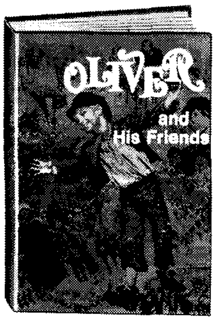
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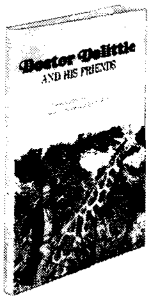
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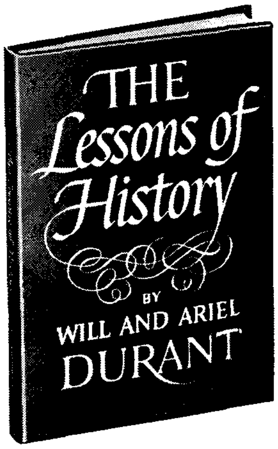
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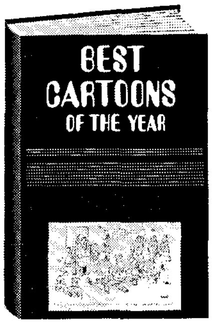
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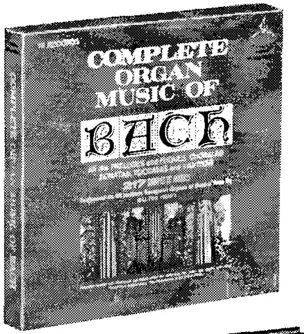
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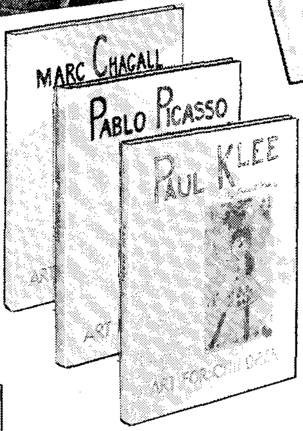
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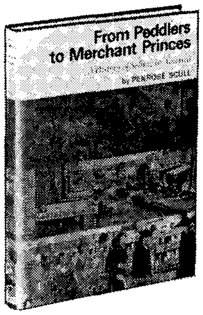
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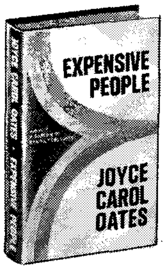
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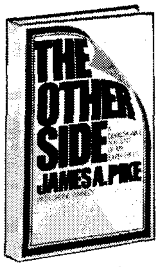
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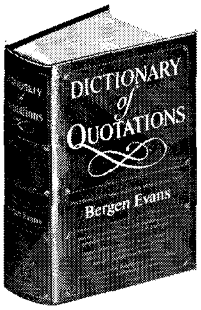
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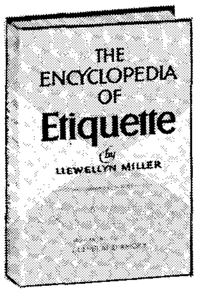
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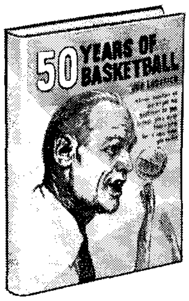
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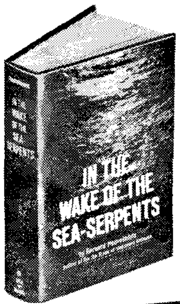
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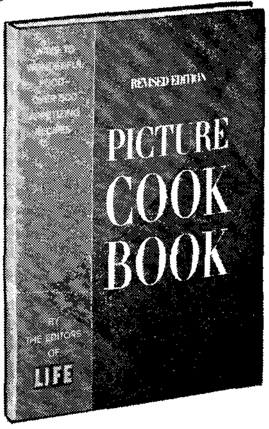
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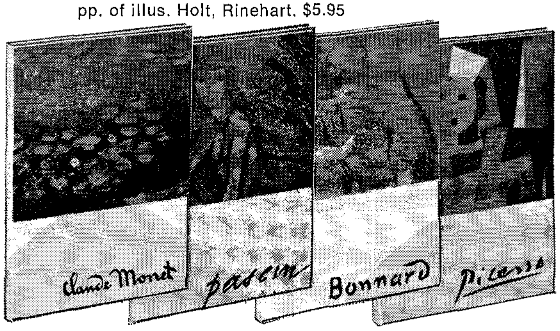
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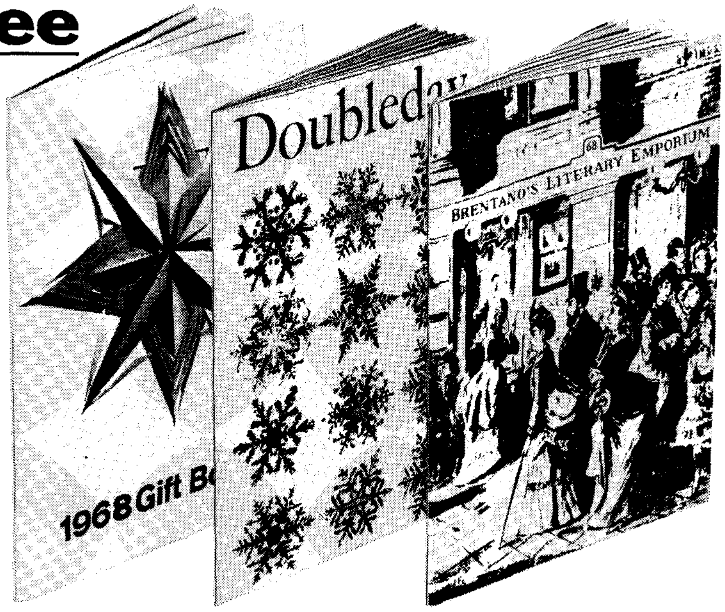

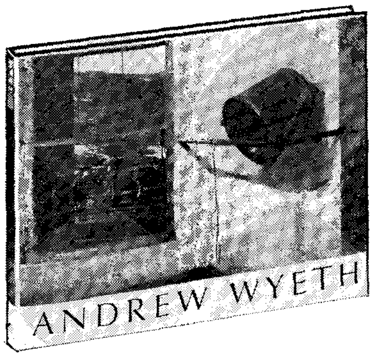

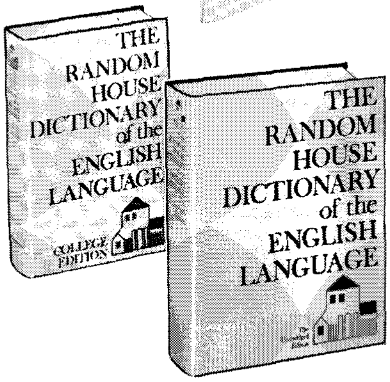
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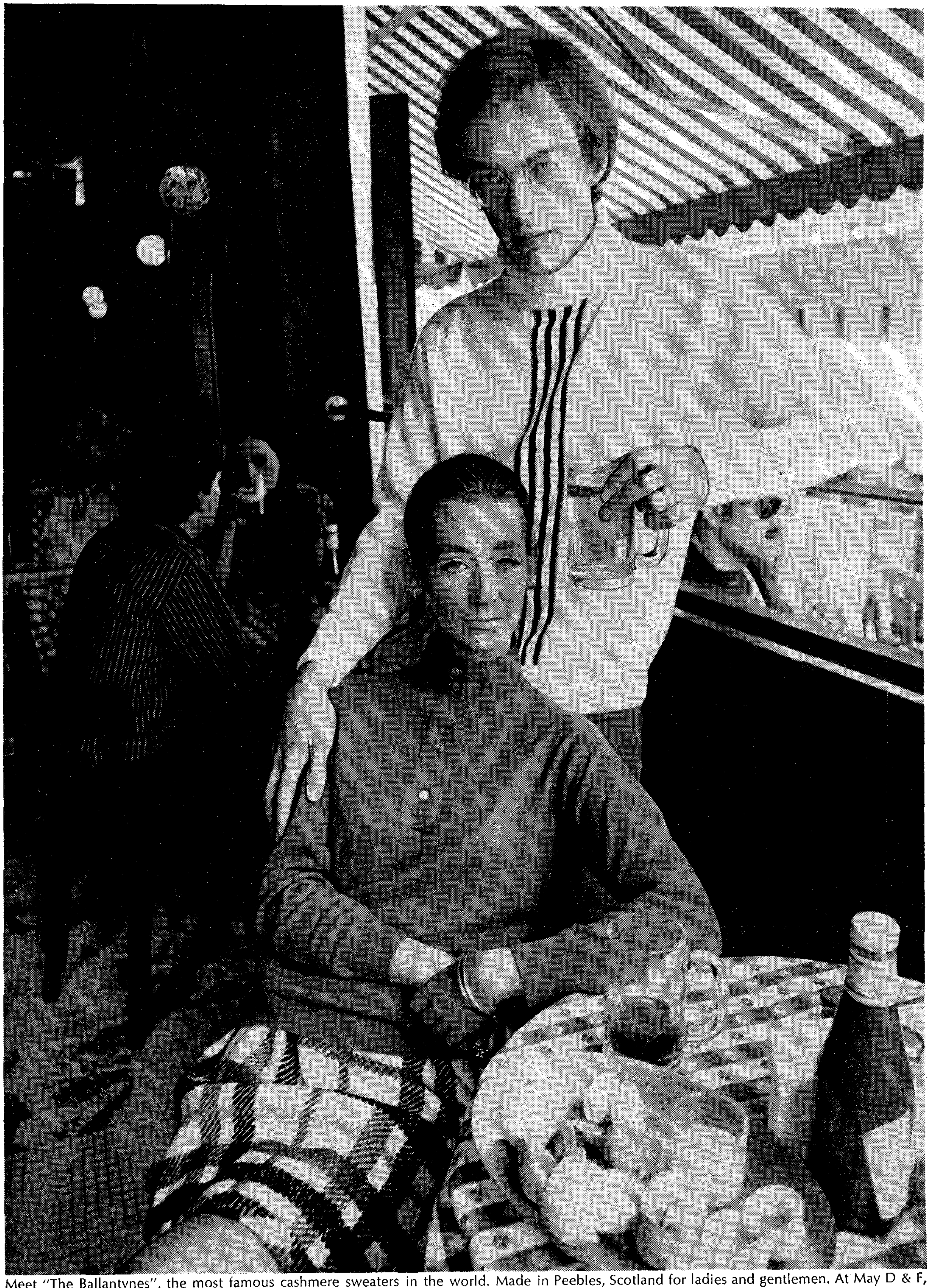

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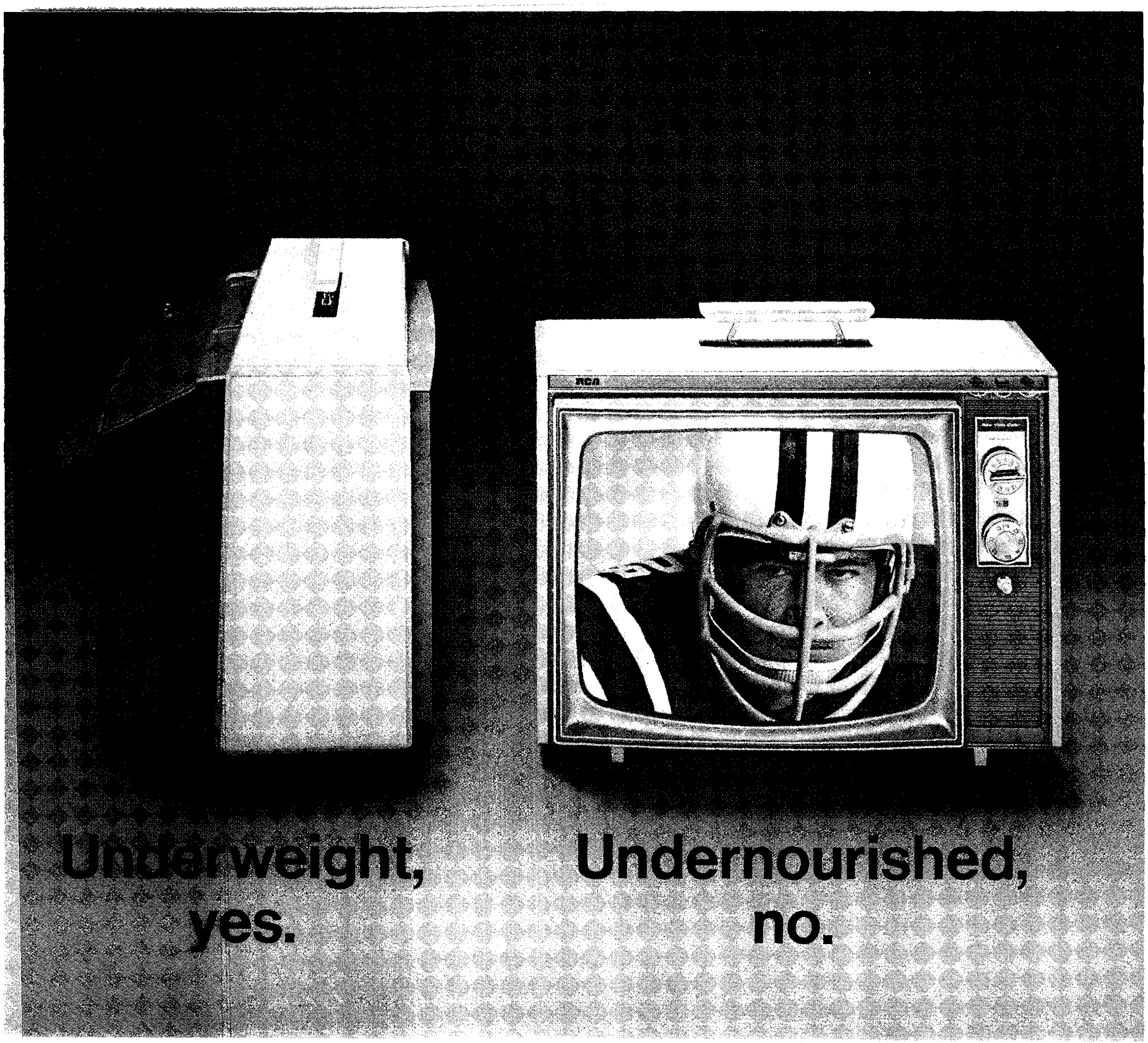

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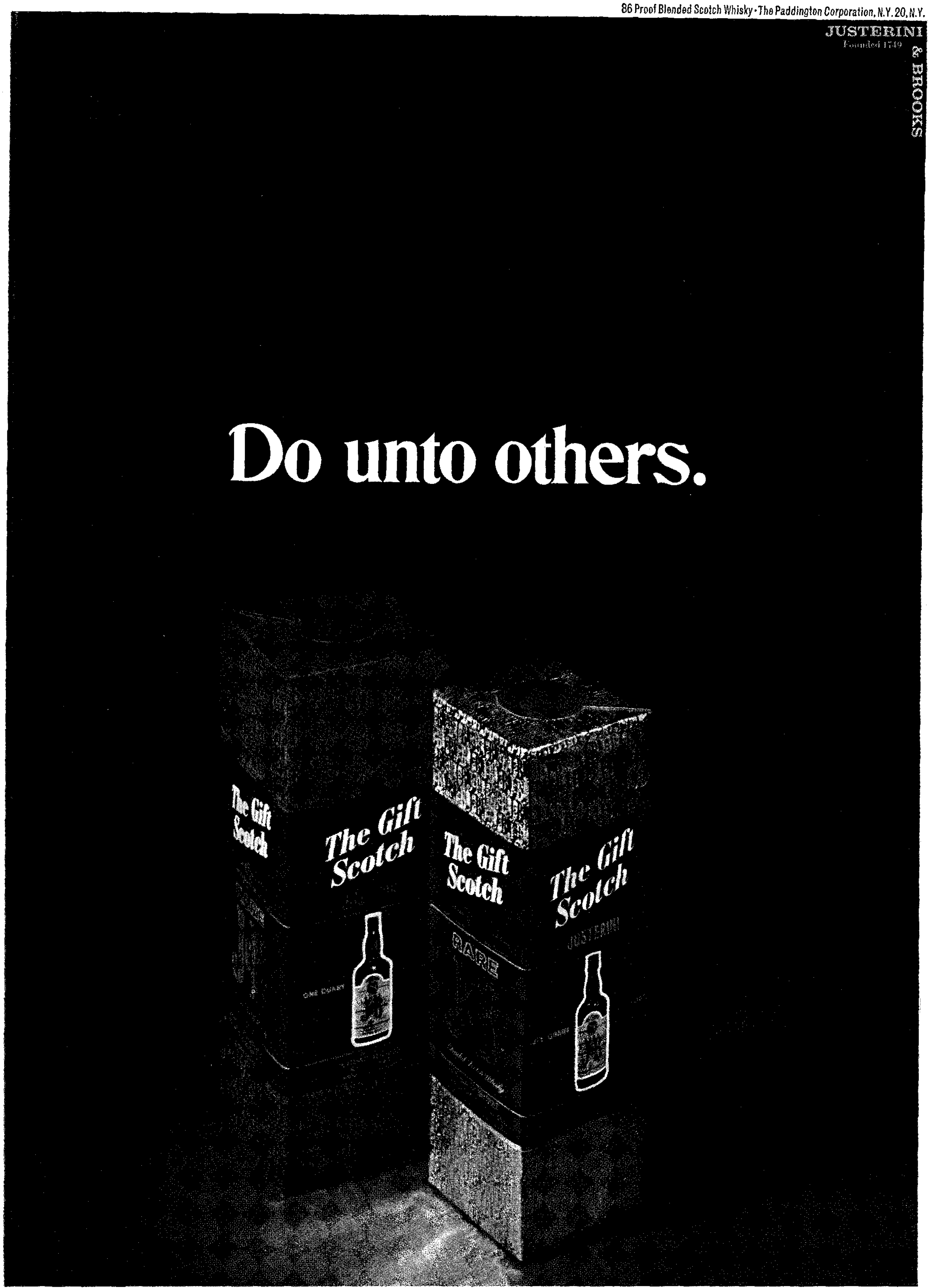
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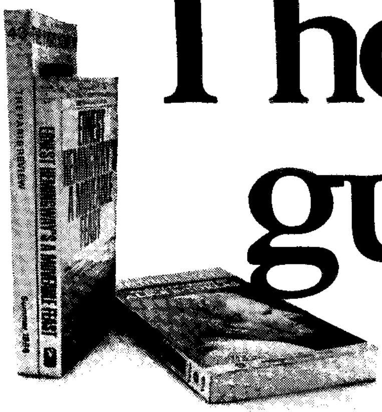

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Shakespeare and Company

Sylvia Beach's famous bookstore at 12, rue de l'Odéon, was home to just about every American writer who passed through Paris from 1919 until it was closed in 1941. Here tourist buses would stop for a moment, to give their passengers a glimpse of the place where Ulysses was published. (Today the name has been adopted by a new store near the Place St.-Michel.) While none of the bookshops listed here have quite taken the place of the original Shakespeare and Company, they do offer to Parisians and travelers the latest works of English and American authors.

Smith & Son 248, rue de Rivoli. (Joyce used to buy his pencils here.)

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les "Lending-Libraries"

First thing to remember is that in French a bibliothèque is a library, and a librairie is a bookstore. Armed with that knowledge, take yourself off to the Bibliothèque Américaine 10, rue Camou, where you can borrow books in English, or the British Council 36, rue des Ecoles. The Bibliothèque Nationale is worth a visit just to see the splendid Reading Room. And if you can get two members to sponsor you, visit the library of the Académie Française at the Institut de France, 23, quai Conti.

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le Frigidaire de Paris

So the Panthéon is called by the guards on duty there. The heroically-scaled building, in addition to being cold, shelters the mortal remains of France's greatest sons. Among them: Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo, Zola. In the flamboyantly-designed 16th Century church of St.-Etienne-du-Mont, diagonally behind the Panthéon, you'll find the tombs of Pascal and Racine. And if grave-hopping happens to tickle your fancy, stop by those of Balzac, Colette, Daudet, Musset, Abélard (and Héloïse) and Oscar Wilde—who died in Paris—at the Cimetière Père Lachaise, near the Père Lachaise Métro station.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

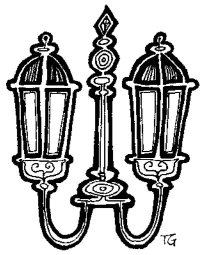
Notes and Comment

AFTER giving the cosmos a great deal of thought, Miss Margaret Fuller, the celebrated Transcendentalist, decided to "accept the universe." Upon being informed of this decision, Thomas Carlyle rather tartly observed, "By gad, she'd better." This could pass for a snappy rejoinder in the nineteenth century, when man's ability to alter what he found objectionable was relatively feeble. Today, things are quite different. Consider the case of Michelangelo Antonioni, the movie director. When a London parkscape failed to measure up to his standards, he simply painted the grass and trees a more acceptable shade of green. Now on location in Death Valley for his first American movie, Signor Antonioni has brought along five tons of something called "dry color," which the *Times* estimates is sufficient, when mixed with water, to tint most of northern California. After taking a good look at Death Valley, however, he has decided to withhold the spray gun. An assistant confides, "He likes it the way it is." Nature lovers will doubtless heave prodigious sighs of relief on hearing the news. Signor Antonioni has decided to accept Death Valley.

Interim

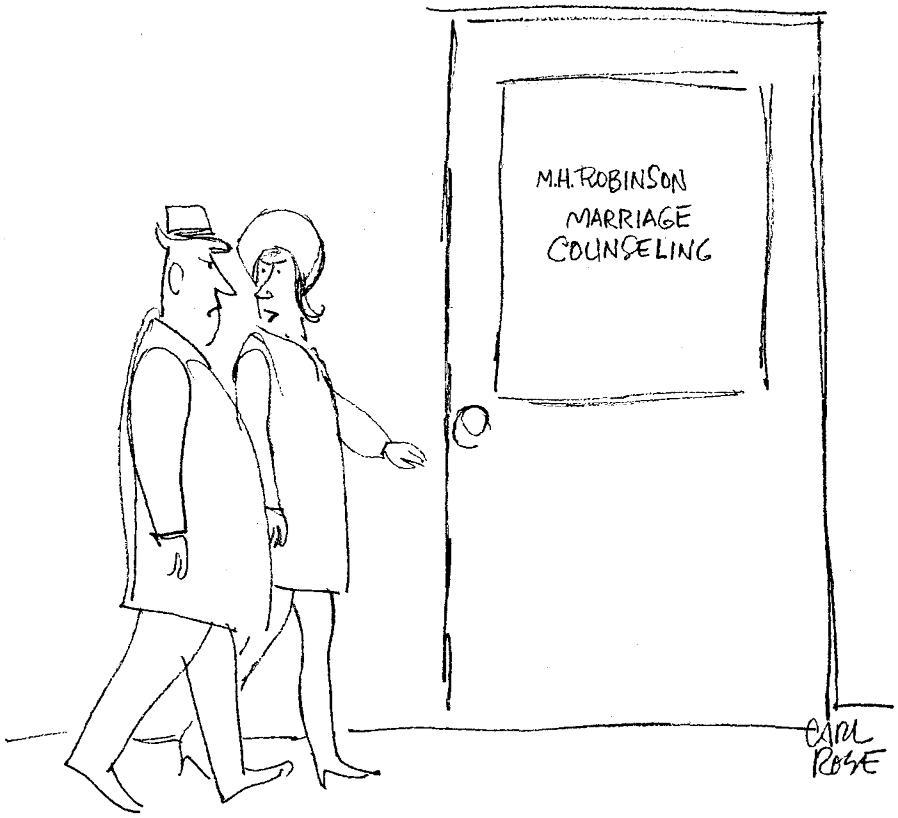
THE school strike has ended—it had to end sometime—with neither side satisfied and both sides embittered. Regrettably, dissatisfaction and bitterness are unavoidable consequences of compromise, and therefore were necessary conditions to a settlement that would evidence concern for the rights of teachers as employees and be a commitment to decentralization of, and greater parental participation in, the public schools. The teachers are unhappy because the settlement formula did not call for at least a temporary closing of Intermediate School 271, in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, in which union members were harassed and intimidated last September, and because the whole Ocean Hill-Brownsville "demonstration" decentralized district will continue to operate. The members of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board are unhappy because their authority will be circumscribed by a trustee, Dr. Herbert F. Johnson, appointed by the State Commissioner of Education, Dr. James E. Allen, Jr. They are also unhappy because the Board of Education has agreed to remove, pending appeal, three of the district's principals, whose appointments were ruled illegal last week in the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court, and because one of four teachers who have been charged with acts of intimidation last September has been transferred involuntarily from the district and the three others have been told to report for temporary duty to Dr. Johnson's headquarters, at I.S. 55, pending the outcome of the hearings.

In all, while these compromises were being painfully worked out, New York City children lost thirty-five school days, but Mayor Lindsay has announced that a good portion of the educational time will be made up by keeping the schools open on most holidays and extending the school day by forty-five minutes for the next fourteen weeks. "Out of this can come something very important and increasingly valuable in our town," the Mayor said when he announced the ending of the strike. "A feeling of community responsibility, and a new concern and commitment and involvement of each citizen in the problems of our community."



Actually, a good deal of this involvement was demonstrated quite clearly during the strike itself, when public education in New York City managed perversely to survive—if not precisely thrive—after a number of fashions. Many of the schools in the three demonstration districts remained open, and as time went on, parents and non-striking teachers formed alliances to reopen schools in other parts of the city for at least partial programs. Late last week, the Board of Education reported that four hundred and forty-seven, or almost half, of the city's nine hundred public schools were open and were holding at least some classes, which were being attended by 138,988, or about an eighth, of the city's more than one million one hundred thousand schoolchildren. Outside the schools, some of the striking teachers agreed to teach—without pay—interim classes that had been established by Parents' Associations in public buildings, in the homes of pupils, and, in a few cases, in the homes of the teachers themselves. When we set out to see how some of these educational endeavors were faring, we headed first for one of the interim classes—a fifth grade from Public School 199, in the Midwood section of Brooklyn, a neighborhood in which the striking teachers had received some of their strongest public support.

Shortly before nine-thirty on a cold, rainy morning, we arrived at the home of Mrs. Robert H. Katims, a member of the executive board of the school's Parents' Association, to find three boys and two girls watching television cartoons from the red carpet of a dining room that had been cleared for the class. "Maybe the teacher won't make it," one of the boys said, with a hopeful look at the driving rain outside. "Maybe instead of the teacher we'll have 'Underdog.'" On the front porch, the father of the family was helping some later arrivals remove their wet coats. "Make them take off their shoes, too!" his wife called out. By the time the teacher, Mrs. Harriet Schindelheim, arrived, half of the class's regular roster of twenty-eight students was sitting on the Katims' dining-room carpet. On the way in, Mrs. Schindelheim, like the children, took off her shoes. Instruction began the minute she came through



"Now, let me do the talking."

• •

the porch door. "All right," she said. "That's what they call a northeaster out there. It came in off the ocean."

Soon Mrs. Schindelheim had her students sitting at attention on the floor and was checking their homework: "Where's the composition? We had to write compositions on what you liked or didn't like about the campaign. . . . Now, who would like to give the list of words alphabetized?"

While the students searched for their compositions and word lists, we asked Mrs. Katims how the class had come into being.

"The Parents' Association had been talking about interim schools for some time," Mrs. Katims said, "but because of the feelings of the teachers a lot of people were reluctant even to ask them to participate. One teacher I talked with said she didn't approve of interim schools, 'because it takes the heat off.' Still, after a while I guess we all agreed it was time to go ahead and do something for the kids. For myself, I knew I had to when my son Michael—he's one of the students in this class—said he wanted to go back. I almost fainted. I don't know how much can really be accomplished by these sessions—an hour and a half two mornings a week—but at least they'll give the kids a sense of focus, a place to go, and something to do."

The instruction offered during the session in Mrs. Katims' home may have been diffuse—mathematics, current events, and spelling were among the subjects touched on in the hour and a half—but the boys and girls seemed genuinely appreciative of it. Their good humor persisted even when Mrs. Schindelheim assigned them what in other circumstances would have been an extraordinary amount of homework—a book report, an essay on national or international news, an extensive exercise concerned with suffixes, and a number of arithmetic problems ("Work on the nines. You all need drill on your nine table"). When the class ended, Mrs. Schindelheim had to hurry off to collect two of her own children who were attending interim classes nearby. "I think these children are just delightful," she said to us as she put her shoes on again. "I'm not their regular teacher—he went to work in New Jersey—but I figured: Why should these children not have someone to keep them active in their schoolwork?"

"Maybe we'll be back in school by next week," one of the last of the departing students said.

"I hope so," Mrs. Schindelheim and Mrs. Katims said together.

Our next stop was at I.S. 271—the scene of the disturbances that were the principal points of dispute in the strike. On our previous visit to I.S. 271, it was being barred to demonstrators by hundreds of police, but last week we found only one policeman there, huddled in the doorway, and he waved us into the building. At a desk in the lobby, a school secretary issued a pass to us, and a moment later we were shown into the office of the assistant principal, Robert Adams. "No use my telling you what we're doing here," Mr. Adams said. "We'll just let the school speak for itself."

Pass in hand, we wandered through the corridors of I.S. 271, examining posters on the bulletin boards ("Face Your Responsibilities," "More Power. Community Control," "Stop Crime in the Streets," "Do Your Homework," "Say It Loud. I Am Black and Proud") and listening to smatterings of lessons drifting out of the classrooms, whose doors were generally open: "When an object goes toward outer space, it keeps going up into— What do we call it? . . . Right. An orbit," and "This form and this form are completely different. When do we use the *tu* form rather than *usted* form, Sharon?," and, on the second floor, "What do you think happened when the man came to America? The man came as a friend—that's the way the Indians saw it. They saw the man as a friend who needed help when he landed at Plymouth Rock. The man came as a friend, but he didn't stay as a friend. . . ."

While we were on the second floor, we stopped in at a teachers' lounge for a few words with a group of instructors, one of whom we recognized as Leslie Campbell, a twenty-eight-year-old teacher of Afro-American history whom union teachers had accused of harassment. (He was one of the three instructors who were ordered later in the week to face administrative hearings.) We found Mr. Campbell, a large, black-bearded man wearing a long aquamarine African shirt, quite frank about having taken a leading part in opposing the return of the union teachers. "This school is definitely more advanced in its feeling about community control than the other schools in the district are," he said. "The union teachers had little trouble, really, in returning to the other schools, and I'm proud that we were—well, the precedent setter in this respect."

We asked Mr. Campbell whether he was also made proud by any educational progress that might have been achieved since he joined the faculty, last March.

"Not yet," he said. "I don't think the educational program has reached what I consider a zenith. I'm not sure it's even really much better than last year. For my own course I found the kids are very, very motivated. They learn it. I don't have the same kind of problems other people have, in teaching English or math—"

"I'll vouch for that," interjected another teacher.

On the other hand, Mr. Campbell continued, he had trouble finding course material for teaching about Africa, and what he was able to find came primarily from black-nationalist magazines, black bookstores, and African consulates. "The Board of Education doesn't take care of it," he said. "I have to hunt for it."

One other aspect of our tour of I. S. 271 seemed noteworthy. There was much less disorder in the halls and in the classrooms than people have come to expect in slum-district schools—partly because the hallways were particularly well patrolled by teachers.

We saw our last teacher pickets of the strike at our next stop—Junior High School 167, on Seventy-sixth Street just east of Third Avenue, in Manhattan. A man and a woman wearing signs—"Dignity for All Teachers"—wrapped tightly around heavy overcoats were leaning dispiritedly against a parked car. Inside the building, we watched a throng of boys and girls spill out of classes and into a lunchroom.

"We entered the school October 23rd," Acting Principal Robert F. King told us, "and we now have over two hundred and fifty pupils." Mr. King, who had been the chairman of the school's English department in happier days, continued, "Gradual increases in the number of teachers crossing the picket lines have allowed us to carry on what we consider to be an innovative program. We allow the students to pick subject areas in which they have a particular interest or particular needs—mathematics, science, literature, reading improvement, and art, to name a few. The children select different subjects to study in the morning and afternoon sessions, and they appreciate having the school open. They certainly are responding to the educational situation we are presenting."

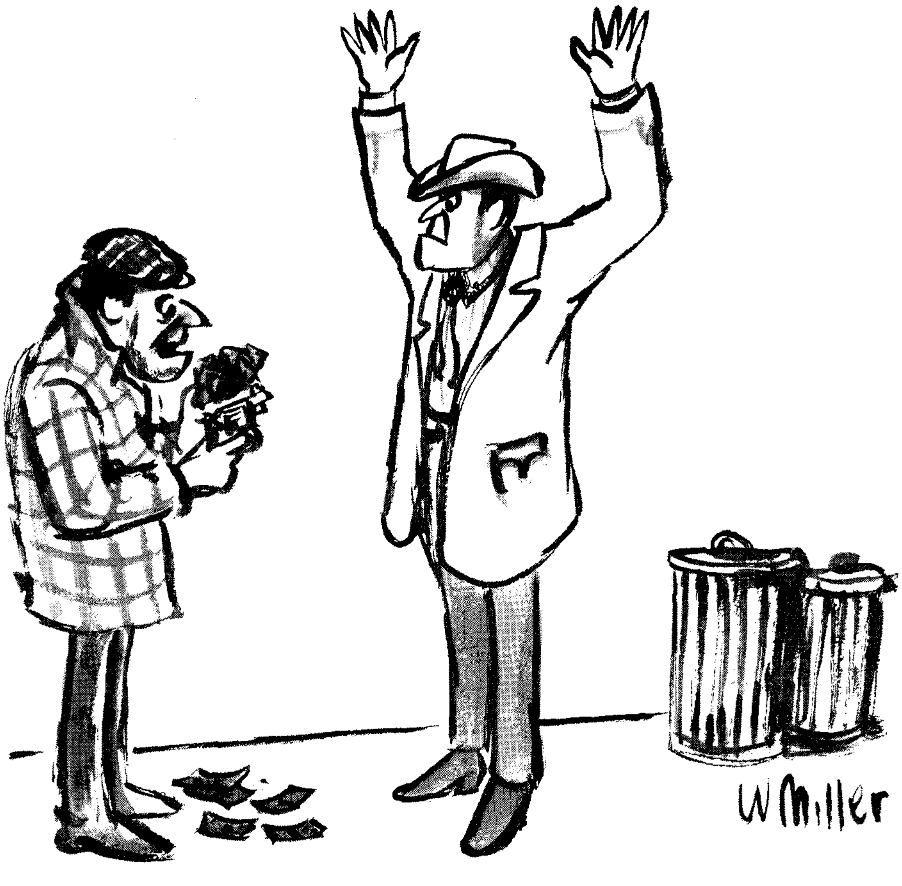
To help us learn something about one of the instructional programs that had been undertaken in the emergency, Mr. King introduced us to Miss Alessandra Gieffers, a statuesque blonde, who has been teaching art at J.H.S. 167 for four years. "When we first came in, there were only a few teachers, so we had to keep the children in assigned rooms and the teachers would circulate, but as the staff got larger we gained a little freedom for innovation," Miss Gieffers said. "A week ago, we asked the children to select their subjects, and now I have groups working intensively in morning and afternoon art sessions. For our project, I wanted something everyone could work on and something that had a little life in it, so I thought of masks, and I asked the children to make masks to depict an emotion—any emotion they chose. Many selected happy spirits, which was interesting. I think that now that they have had the experience of going from two- into three-dimensional objects, we are going to go on with it—move into shapes and objects, and eventually get into human figures."

There was another aspect of the program that Miss Gieffers wanted to mention. "The kids here are well mixed—black, white, and Puerto Rican—and in the past we've had a well-defined system for separating the children according to ability," she said. "In these art classes, though, we've had to mix them all together, and the children have been able to help each other, and the creativity that has resulted is wonderful. I think it would be worthwhile to consider continuing this kind of mixing for the future."

The educational program that we think may hold the greatest significance for the future is the one that was taking place at Bronx High School of Science, which was our last stop. There some four hundred and seventy-five students (out of a normal enrollment of three thousand) were taking instruction from twenty-three teachers (out of a normal staff of a hundred and fifty). Mrs. Henrietta Mazen, the acting chairman of the mathematics department and the school's teacher-in-charge, told us that the curriculum had been compressed into four periods a day. "When we first went in, students were shopping around from teacher to teacher," she said. "We pointed out that the teachers couldn't function that way, and they settled down with particular teachers. Now they all have programs that they follow every day."

By this time, it was nearly two o'clock. The four regular classes had been dismissed for the day, and about a hundred students were ending an extracurricular assembly session, which we sat in on, and which reminded us of some New Left sessions we had attended on the Columbia campus. Under the supervision of two young men obviously past school age, the group was discussing student activism and its subsequent repression.

"The Black Panthers will protect



"Well, pardner, back hyar in ol' New York, a hombre's gotta be mighty loco to tote around this much cash. Yes, siree, mighty loco!"

all you spineless creatures, even though you don't deserve it," a student was saying as we entered.

"Personally, I think we're in a looser situation in regard to repression," another student observed. "After all, we *are* sitting here in a government building and talking like this."

After a few more minutes of desultory discussion, a tall blond boy moved to the rostrum. "This session was organized without the coöperation of the administration," he said. "They didn't really know what was going to be talked about. If anybody would like to present the other side—if there is another side—I'll be glad to schedule it for him."

Later, Mrs. Mazen, who has been a teacher in the New York City school system since 1931, told us, "We aren't making decisions unilaterally anymore. We've set up a faculty-student council—eight students and eight teachers—and they hold open meetings. Then, if they agree to take any action, it is brought to the general student body in the auditorium."

"And that is what you call real community control," another teacher put in.

Probably the most unexpected action that had so far been suggested by the faculty-student council, and then ratified by the student body, was the adoption of a ruling to prohibit smoking—by the students, the teachers, and the parents helping out in the school. "The students advanced the proposition that if they couldn't smoke, we shouldn't smoke," Mrs. Mazen said. She added that only one smoking incident had been reported—students had caught a teacher sneaking a smoke in the lavatory.

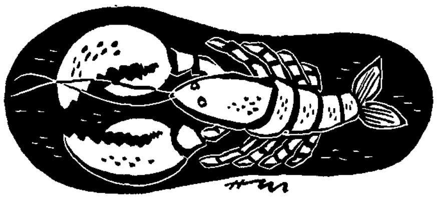
"The students have been doing a great job on each other with moral suasion," another teacher remarked.

Academically, Mrs. Mazen said, she was more than satisfied with the progress that the students had been able to make, even though laboratory periods had had to be dropped from the science courses. "Our big test will come with the advanced-placement examinations early in May," she continued. "So far, however, we've been able to take care of most of our problems. Practically my entire advanced-placement class is in, and some of the people who are on strike have been helping the other students in their homes. In fact, if a teacher won't come in but is teaching in his home, and one of our students wants to go to him, we try to arrange that."

Mrs. Mazen went on to say that she was one of the original members of the United Federation of Teachers and had been a member of the Bronx Science union steering committee for ten years, and that her husband, Ben, an attorney, helped to establish the union's first grievance committee. "We are doing everything we can to avoid polarization between those of us—students and teachers—who came in and those who are still out," she told us. "Eventually, we'll all be back together, and then we'll have to sit down and decide on a procedure to put all the students where they should be academically." Mrs. Mazen escorted us through the corridors of the now empty school and said goodbye to us below a spectacular mural in the lobby, which featured scientific themes and a quotation from John Dewey: "Every great advance in science has issued from a new audacity of imagination."

"Sebiria No Rihatsushi"

ONE of the oddest international projects that the Metropolitan Opera has undertaken in recent years is "Sebiria No Rihatsushi," a color videotape of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" that was shot during a performance and a dress rehearsal last week and will be shown, suitably subtitled, over the facilities of Nippon Hoso Kyokai, the Japanese public-service television network, in January. The production, which was the Met's first venture into full-length operatic television, was a trilingual affair. It was sung in Italian, directed in Japanese, and photographed by four camera crews consisting of both Japanese and Americans, who communicated among themselves through miniskirted Japanese interpreters. It was made possible by Nippon Hoso Kyokai's development of a highly sensitive image-orthicon tube, which can produce a clear color picture under normal stage lighting—a technical innovation that permits television cameras to capture a live performance without disturbing the audience. Any color-television camera contains three image-orthicon tubes—one for red images, one for green, and one for blue. The standard American set of tubes requires three hundred and fifty footcandles of light, but the new Japanese tubes are four times as sensitive and can pick up a clear image with only fifteen or twenty footcandles. In terms of light registration, this brings the Japanese tubes fairly close to the ability of the human eye. A footcandle, incidentally, is a measure of the amount of light emitted by one candle at a distance of one foot.

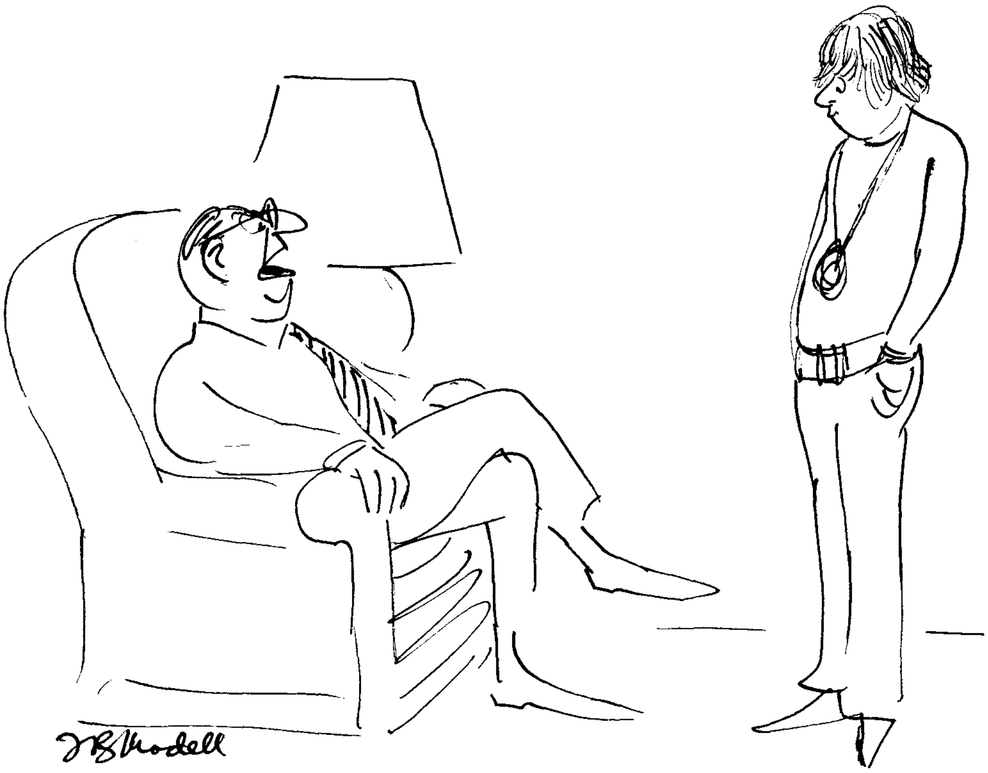


We dropped by the opera house one morning last week to observe the initial color testing of these remarkable tubes, and found a large blue Lewron mobile-television van (which contained the videotaping equipment) parked outside on Amsterdam Avenue and four massive R.C.A. cameras (which were connected to the van by cables that looked like well-fed pythons) warming up in the darkened auditorium. Red lights flashed on and off as each camera was checked for focus and color balance, and flashlights flickered as the cameramen studied their shot lists (which had been prepared in both Japanese and English). Technicians dashed up and down the aisles exchanging cryptic comments about audio and video levels. Onstage, Figaro, in a bright-yellow suit, and Rosina, in a red bodice and a gray skirt, were engaged in a lively duet; twenty rows back in the gloom, Rudolph Bing, surrounded by his administrative staff, watched with undisguised anxiety as the singers appeared in miniature on a television monitor. When the colors, which had seemed a little muddy at first (Rosina's bodice was purple and Figaro's face an unhealthy yellow), suddenly snapped into place, there was a collective sigh of relief. Ralph Parisi, an American video engineer, paused near the monitor and explained to Mr. Bing that although the color obtained from the tubes was exceptionally clear, constant adjustment would be needed to compensate for the unevenness of the stage lighting. "We need a little practice," he said. "People move around so fast in this opera that the light values change from minute to minute."

"The color looks very good to me right now," said Mr. Bing, who appeared to have relaxed slightly. "But, of course, I'm not an expert. I never watch TV, because the programs are so atrocious."

"This is a cultural event," Mr. Parisi said, eying the stage.

"But can it be sold commercially?" Mr. Bing said. "I haven't the foggiest idea whether there is a national audience for opera. But I intend to find out, and our 'Barber' strikes me as a good place to start. It is a tuneful, funny, intimate work, with a good-looking cast and a plot that is easy to follow. I foresee a problem when we



"It's about time you realized, Harlan, that in life we often have to do things that aren't our bag."

• •

try to reproduce something like 'Aida' on a twenty-three-inch screen. I really can't imagine reducing the triumphal parade to a couple of spear carriers."

When the lights came up at the end of the act, Mr. Bing left, trailing assistants, and we fell into conversation with Robert Herman, a tall, genial assistant manager, who was sitting beside us. Mr. Herman explained that the project would produce two videotapes—one for N.H.K. to present in Japan, and one that the Metropolitan would try to sell in America. "The Japanese have supplied a technical crew and the image-orthicon tubes," he said. "We have provided additional technicians, the talent, and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to cover the cost of the videotaping. Of course, this is an experiment, but it may increase the possibility of a visit by the Metropolitan to the Osaka Fair in 1970. We've been asked, and we're hopeful. At the moment, it's a question of finances and of final settlements with our unions. Since I'm an optimist, I'm learning Japanese. I hope to be reasonably fluent in time for the Fair."

Mr. Herman uncoiled his long frame from the red plush orchestra seat and asked if we would like to meet some of the visiting Japanese. We said we would. "The N.H.K. people are musically oriented to a remarkable degree," he said as we followed him down the aisle toward a group of Japanese clustered around one of the cameras. "The producer, Nobuo Fukuhara, is a baritone who sang Kuno in the first Japanese production of 'Der Freischütz;' the director, Shunji Kanatsu, plays the flute and is married to an opera singer; the associate director, Kazuto Miyakawa, is a violinist; and several of the cameramen play the piano, although they're rather shy about admitting it." Mr. Herman introduced us to Mr. Kanatsu, a chunky, bespectacled young man who looked completely exhausted, and to Mr. Fukuhara, a commanding elder-statesman type who appeared to be brimming with energy and good spirits.

Through one of the young lady interpreters, Mr. Fukuhara informed us that Western opera is very popular in Japan, especially among young people. "N.H.K. has had something to do with this," he said. "We support two major opera companies with donations, and we have brought five European companies to Japan since 1953. Their performances, which were broadcast by radio and television all over the country, have aroused great interest, even in rural areas. We know this because there has been an increase in the sales of opera records. 'Sebiria No Rihatsushi,' for example, is so well known in Japan that I shall not have to spend much time on the story when I introduce it on camera. Instead, I am going to talk about the subtleties of the music, the elegance of the production, and the beauty of the Metropolitan Opera House."

"I think we will attract a very large audience," said Mr. Kanatsu, "because we will present this opera at seven-thirty in the evening on January 4th—the Japanese New Year."

"We call seven-thirty the golden hour in television," said Mr. Fukuhara, with a smile. "The minimum audience is twenty million."

"*Hai*," said Mr. Kanatsu. He extracted from a briefcase an object that resembled a giant flashlight, and said that it was one of the new N.H.K. tubes.

"There are only fifty of them in existence," Mr. Fukuhara said, taking the tube from him carefully, with both hands, and holding it up for us to see. "We brought fifteen from the Mexican Olympics—three for each camera and three spares. The outside is glass and platinum, and the inside, or target, is made of a very special light-sensitive material that I am not free to discuss. I *can* talk about the price, which is four thousand dollars per tube; the lifespan, which is approximately a thousand hours; and the artistic possibilities, which are unlimited. Opera photographed in a studio or on a stage filled with very bright light is essentially an artificial situation. But now we can capture the essence of the art—the current of emotion that flows back and forth between the singers and the audience during an actual performance. What excitement can be produced! What a direct impact it has on the viewer! It is my dream to persuade theatres and opera houses all over the world to exchange live performances on videotape. Music and dance are truly international, because they penetrate the language barrier and reach directly into our souls."

Mr. Kanatsu picked up his Japanese-Italian score, bowed politely to everyone, and explained that he had to return to the video van to direct the color tests for Act III. As he turned to go, Mr. Fukuhara tapped him lightly on the shoulder and murmured something in Japanese, which brought a faint smile to his face.

"Mr. Fukuhara told him '*O-tsukare sama*,' " said our interpreter. "The literal translation of this is 'You must be very tired,' but what he really means is 'Take care of yourself.' Mr. Kanatsu is very serious about his work, and I don't think he has been getting much sleep since he arrived in New York."

CALL ME MONTY, AND GROVEL FREELY

> Baron Teviot of Burghclere, 33, who until his father's death Sunday was Charles John Kerr, plans to go back to work as a trainee supermarket checker. "We are the same people whether I have a title or not," he told reporters. "And the rent still has to be paid. I shall go on working for a living." . . . He wants customers to go on calling him Charlie.
>
> —*The Post.*

ALL right, so Marcy and I were cornball, a couple of Americans on our first trip to England and doing the whole tourist bit. Windsor Castle, the Tower, Portobello Road, Hampton Court—you name it, we saw it. I said to Marcy when we got to London, "Look, angel," I said, "if there's one thing that bugs me it's somebody who's afraid to be mistaken for a square. I'm an ordinary person—maybe a little luckier than most. Just because I happen to be a big wheel back home, a junior assistant associate of a top news magazine with my name on the masthead, I'm not going to throw my weight around. Our bureau chief here could show me a lot of inside stuff, but we'd never get the feel of the country—you follow? We're foreigners—let's behave like it." Which we did, and you never saw such red-carpet treatment. The British excel in Old World courtesy. You can't walk down a street without some bobby, twirling his nightstick, pointing out a quaint pub or a monument from the Wars of the Roses. The very stones under your feet seem to be saturated with tradition.

And the shopping! I don't know if anyone has commented on this before, but London is a man's town—I mean, it caters to the masculine sex. You wouldn't believe the wealth of hats and sweaters and shirts on view along Piccadilly and Bond Street; the two of us used to come back to the hotel every night dead tired, loaded with bundles. Marcy got some nice things, too—a cute leather address book to fit in her purse and a box of those chocolate-covered mints women love. I hadn't planned on buying any clothes except a tweed jacket or so and a few pairs of slacks, until Tom Greshler at the bureau talked me into having some suits made in Savile Row. Well, sir, it was one hell of an experience. His tailor's was like a cathedral, all walnut-panelled and Dickensian sporting prints, and three different cutters to measure the coat, weskit, and trousers. I got into a real bind with the man in charge of the coat, though. He kept nagging me to let them pad the shoulders and nip in the waist, and I finally had to straighten him out.

"Listen, what do you think I am—a gigolo?" I asked him. I wasn't aggressive—just firm. "Next thing I know, you'll have me wearing a monocle. I can't afford to look like a freak at the office, Algy—we're a conservative outfit. Either copy this Brooks model of mine or knock it off."

That did the trick, and from then on they were as sweet as pie. They yessed me to death, arranged to mail over my duds without fittings and all that jazz, and never even asked for identification for my Express checks. Tom thought it'd be a good idea workwise for me to see the inside of an English club while I was there, so he and I went around to the Cheesemongers, which extends guest privileges to our staff. One tradition of this male stronghold still observed from yesteryear, I learned, is a washroom where the brushes and combs are chained to the wall to prevent their being stolen. As luncheon fare, we partook of a cut off the joint, two veg., and a pint of bitter, and after I lay down in the reading room for a spell I felt O.K. again. While drenched in the atmosphere, I dashed off a couple of notes to our researchers in New York, with gags like "Well, slaves, here I am in jolly old Lunnon," etc. Their eyes must have popped when they saw the club stationery.

The minute I got back to the hotel that afternoon, Marcy was bursting with some kind of news. In that typical feminine way, it was upside down and backward, but I finally pieced it together. An hour before, in the tearoom at Harrods, she'd run into Ailsa and Jock Beasley, who belong to our country club in Smoke Hills.

"You remember Montague Pauncefoot, don't you?" Marcy reminded me. "The English checker at the Val-U-Mart—the thin blond boy?"

"Sort of a washed-out character, with a smirk?"

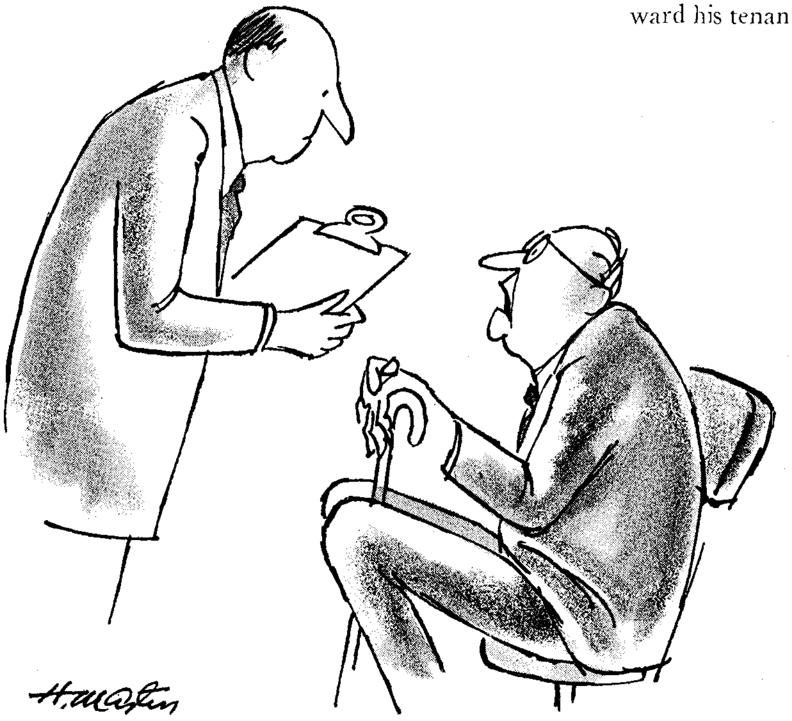
"Yes, but very nice," she said. "Well, he's suddenly become a nobleman—Lord Grubstone. The papers were full of it—how he was keeping the job in spite of his title and preferred to remain just plain Monty and heaven knows what. I guess it was so much talk, though, because hardly a week later, Ailsa heard, he and his wife returned to England."

"It figures," I said. "After all, a peer like that has responsibilities toward his tenants—the gamekeepers and farmers who till his estates. . . . You know, now I think of it, there *was* something rather distinguished about him. His carriage, or maybe the bone structure in his face."

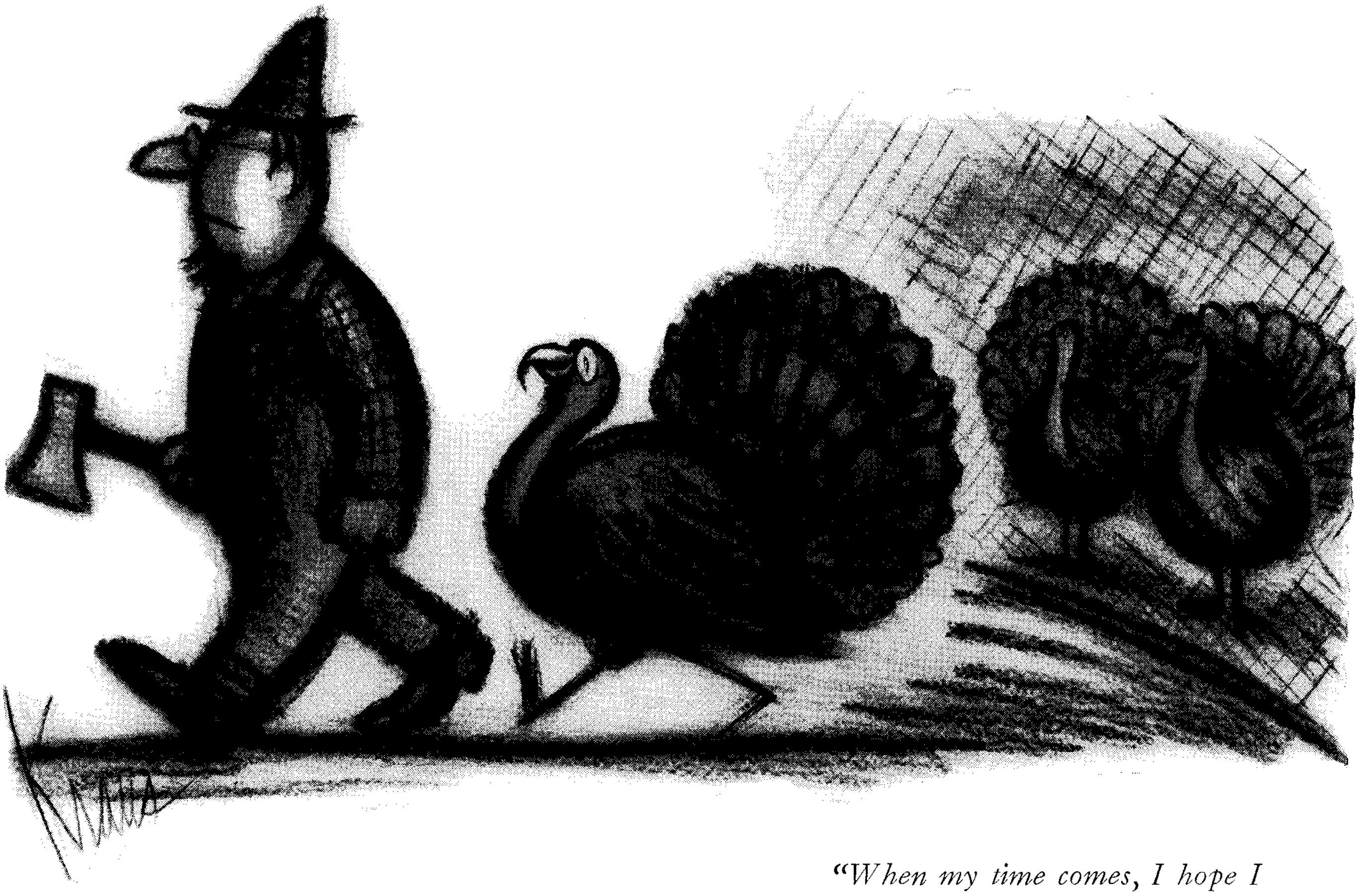
"That wasn't the impression you gave. You said he was an obnoxious little pimple."

"Will you kindly stop putting words in my mouth, for Chrisake?" I said. "Sure, he had a somewhat unusual accent, but they can't help that—it's part of their lineage. No, we were on damned good terms, Monty and I, and I often meant to ask him out to the house."

"Well, you missed the boat."



"My joints ache, my hair seems to be going, I've been noticing crow's-feet around my eyes. Doc, what's happening to me?"



"When my time comes, I hope I can go with that same air of jaunty bravado."

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"Not at all," I said. "Why couldn't we look him up here? He's a democratic guy—he'd get a bang out of a couple of his old customers' dropping by."

"Don't be absurd," she said. "I grant you he was always very generous with cartons, and helpful when I couldn't find the horseradish or whatever, but he'd never remember us, honest and truly. Now, let's forget it—I have to change if we're to make the night tour of Soho."

Well, I saw there was no sense arguing, and clammed up. The next morning, though, I called Tom's secretary at the bureau and asked for a quick rundown on a certain titled family, the location of their ancestral seat, and the sightseeing in the vicinity. By the end of the day, I had the info I needed and everything in readiness. Marcy was pretty suspicious when I started bleating about this ruined abbey in Oxfordshire we mustn't miss; the old female intuition told her something was cooking, but I snowed her with a lot of doubletalk about Chaucer and Piers Plowman the secretary had pulled out, and she gave in. So right after breakfast we caught a train to a place with a name that broke us up—Leighton Buzzard—and taxied out to the ruins. It was nothing you'd look at twice, of course—half a dozen beat-up arches covered with ivy—and I didn't blame Marcy for crabbing at the trouble we'd gone to. I waited until we got back into the cab to spring it.

"Who owns most of the ground hereabouts?" I queried the driver. "Is it part of an estate or something?"

"Yes, Lord Grubstone's, sir. The Hall is up there, just beyond that copse."

"You're kidding!" I said. "Of all the fantastic— Marcy, did you hear that? Monty, the Val-U-Mart fellow—five minutes away! It's a perfect opportunity to buzz over and say hello—we'd be dopes not to!"

She knew it was a put-up job, but she couldn't squawk with the driver listening, and before she had a chance to we were on our way. The house, instead of the huge, frowning affair with turrets I expected, was on the dinky side, a grayish stone box the size of a branch library, squatting on a half acre of gravel. The butler who answered the door—and he took his time about it—looked like a road-company Robert Morley at the Paper Mill Playhouse. He gave us a frosty once-over, and when I said our name didn't matter, we wanted to surprise His Lordship, he motioned us into a side chamber. It seemed to be only a storeroom, judging from the case of stuffed birds and a set of *Punch* dating back to 1841, but all of a sudden a red-nosed old gaffer, in a stock, shot up from an armchair he was asleep in. The way he reacted, you'd have thought we came off a flying saucer.

"I say, what are you—Australians?" he exclaimed.

I told him, and that really alarmed him.

"Actually? I've never seen any before. Er—excuse me."

He scurried out, and as Marcy began needling me to leave Monty appeared. For a split second, I had trouble recognizing him. He wasn't wearing the white duster and the pencil behind his ear any longer, naturally; he had on like a Little Lord Fauntleroy costume—a velvet suit with a ruffled shirt foaming out of the collar—and he wore his hair in a tomboy bang. But also his whole manner was different—a mixture of peevish and hoity-toity, totally unlike the old days.

"Yes?" he snapped out. "You wished to see me?"

Figuring we might have interrupted him in a game of chess or something, I took the bull by the horns—recalled ourselves to him and congratulated him on his new status.

To my amazement, he gave us a complete deadpan. “I’m afraid you’re quite mistaken,” he drawled, looking down his nose. “I *have* been in the States briefly, but never under the circumstances you describe. If I may say so, the American visitor to our shores sometimes tends to become a bit—ah—*dérangé*.”

I started to get hot under the collar. “Are you suggesting we’re unbalanced?” I said. “Why, Marcy and I have seen you at the checkout counter for the past—”

“Sweetheart, let’s go,” she interrupted. “Lord Grubstone’s right—we’ve made a stupid error, apparently.”

His face grew a little more human. “Frightfully sorry to cause you this misapprehension,” he said. “You *are* guests in this country, I suppose.... Look here—we were just sitting down to lunch with some people. Perhaps you’d care to join us?”

Well, Marcy wouldn’t hear of it, but I was so mystified and at the same time riled by his reception that I insisted. Also, for one molding opinion on the foreign-news desk, it was a splendid chance to observe British aristocracy at close range. There were eight or nine persons, mainly oldsters, chattering away in the dining room, and hardly anyone looked up when our host introduced us as newcomers from overseas. I was wedged in next to a horsy old party with porcelain choppers who was lambasting Harold Wilson. Pretty soon he turned and, out of the blue, asked how long I’d been in the Coldstream Guards. I said I never was.

“But you must have done, damn it,” he said. “You’re wearing their regimental tie.”

I explained I had bought it at Turncoat’s, in Jermyn Street, the day before.

“Then take it back at once, man,” he said, his wattles quivering like a turkey’s. “You ought to be ashamed, parading around under false colors. No wonder the country’s going to the demnition bowwows.”

I was about to pin his ears back when a gargoyle in a beaded hat opposite quickly chimed in. The mischief had started in America, where nothing was sacred, she claimed. “And what do you expect, with that intolerable central heating of theirs? It dries up the mucous membrane, addles one’s speech—”

“To say nothing of the swindling,” another old buzzard croaked. “The worst bobbery I’ve met with this side of Shanghai. You put a sixpence in a stamp machine and the wretched thing invariably holds back a penny. The Mafia’s share, of course.”

That broke the ice, and they all began sounding off. A chap’s shoes were likely to be stolen from outside his hotel room, and decent food was unobtainable; you couldn’t buy a pilchard anywhere for love or money. I was so burned up by then, what with Grubstone’s pretense of not being Monty and his sitting there, the muzzler, relishing us squirm, that I wanted to grab Marcy and blow the joint. Still, I felt I had to unmask the faker, make him admit we knew him when. And just like that, the inspiration came to me—*voom.*

I raised my voice a trifle—enough to carry to the head of the table. “Speaking of stamps, My Lord,” I said blandly, “my wife over there and I have a beef that involves you. Why didn’t you folks at the Val-U-Mart ever give out any green or blue ones, like the Acme or the Grand Union?” The entire place got deathly still—not a sound. “I’ll tell you why,” I said, gathering momentum. “Because you were a cheap, fly-by-night outfit, a bunch of chisellers. You handled the crummiest brand names, the most inferior meats, and baked goods you could insulate a roof with, and, brother, what a markup—ten and fifteen cents on each item! . . . No, Marcy, I won’t shut up—he knows the score! He knows how they cheated us on the empty bottles we brought back, those flimsy bags that burst halfway to the car. They taught him how to gouge the public, never you fear!”

Well, it was almost scary, the effect of my taunt. I had in mind to jolt the truth out of him, bring him down off his high horse, but I didn’t dream the form it would take. His expression slowly changed like Jack Palance’s in “Jekyll and Hyde;” one moment he was the smooth, disdainful dandy born to the purple, the next he was out of his chair, a raging fiend. He was practically incoherent. “That’s a typical customer for you!” he shouted. “Yes, I know your kind, all right—clogging the express lane with twelve loaves of white bread, mixing up the dog food, mauling the bananas! You’re the type that buys a pint of coleslaw after sampling the whole delicatessen case, that cadges free suet from the butcher to save on birdseed, that leaves his shopping cart in a snowdrift at the end of the parking area! Oh, I’ve seen you altering the prices on the canned salmon, filching beet greens to put in your soup!” He hammered on the tabletop with his clenched fists. “I hate every mother’s son of you—do you hear? I rue the day I ever set foot in New Jersey!”

Whether it was the man’s humiliation at being exposed in his own home or the strain of his outburst, that settled Lord Grubstone’s hash; he was still sitting there, with egg on his face and the company frozen like the waxworks at Madame Tussaud’s, as the two of us made our exit. Marcy didn’t have much to say until the train had left Leighton Buzzard, and then she opened up. It was pretty personal stuff, but, to tell the truth, I wasn’t listening. I was too busy formulating in my mind’s eye the story I was going to cable back on swinging London and the decay of the British Establishment.

—S. J. Perelman

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US

I was wrapped in black
fur and white fur and
you undid me and then
you placed me in gold light
and then you crowned me,
while snow fell outside
the door in diagonal darts.
While a ten-inch snow
came down like stars
in small calcium fragments,
we were in our own bodies
(that room that will bury us)
and you were in my body
(that room that will outlive us)
and at first I rubbed your
feet dry with a towel
because I was your slave
and then you called me princess.
Princess!

Oh, then
I stood up in my gold skin
and I beat down the psalms
and I beat down the clothes
and you undid the bridle
and you undid the reins
and I undid the buttons,
the bones, the confusions,
the New England postcards,
the January ten-o’clock night,
and we rose up like wheat,
acre after acre of gold,
and we harvested,
we harvested.

—Anne Sexton

A FRIEND OF KAFKA

I HAD heard about Franz Kafka years before I read any of his books from his friend Jacques Kohn, a former actor in the Yiddish theatre. I say "former" because by the time I knew him he was no longer on the stage. It was the early thirties, and the Yiddish theatre in Warsaw had already begun to lose its audience. Jacques Kohn himself was a sick and broken man. Although he still dressed in the style of a dandy, his clothes were shabby. He wore a monocle in his left eye, a high old-fashioned collar (known as "father-murderer"), patent-leather shoes, and a derby. He had been nicknamed "the lord" by the cynics in the Warsaw Yiddish writers' club that we both frequented. Although he stooped more and more, he worked stubbornly at keeping his shoulders back. What was left of his once yellow hair he combed to form a bridge over his bare skull. In the tradition of the old-time theatre, every now and then he would lapse into Germanized Yiddish—particularly when he spoke of his relationship with Kafka. Of late, he had begun writing newspaper articles, but the editors were unanimous in rejecting his manuscripts. He lived in an attic room somewhere on Leszno Street and was constantly ailing. A joke about him made the rounds of the club members: "All day long he lies in an oxygen tent, and at night he emerges a Don Juan."

We always met at the club in the evening. The door would open slowly to admit Jacques Kohn. He had the air of an important European celebrity who was deigning to visit the ghetto. He would look around and grimace, as if to indicate that the smells of herring, garlic, and cheap tobacco were not to his taste. He would glance disdainfully over the tables covered with tattered newspapers, broken chess pieces, and ashtrays filled with cigarette stubs, around which the club members sat endlessly discussing literature in their shrill voices. He would shake his head as if to say, "What can you expect from such schlemiels?" The moment I saw him entering, I would put my hand in my pocket and prepare the zloty that he would inevitably borrow from me.

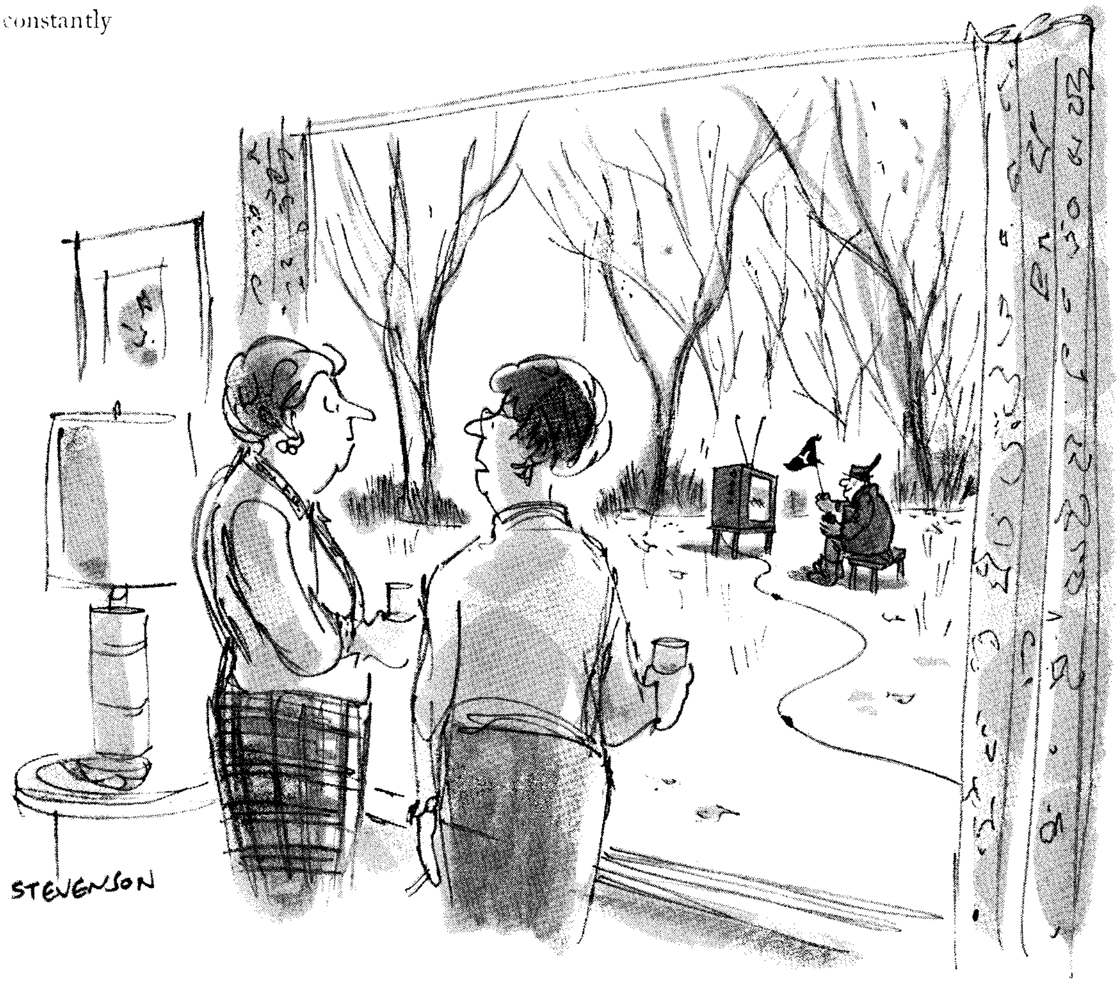
This particular evening, Jacques seemed to be in a better mood than usual. He smiled, displaying his porcelain teeth, which did not fit and moved slightly when he spoke, and swaggered over to me as if he were onstage. He offered me his bony, long-fingered hand and said, "How's the rising star doing tonight?"

"At it already?"

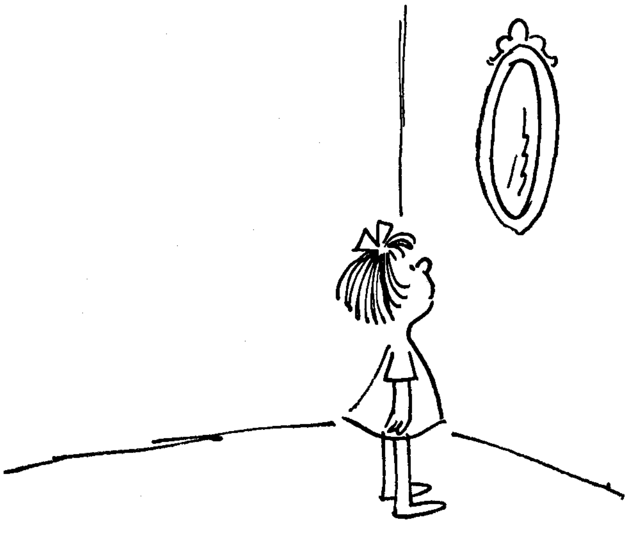
"I'm serious. Serious. I know talent when I see it, even though I lack it myself. When we played Prague in 1911, no one had ever heard of Kafka. He came backstage, and the moment I saw him I knew that I was in the presence of genius. I could smell it the way a cat smells a mouse. That was how our great friendship began."

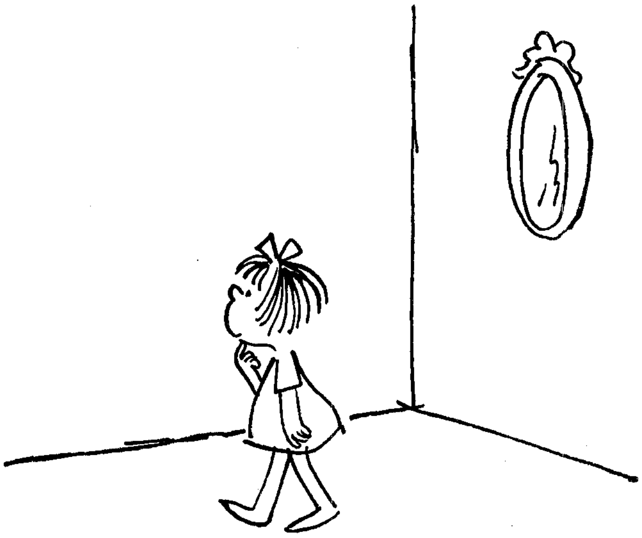
I had heard this story many times and in as many variations, but I knew that I would have to listen to it again. He sat down at my table, and Manya, the waitress, brought us glasses of tea and cookies. Jacques Kohn raised his eyebrows over his yellowish eyes, the whites of which were threaded with bloody little veins. His expression seemed to say, "This is what the barbarians call tea?" He put five lumps of sugar into his glass and stirred, rotating the tin spoon outward. With his thumb and index finger, the nail of which was unusually long, he broke off a small piece of cookie, put it into his mouth, and said, "*Nu ja*," which meant, One cannot fill one's stomach on the past.

It was all playacting. He himself came from a Hasidic family in one of the small Polish towns. His name was not Jacques but Jankel. However, he had lived for many years in Prague, Vienna, Berlin, Paris. He had not always been an actor in the Yiddish theatre but had played on the stage in both France and Germany. He had been friends with many celebrities. He had helped Chagall find a studio in Belleville. He had been a frequent guest at Israel Zangwill's. He had appeared in a Reinhardt production, and had eaten cold cuts with Piscator. He had shown me letters he had received not only from Kafka but from Jakob Wassermann, Stefan Zweig, Romain Rolland, Ilya Ehrenburg, and Martin Buber. They all addressed him by his first name. As we got to know each other better, he had even let me see



"He likes to do it for the Yale-Harvard game."





photographs and letters from famous actresses with whom he had had affairs.

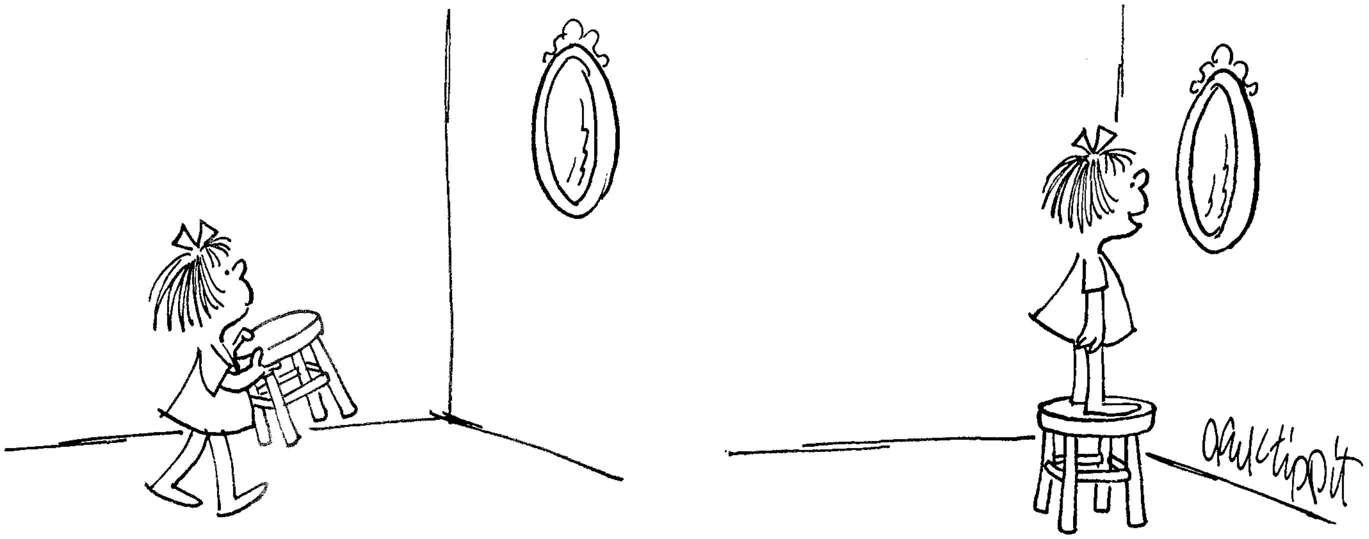
For me, "lending" Jacques Kohn a zloty meant coming into contact with Western Europe. The very way he carried his silver-handled cane seemed exotic to me. He even smoked his cigarettes differently from the way we did in Warsaw. His manners were courtly. On the rare occasion when he reproached me, he always managed to save my feelings with some elegant compliment. More than anything else, I admired Jacques Kohn's way with women. I was shy with girls—blushed, became embarrassed in their presence—but Jacques Kohn had the assurance of a count. He had something nice to say to the most unattractive woman. He flattered them all, but always in a tone of good-natured irony, affecting the blasé attitude of a hedonist who has already tasted everything.

HE spoke frankly to me. "My young friend, I'm as good as impotent. It always starts with the development of an overrefined taste—when one is hungry, one does not need marzipan and caviar. I've reached the point where I consider no woman really attractive. No defect can be hidden from me. That is impotence. Dresses, corsets are transparent for me. I can no longer be fooled by paint and perfume. I have lost my own teeth, but a woman has only to open her mouth and I spot her fillings. That, by the way, was Kafka's problem when it came to writing: he saw all the defects—his own and everyone else's. Most of literature is produced by such plebeians and bunglers as Zola and D'Annunzio. In the theatre, I saw the same defects that Kafka found in literature, and that brought us together. But, oddly enough, when it came to judging the theatre Kafka was completely blind. He praised our cheap Yiddish plays to heaven. He fell madly in love with a ham actress—Madam Tschissik. When I think that Kafka loved this creature, dreamed about her, I am ashamed for man and his illusions. Well, immortality is not choosy. Anyone who happens to come in contact with a great man marches with him into immortality, often in clumsy boots.

"Didn't you once ask what makes me go on, or do I imagine that you did? What gives me the strength to bear poverty, sickness, and, worst of all, hopelessness? That's a good question, my young friend. I asked the same question when I first read the Book of Job. Why did Job continue to live and suffer? So that in the end he would have more daughters, more donkeys, more camels? No. The answer is that it was for the game itself. We all play chess with Fate as partner. He makes a move; we make a move. He tries to checkmate us in three moves; we try to prevent it. We know we can't win, but we're driven to give him a good fight. My opponent is a tough angel. He fights Jacques Kohn with every trick in his bag. It's winter now; it's cold even with the stove on, but my stove hasn't worked for months and the landlord refuses to fix it. Besides, I wouldn't have the money to buy coal. It's as cold inside my room as it is outdoors. If you haven't lived in an attic, you don't know the strength of the wind. My windowpanes rattle even in the summertime. Sometimes a tomcat climbs up on the roof near my window and wails all night like a woman in labor. I lie there freezing under my blankets and he yowls for a cat, though it may be he's merely hungry. I might give him a morsel of food to quiet him, or chase him away, but in order not to freeze to death I wrap myself in all the rags I possess, even old newspapers—the slightest move and the whole works comes apart.

"Still, if you play chess, my dear friend, it's better to play with a worthy adversary than with a bungler. I admire my opponent. Sometimes I'm enchanted with his ingenuity. He sits up there in an office in the third or seventh Heaven, in that department of Providence that rules our little planet, and has just one job—to trap Jacques Kohn. His orders are 'Break the keg, but don't let the wine run out.' He's done exactly that. How he manages to keep me alive is a miracle. I'm ashamed to tell you how much medicine I take, how many pills I swallow. I have a friend who is a druggist, or I could never afford it. Before I go to bed, I gulp down one after another—dry. If I drink, I have to urinate. I have prostate trouble, and as it is I must get up several times during the night. In the dark, Kant's categories no longer apply. Time ceases to be time and space is no space. You hold something in your hand and suddenly it isn't there. To light my gas lamp is not a simple matter. My matches are always vanishing. My attic teems with demons. Occasionally, I address one of them: 'Hey, you, Vinegar, son of Wine, how about stopping your nasty tricks!'

"Some time ago, in the middle of the night, I heard a pounding on my door and the sound of a woman's voice. I couldn't tell whether she was laughing or crying. 'Who can it be?' I said to myself. 'Lilith? Namah? Machlath, the daughter of Ketev M'riri?' Out loud, I called, 'Madam, you are



“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
who’s the fairest of them all?”

• •

making a mistake.’ But she continued to bang on the door. Then I heard a groan and someone falling. I did not dare to open the door. I began to look for my matches, only to discover that I was holding them in my hand. Finally, I got out of bed, lit the gas lamp, and put on my dressing gown and slippers. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror, and my reflection scared me. My face was green and unshaven. I opened the door, and there stood a young woman in bare feet, wearing a sable coat over her nightgown. She was pale and her long blond hair was dishevelled. ‘Madam, what’s the matter?’ I said.

“‘Someone just tried to kill me. I beg you, please let me in. I only want to stay in your room until daylight.’

“I wanted to ask who had tried to kill her, but I saw that she was half frozen. Most probably drunk, too. I let her in and noticed a bracelet with huge diamonds on her wrist. ‘My room is not heated,’ I told her.

“‘It’s better than to die in the street.’

“So there we were both of us. But what was I to do with her? I only have one bed. I don’t drink—I’m not allowed to—but a friend had given me a bottle of cognac as a gift, and I had some stale cookies. I gave her a drink and one of the cookies. The liquor seemed to revive her. ‘Madam, do you live in this building?’ I asked.

“‘No,’ she said. ‘I live on Ujazdowskie Boulevard.’

“I could tell that she was an aristocrat. One word led to another, and I discovered that she was a countess and a widow, and that her lover lived in the building—a wild man, who kept a lion cub as a pet. He, too, was a member of the nobility, but an outcast. He had already served a year in the Citadel, for attempted murder. He could not visit her, because she lived in her mother-in-law’s house, so she came to see him. That night, in a jealous fit, he had beaten her and placed his revolver at her temple. To make a long story short, she had managed to grab her coat and run out of his apartment. She had knocked on the doors of the neighbors, but none of them would let her in, and so she had made her way to the attic.

“‘Madam,’ I said to her, ‘your lover is probably still looking for you. Supposing he finds you? I am no longer what one might call a knight.’

“‘He won’t dare make a disturbance,’ she said. ‘He’s on parole. I’m through with him for good. Have pity—please don’t put me out in the middle of the night.’

“‘How will you get home tomorrow?’ I asked.

“‘I don’t know,’ she said. ‘I’m tired of life anyhow, but I don’t want to be killed by him.’

“‘Well, I won’t be able to sleep in any case,’ I said. ‘Take my bed and I will rest here in this chair.’

“‘No. I wouldn’t do that. You are not young and you don’t look very well. Please, go back to bed and I will sit here.’

“We haggled so long we finally decided to lie down together. ‘You have nothing to fear from me,’ I assured her. ‘I am old and helpless with women.’ She seemed completely convinced.

“What was I saying? Yes, suddenly I find myself in bed with a countess whose lover might break down the door at any moment. I covered us both with the two blankets I have and didn’t bother to build the usual cocoon of odds and ends. I was so wrought up I forgot about the cold. Besides, I felt her closeness. A strange warmth emanated from her body, different from any I had known—or perhaps I had forgotten it. Was my opponent trying a new gambit? In the past few years he had stopped playing with me in earnest. You know, there is such a thing as humorous chess. I have been told that Nimzowitsch often played jokes on his partners. In the old days, Morphy was known as a chess prankster. ‘A fine move,’ I said to my adversary. ‘A masterpiece.’ With that I realized that I knew who her lover was. I had met him on the stairs—a giant of a man, with the face of a murderer. What a funny end for Jacques Kohn—to be finished off by a Polish Othello.

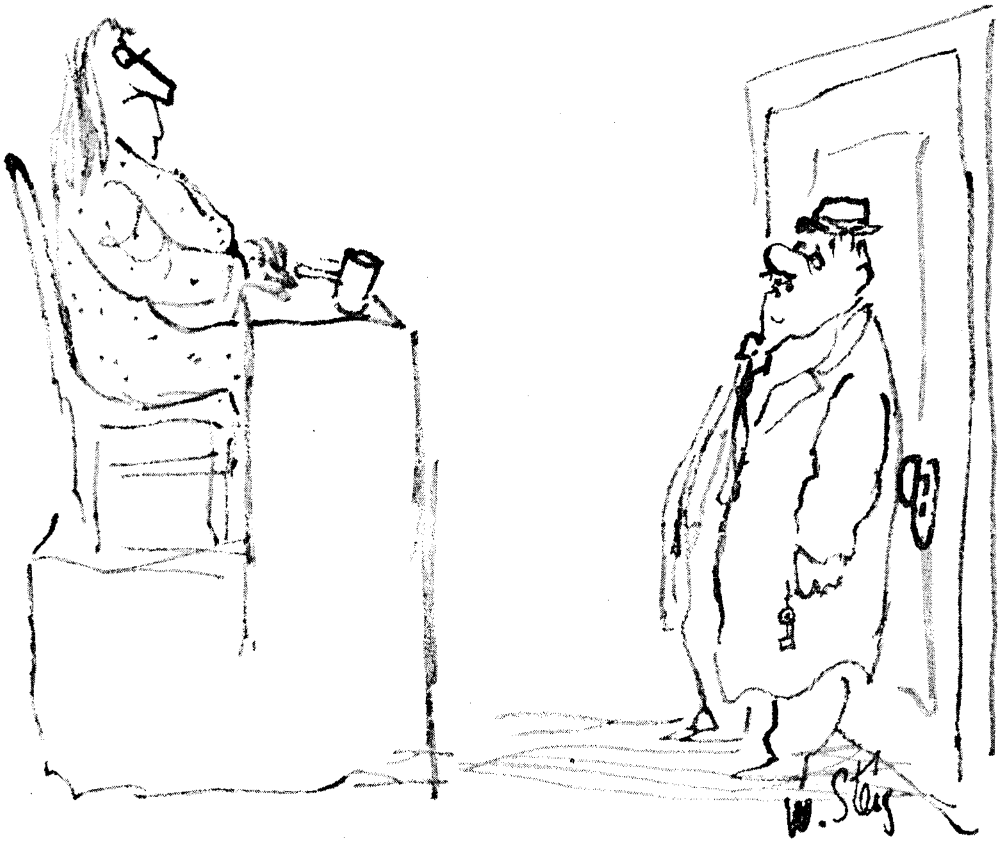
“I began to laugh and she joined in. I embraced her and held her close. She did not resist. Suddenly a miracle happened. I was a man again! Once, on a Thursday evening, I stood near a slaughterhouse in a small village and saw a bull and a cow copulate before they were going to be slaughtered for the Sabbath. Why she consented I will never know. Perhaps it was a way of taking revenge on her lover. She kissed me and whispered endearments. Then we heard heavy footsteps. Someone pounded on the door with his fist. My girl rolled off the bed and lay on the floor. I wanted to recite the prayer for the dying, but I was ashamed before God—and not so much before God as before my mocking opponent. Why grant him this additional pleasure? Even melodrama has its limits.

"The brute behind the door continued beating it, and I was astounded that it did not give way. He kicked it with his foot. The door creaked but held. I was terrified, yet something in me could not help laughing. Then the racket stopped. Othello had left.

"Next morning, I took the countess's bracelet to a pawnshop. With the money I received, I bought my heroine a dress, underwear, and shoes. The dress didn't fit, neither did the shoes, but all she needed to do was get to a taxi—provided, of course, that her lover did not waylay her on the steps. Curious, but the man vanished that night and never reappeared.

"Before she left, she kissed me and urged me to call her, but I'm not that much of a fool. As the Talmud says, 'A miracle doesn't happen every day.'

"And you know, Kafka, young as he was, was possessed by the same inhibitions that plague me in my old age. They impeded him in everything he did—in sex as well as in his writing. He craved love and fled from it. He wrote a sentence and immediately crossed it out. Otto Weininger was like that, too—mad and a genius. I met him in Vienna—he spouted aphorisms and paradoxes. One of his sayings I will never forget: 'God did not create the bedbug.' You have to know Vienna to really understand these words. Yet who did create the bedbug?



"Ah, there's Bamberg! Look at the way he waddles along on his short legs, a corpse refusing to rest in its grave. It might be a good idea to start a club for insomniac corpses. Why does he prowl around all night? What good are the cabarets to him? The doctors gave him up years ago when we were still in Berlin. Not that it prevented him from sitting in the Romanisches Café until four o'clock in the morning, chatting with the prostitutes. Once, Granat, the actor, announced that he was giving a party—a real orgy—at his house, and among others he invited Bamberg. Granat instructed each man to bring a lady—either his wife or a friend. But Bamberg had neither wife nor mistress, and so he paid a harlot to accompany him. He had to buy her an evening dress for the occasion. The company consisted exclusively of writers, professors, philosophers, and the usual intellectual hangers-on. They all had the same idea as Bamberg—they hired prostitutes. I was there, too. I escorted an actress from Prague, whom I had known a long time. Do you know Granat? A savage. He drinks cognac like soda water, and can eat an omelette of ten eggs. As soon as the guests arrived, he stripped and began dancing madly around with the whores, just to impress his highbrow visitors. At first, the intellectuals sat on chairs and stared. After a while, they began to discuss sex. Schopenhauer said this. . . . Nietzsche said that. Anyone who hadn't witnessed it would find it difficult to imagine how ridiculous such geniuses can be. In the midst of it all, Bamberg was taken ill. He turned as green as grass and broke out in a sweat. 'Jacques,' he said, 'I'm finished. A good place to die.' He was having a kidney or a gall-bladder attack. I half carried him out and got him to a hospital. By the way, can you lend me a zloty?"

"Two."

"What! Have you robbed Bank Polski?"

"I sold a story."

"Congratulations. Let's have supper together. You will be my guest."

WHILE we were eating, Bamberg came over to our table. He was a little man, emaciated as a consumptive, bent over and bowlegged. He was wearing patent-leather shoes, and spats. On his pointed skull lay a few gray hairs. One eye was larger than the other—red, bulging, frightened by its own vision. He leaned against our table on his bony little hands and said in his cackling voice, "Jacques, yesterday I read your Kafka's 'Castle.' Interesting, very interesting, but what is he driving at? It's too long for a dream. Allegories should be short."

Jacques Kohn quickly swallowed the food he was chewing. "Sit down," he said. "A master does not have to follow the rules."

"There are some rules even a master must follow. No novel should be longer than 'War and Peace.' Even 'War and Peace' is too long. If the Bible consisted of eighteen volumes, it would long since have been forgotten."

"The Talmud has thirty-six volumes, and the Jews have not forgotten it."

"Jews remember too much. That is our misfortune. It is two thousand years since we were driven out of the Holy Land, and now we are trying to get back in. Insane, isn't it? If our literature would only reflect this insanity, it would be great. But our literature is uncannily sane. Well, enough of that."

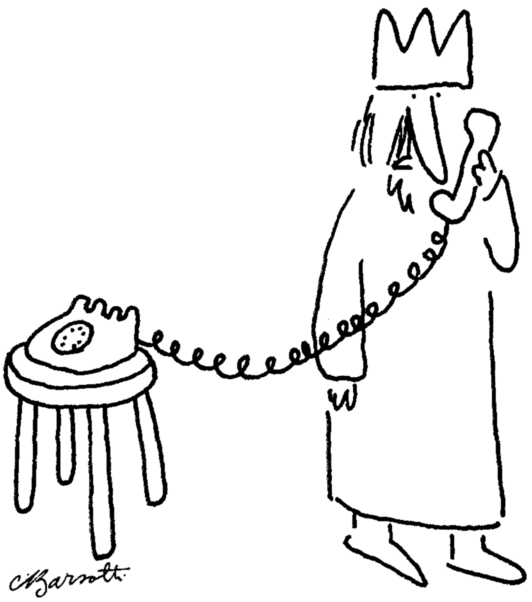
Bamberg straightened himself, scowling with the effort. With his tiny steps, he shuffled away from the table. He went over to the gramophone and put on a dance record. It was known in the writers' club that he had not written a word in years. In his old age, he was learning to dance, influenced by the philosophy of his friend Dr. Mitzkin, the author of "The Entropy of Reason." In this book Dr. Mitzkin attempted to prove that the human intellect is bankrupt and that true wisdom can only be reached through passion.

Jacques Kohn shook his head. "Half-pint Hamlet. Kafka was afraid of becoming a Bamberg—that is why he destroyed himself."

"Did the countess ever call you?" I asked.

Jacques Kohn took his monocle out of his pocket and put it in place. "And what if she did? In my life, everything turns into words. All talk, talk. This is actually Dr. Mitzkin's philosophy—man will end up as a word machine. He will eat words, drink words, marry words, poison himself with words. Come to think of it, Dr. Mitzkin was also present at Granat's orgy. He came to practice what he preached, but he could just as well have written 'The Entropy of Passion.' Yes, the countess does call me from time to time. She, too, is an intellectual, but without intellect. As a matter of fact, although women do their best to reveal the charms of their bodies, they know just as little about the meaning of sex as they do about the intellect.

"Take Madam Tschissik. What did she ever have, except a body? But just try asking her what a body really is. Now she's ugly. When she was an actress in the Prague days, she still had something. I was her leading man. She was a tiny little talent. We came to Prague to make some money and found a genius waiting for us—*Homo sapiens* in his highest degree of self-torture. Kafka wanted to be a Jew, but he didn't know how. He wanted to live, but he didn't know this, either. 'Franz,' I said to him once, 'you are a young man. Do what we all do.' There was a brothel I knew in Prague, and I persuaded him to go there with me. He was still a virgin. I'd rather not speak about the girl he was engaged to. He was sunk to the neck in the bourgeois swamp. The Jews of his circle had one ideal—to become Gentiles, and not Czech Gentiles but German Gentiles. To make it short, I talked him into the adventure. I took him to a dark alley in the former ghetto and there was the brothel. We went up the crooked steps. I opened the door and it looked like a stage set: the whores, the pimps, the guests, the madam. I will never forget that moment. Kafka began to shake, and pulled at my sleeve. Then he turned and ran down the steps so quickly I was afraid he would break a leg. Once on the street, he stopped and vomited like a schoolboy. On the way back, we passed an old synagogue, and Kafka began to speak about the golem. Kafka believed in the golem, and even that the future might well bring another one. There must be magic words that can turn a piece of clay into a living being. Did not God, according to the cabala, create the world by uttering holy words? In the beginning was the Logos.



"I'm a king. I don't need dance lessons, thank you."

"Yes, it's all one big chess game. All my life I have been afraid of death, but now that I'm on the threshold of the grave I've stopped being afraid. It's clear, my partner wants to play a slow game. He'll go on taking my pieces one by one. First he removed my appeal as an actor and turned me into a so-called writer. He'd no sooner done that than he provided me with writer's cramp. His next move was to deprive me of my potency. Yet I know he's far from checkmate, and this gives me strength. It's cold in my room—let it be cold. I have no supper—I won't die without it. He sabotages me and I sabotage him. Some time ago, I was returning home late at night. The frost burned outside, and suddenly I realized that I had lost my key. I woke up the janitor, but he had no spare key. He stank of vodka, and his dog bit my foot. In former years I would have been desperate, but this time I said to my opponent, 'If you want me to catch pneumonia, it's all right with me.' I left the house and decided to go to the Vienna station. The wind almost carried me away. I would have had to wait at least three-quarters of an hour for the streetcar at that time of night. I passed by the actors' union and saw a light in a window. I decided to go in. Perhaps I could spend the night there. On the steps I hit something with my shoe and heard a ringing sound. I bent down and picked up a key. It was mine! The chance of finding a key on the dark stairs of this building is one in a billion, but it seems that my opponent was afraid I might give up the ghost before he was ready. Fatalism? Call it fatalism if you like."

Jacques Kohn rose and excused himself to make a phone call. I sat there and watched Bamberg dancing on his shaky legs with a literary lady. His eyes were closed, and he leaned his head on her bosom as if it were a pillow. He seemed to be dancing and sleeping simultaneously. Jacques Kohn took a long time—much longer than it normally takes to make a phone call. When he returned, the monocle in his eye shone. "Guess who is in the other room?" he said. "Madam Tschissik! Kafka's great love."

"Really."

"I told her about you. Come, I'd like to introduce you to her."

"No."

"Why not? A woman that was loved by Kafka is worth meeting."

"I'm not interested."

"You are shy, that's the truth. Kafka, too, was shy—as shy as a yeshiva student. I was never shy, and that may be the reason I have never amounted to anything. My dear friend, I need another twenty groschen for the janitors—ten for the one in this building, and ten for the one in mine. Without the money I can't go home."

I took some change out of my pocket and gave it to him.

"So much? You certainly must have robbed a bank today. Forty-six groschen! Piff-paff! Well, if there is a God, He will reward you. And if there isn't, who is playing all these games with Jacques Kohn?"

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Elizabeth Shub*)

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The copter was in the air and headed for the lake before the jet splashed down. So was the coast guard's 30 foot cutter, based at the foot of Randolph Street.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

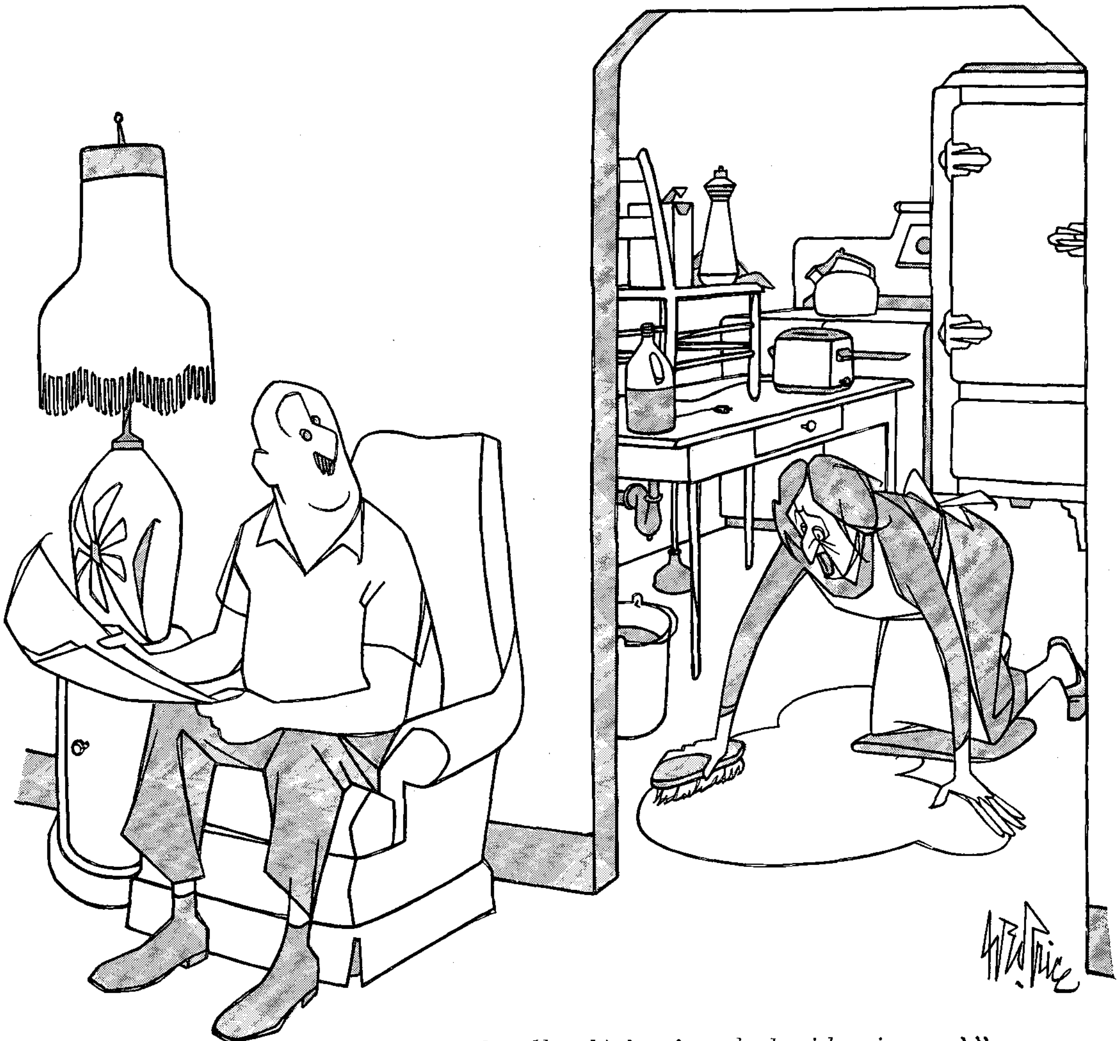
A sight to quicken the pulse.

ANNALS OF IMPOSTURE

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN—II

LOOKED at from the outside, the party that celebrated Stanley Clifford Weyman's twentieth birthday, in 1910, was an ordinary sort of birthday party. It was attended by his mother and father and his five younger brothers. His mother had baked a chocolate cake and decorated it with twenty candles, and there was the bringing in of the cake to the dining room and the presentation of gifts to the eldest son. It was inside the young man's head that extraordinary things were going on during that party. He had graduated with high marks from Eastern District High School, in Brooklyn, in 1909, and the plans he then had—the same plans he still had on his twentieth birthday—could be called grandiose if it were not for the fact that he can be said to have carried all of them out later on, in a series of impostures, which included those as a psychiatrist, an officer in the French Navy, an officer in the United States Navy, an aviator, a sanitation expert, a consul-general, and a United States diplomat on assignment to Princess Fatima of Afghanistan, and under a variety of names, which included S. Clifford Weinberg (his real name being Stephen Jacob Weinberg), Ethan Allen Weinberg, Rodney S. Wyman, Sterling C. Wyman, Allen Stanley Weyman, and (his favorite) Stanley Clifford Weyman. What he wanted to do was to go to Princeton, take a B.A., apply for an appointment in the Foreign Service, pass the State Department examinations, and do some consular and diplomatic work, then study medicine at Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, and take an M.D., and, after that, study law at the Harvard Law School and take a law degree. His father had never acquired a degree of any kind but had managed to establish himself in Brooklyn as a moderately successful real-estate broker. He was in favor of his eldest son's going to college, but he thought that the boy ought to make up his mind to become either a diplomat or a doctor or a lawyer, not all three, and that until he did make up his mind it might be a good idea for him to go to work and get some practical experience at something.

The father and the other members of the family were sure that the eldest son would go a long way once he had started off in some single direction. He was good-looking, had charming manners, and talked slowly, eloquently, and with great persistence in a soft voice. In his senior year in high school, he had taken the affirmative in a debate on the desirability of woman suffrage, which was, in those days, a controversial subject. There were some people who were under the impression that women wanted to vote, that they ought to be allowed to vote, and that if an amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be adopted allowing them to vote, the internal and external affairs of the country would be improved beyond belief. And there were others who held that woman's place was in the home, that she shouldn't be allowed to vote even if she wanted to, that for her to attempt to assume the responsibilities of the voting citizen would make her more masculine than she had any right or, deep in her heart, any desire to be, and that woman suffrage could lead only to a serious mixup in the relations between men and women and to the nation's adoption of foreign and domestic policies that would end in confusion, if not disaster. When the eldest son of the Weinberg family delivered his oration on behalf of woman suffrage in the assembly hall of Eastern District High School, some of the woman-suffragists who heard it were so entranced, both with what he said and with the way he said it, that he was invited to attend that year's meeting of the National American Woman Suffrage Association in Washington, D.C. He accepted the invitation, attended the meeting, made a prepared speech, and was given a gold medal, which he afterward carried around



"'Body all achin' an' racked wid pain . . .'"

"To me, it's just not relevant."

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with him in his vest pocket, or in the watch pocket of his trousers if he didn't happen to be wearing a vest. After his graduation from high school, and after weeks of discussion with his father, he was persuaded to take a job as a clerk in a small real-estate firm in Brooklyn whose owners were friends of the family. He did well there for about six months. Then he made a speech to the owners in which he outlined plans for an expansion of the firm, assuring them that if they followed these, the business could be converted from a small one to a gigantic one. The owners were fascinated, as almost everybody seems to have been whenever the young man talked, but after several days' consideration they decided that his plans were too ambitious and they told him so. He then quit the job. His father and mother and his younger brothers later recalled that he stayed in bed most of the time for about a month afterward, and that for the next half a year he did nothing much but lounge around the house, moody and listless.

Then, inexplicably, he began to perk up. Soon he was once again urging his father, softly and persuasively, to send him to Princeton and let him get started on his careers as diplomat, doctor, and lawyer. When his father found himself still unable to agree that these three-way plans were sound, the boy announced to the family that he would get a job entirely on his own hook and make the money to send himself to Princeton. Encouraged by his father to do that, he found a job as a sort of apprentice to a man named Harry Pincus, who had a camera store in lower Manhattan, near City Hall. It turned out to be a job with a future that neither he nor Pincus nor the Weinbergs had envisioned.

In addition to owning and operating the camera store in lower Manhattan, Pincus was a professional photographer and a Tammany worker, and Weyman had been attracted to the job in the camera shop because Pincus knew a good many important people. These were mostly lawyers and politicians. Pincus frequently went out with his camera, tripod, and black cloth hood and took photographs of these people on noteworthy occasions in their lives. He would drop their names when he talked to his apprentice, and Weyman would pick the names up and drop them, in his turn, around his home in Brooklyn. At the end of the first month, Weyman asked Pincus politely if he wouldn't give him his wages, so that he could start building up the fund that was to send him to Princeton, but Pincus told him that up to that point his services had not been worth anything. Weyman, who was then and afterward mostly mild-mannered, lost his temper when he found he was working for nothing, and accused Pincus of taking unfair advantage of him. Pincus then told him he was fired.

An ordinary young man would probably have been glad to see the end of this wageless job, but Weyman was not an ordinary young man. His dismissal infuriated him further. He stalked out of the store in a huff, but before he did he picked up one of Pincus's most expensive cameras when Pincus was not looking, and when he left the store the camera was hidden under his topcoat. He told nobody about the theft, and didn't try to sell or pawn the camera. He kept it in his room in his father's house in Brooklyn, out of sight under his shirts in a bureau drawer. Weyman's employment at the camera store having been the loose arrangement that it was, Pincus didn't know Weyman's home address, and consequently he never came after the camera, although, as things turned out, it is clear that he correctly guessed, when he missed the camera, that his unpaid apprentice had stolen it.

After this experience, Weyman didn't sink into one of his periodic low moods but went on talking optimistically to his father and others about his plans, saying that he still intended to join the Foreign Service after he graduated from Princeton, and then, in due

IN A CHURCHYARD

That flower unseen, that gem of purest ray,
Bright thoughts uncut by men—
Strange that you need but speak them, Thomas Gray,
And the mind skips and dives beyond its ken,

Finding at once the wild supposèd bloom,
Or in the imagined cave
Some pulse of crystal staving off the gloom
As covertly as phosphorous in a grave.

Void notions proper to a buried head!
Beneath these tombstones here
Unseenness fills the sockets of the dead,
Whatever to their souls may now appear;

And who but those unfathomably deaf,
Who quiet all this ground,
Could catch, within the ear's diminished clef,
A music innocent of time and sound?

What do the living hear, then, when the bell
Hangs plumb within the tower
Of the still church, and still their thoughts compel
Pure tollings that intend no mortal hour?

As when a ferry for the shore of death
Glides looming toward the dock,
Her engines cut, her spirits bating breath
As the ranked pilings narrow toward the shock,

So memory and expectation set
Some tongueless clangor free
Of circumstance, and charm us to forget
This twilight crumbling in the churchyard tree,

Those swifts or swallows which do not pertain,
Scuffed voices in the drive,
That light flicked on behind the vestry pane,
Till, unperplexed from all that is alive,

It shadows all our thought, balked imminence
Of uncommitted sound,
And still would tower at the sill of sense
Were not, as now, its honed abeyance crowned

With a mauled boom of summons far more strange
Than any stroke unheard,
Which breaks again with unimagined range
Through all reverberations of the word,

Pooling the mystery of things that are,
The buzz of prayer said,
The scent of grass, the earliest-blooming star,
These unseen gravestones, and the darker dead.

—Richard Wilbur

* * *

course, become both a doctor and a lawyer. Like many a young man of those days who had not been to college, he earned money doing various odd jobs—as a messenger boy in the garment district of Manhattan, as a soda jerk in Brooklyn, as an office boy on a newspaper. He quit these jobs because he got tired of them or because they didn't pay enough. When he realized that it would take him years to save enough money to go to Princeton, he had a quarrel with his father because his father still refused to put up the money to send him there. The boy then ran away from home, got a job selling newspapers, and stayed for a while at the home of a fellow-newsboy. While his father was at his office, he would go home to see his mother, who would feed him and give him money. For a few weeks, he slept in the vestibule of his parents' house, and his mother somehow kept his father from knowing he was there. He spent a good deal of time in the public library near Borough Hall, reading in the omnivorous and unsystematic fashion of young men of his age. All this time, he was dreaming of the future and of his plans, and soon after his twentieth birthday he began to carry out his plans in a hurry.

He selected a post that he thought he would like as a starter in the Foreign Service of the United States, and, in a way, assumed it. This made it unnecessary for him to go to Princeton and take a B.A. or to pass the State Department examinations. The post he picked out was that of United States Consul General to Algiers. He told a Fulton Street stationer who he now was, and, instructing the stationer to send the bill to his father, ordered a stack of engraved invitations and suitable envelopes to mail them in. He mailed them to nobody in his family and to none of his friends but only to notable strangers whose names he had seen in the newspapers or heard in Pincus's camera store. The invitations asked the recipients to be present at a banquet at the Hotel St. George, in Brooklyn Heights, at eight o'clock on a Tuesday evening. Formal dress was suggested. The occasion, the invitations said, was a bon-voyage party in honor of S. Clifford Weinberg, the newly appointed United States Consul General to Algiers. They were mailed to about a hundred people, more than seventy-five of whom turned up on the dot at the St. George, the men in white tie and tails, and their wives in evening dresses. The men were mostly lawyers, doctors, and politicians, but there was at least one justice of the New York State Supreme Court.

Weyman's banquet in honor of himself went off without a hitch. In a dress suit he had bought at a Brooklyn department store and charged to his father, he made a graceful speech, thanking friends he didn't name for having arranged the banquet for him, and afterward called on a number of the guests to say a few words. All of them started out to do that and all of them said more than a few words. The justice was one of those who spoke at length. As the banquet was breaking up, late in the evening, the justice buttonholed the new Consul General to Algiers and invited him to come to his court, in the County Court House in lower Manhattan, the next day and sit on the bench with him to witness the disposition of equal justice under law. This was an hon-

"I'd like to see old Ho-Ho-Ho try to assemble one of these damn toys."

• •

or that Weyman was happy to accept.

The bill for the banquet at the St. George included charges for food, wine, and flowers, and amounted to around four hundred dollars. It was brought to Weyman's father the next morning at his real-estate office, near Borough Hall, by a messenger who had instructions from the hotel management to wait for and bring back the real-estate man's check. The bills from the stationer and the department store had already been mailed to Mr. Weinberg, and he was staring at them when the messenger from the St. George arrived. The bills gave the father his first hint of what his son had been up to. While the messenger from the hotel waited, he telephoned the banquet department of the hotel, the credit manager of the department store, and the stationer, and learned further details from them. In later life, he told many people exactly how he felt that morning and what he did. The first thing he felt was a wish that his son had invited him to the banquet, but then he said to himself that his not being invited probably served him right for having put obstacles in the lad's way when all the time the lad had been secretly boning up for and passing the State Department examinations for the diplomatic service—without having gone to Princeton or any other college—and was now ready to embark on what might easily turn out to be a brilliant diplomatic career, whether or not it was followed by the careers in medicine and the law he had so often talked about.

Mr. Weinberg cheerfully paid the bills, and then he closed up his office, caught a streetcar on the run, and went home to congratulate his son. But his son wasn't at home. His son was sitting on the bench of the New York State Supreme Court in the New York County Court House, with the justice on his left. It wasn't a busy morning in court, and the justice chatted amiably with the new Consul General to Algiers while he disposed of such routine matters as accepting pleas of guilty or not guilty from a batch of accused prisoners and sentencing some convicted felons to terms of hard labor at Sing Sing. Then the justice had an idea. He chuckled mysteriously, told the Consul General he was going to have a surprise for him in a few minutes, and whispered something to the clerk of the court. The justice had decided that what he wanted—as a souvenir, and as something the press might possibly be interested in—was a photograph of himself and the new Consul General to Algiers sitting together on the bench. Having been summoned on the telephone by the clerk, Pincus soon stepped into the courtroom unobtrusively, as he had learned to do in the past when the justice wanted a photograph taken. He silently set up his tripod and camera, and disappeared under his black cloth hood. Under the hood, he brought the features of the justice and the Consul General to Algiers into sharp focus. Then he flung back the hood and created an unseemly uproar in the courtroom. He shouted out that the young man sitting on the bench with the justice was the young man who had stolen one of his most expensive cameras. The young man instantly and smoothly confessed to the theft of the camera and began to explain about it at some length to the justice. Weyman said he had taken the camera for no other reason than to show Pincus that a young American of his potentialities shouldn't be asked to work for nothing. He went on confessing and explaining for several minutes, in a cheerful, easygoing fashion. He talked softly, slowly, and eloquently, and seemed unable to stop. Taking the justice deeper and deeper into a labyrinth that the justice had no desire to enter, he confessed that he had given himself the banquet at the St. George simply in order to place his father in such a position that he would be forced to send him to Princeton, where, in due course, he would take a B.A., preparatory to passing the State Department examinations and spending a few years in the Foreign Service, most probably as Consul General to Algiers. After that, he went on, he would start working for an M.D. at Johns Hopkins, because he thought it wiser to get the M.D. there before going to Harvard to get a law degree. While Weyman was still talking, the justice turned to the clerk and told him to tell Pincus to get a policeman and have the policeman take Weyman away. The elderly justice then retired groggily to his chambers. According to eyewitnesses, he stumbled twice along the route from the bench to the door leading to his chambers.

Pincus and the policeman accompanied Weyman to his home in Brooklyn, where the camera was returned to Pincus. Then Weyman's father accompanied the policeman and his eldest son to a magistrate's court in Manhattan, where he put up bail so that his son wouldn't have to spend the night in the Tombs, the famous prison next door to the old Criminal Courts Building. A few weeks later, Weyman, after pleading guilty to a charge of grand larceny, was given a suspended sentence and was placed on probation. By then, his mood was low again, and he was staying in bed much of the time and lounging around the house in a bathrobe the rest of the time. On the advice of the family physician, his father took him to the River Crest Sanitarium, a private institution in Astoria, Queens, for diagnosis and treatment.

WEYMAN was to look back on the six months he spent at River Crest Sanitarium as one of the happiest periods of his life. The psychiatrists there took an interest in the hypersensitive, highly intelligent, and charming lad with the soft, persuasive voice, the gentle manners, and the large, liquid brown eyes, and gave him as much psychotherapy as it was thought advisable in those years to give a patient. At the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century, the discoveries and recommendations of Dr. Sigmund Freud were, on the whole, still being taken with more than a grain of salt at all mental hospitals in this country, as in those in the rest of the world. Freud's major work, "The Interpretation of Dreams," was not translated into English until 1913. However, the gist of Freud's investigation of his own unconscious, which formed the basis for his theory of psychoanalysis, was widely known both here and abroad. Some people were inclined to agree with the Freudian theory, and others were not. Those who disagreed with it were rather emotional about the matter, as some people still are today. In 1910, Professor H. Oppenheim, a famous neurologist and the author of what was then the leading textbook on his subject, proposed in a speech before a neurological congress in Berlin that any institution in which Freud's views were tolerated be boycotted by members of the congress. According to Dr. Ernest Jones, Freud's biographer, "all the directors [of mental institutions] present stood up to declare their innocence." That year, too, at a meeting of German neurologists and psychiatrists in Hamburg, Professor Wilhelm Weygandt, a leading medical man of his time, banged on the table with his fist when a delegate started to read a paper outlining Freud's theories of sexuality, and shouted, "This is not a topic for discussion at a scientific meeting; it is a matter for the police!" In Australia, at about the same time, a Presbyterian clergyman had to leave the ministry because he had expressed sympathy with Freud's work. Dr. Jones himself had been forced to resign a neurological appointment in London in

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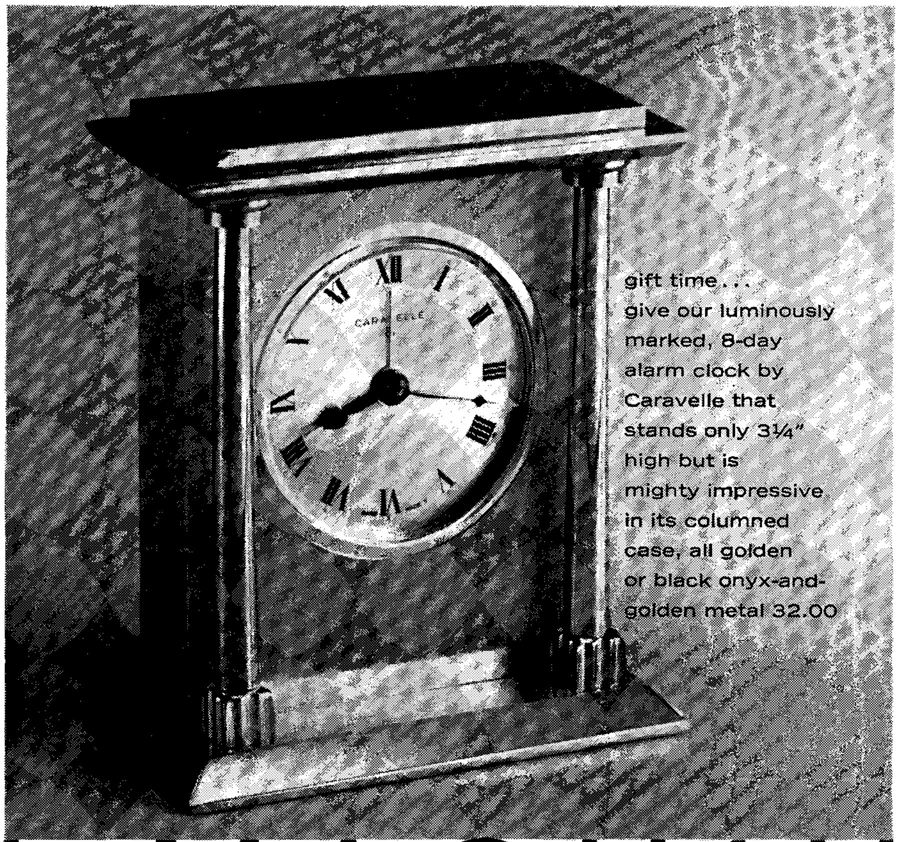

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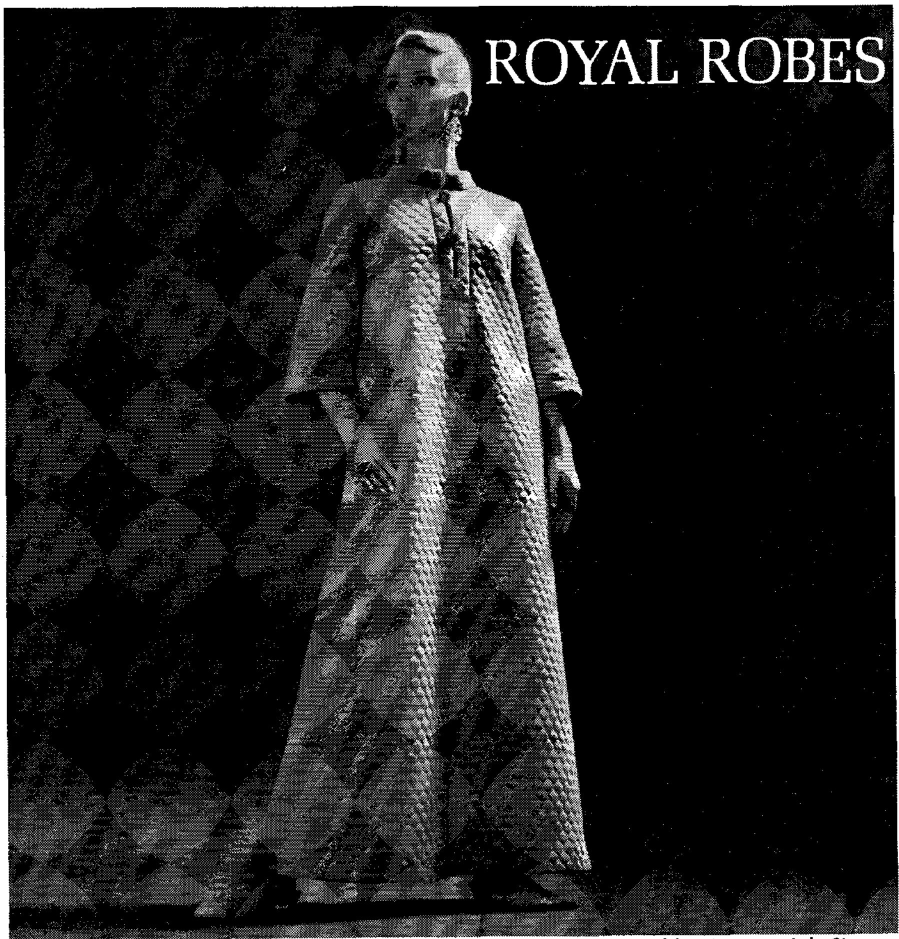

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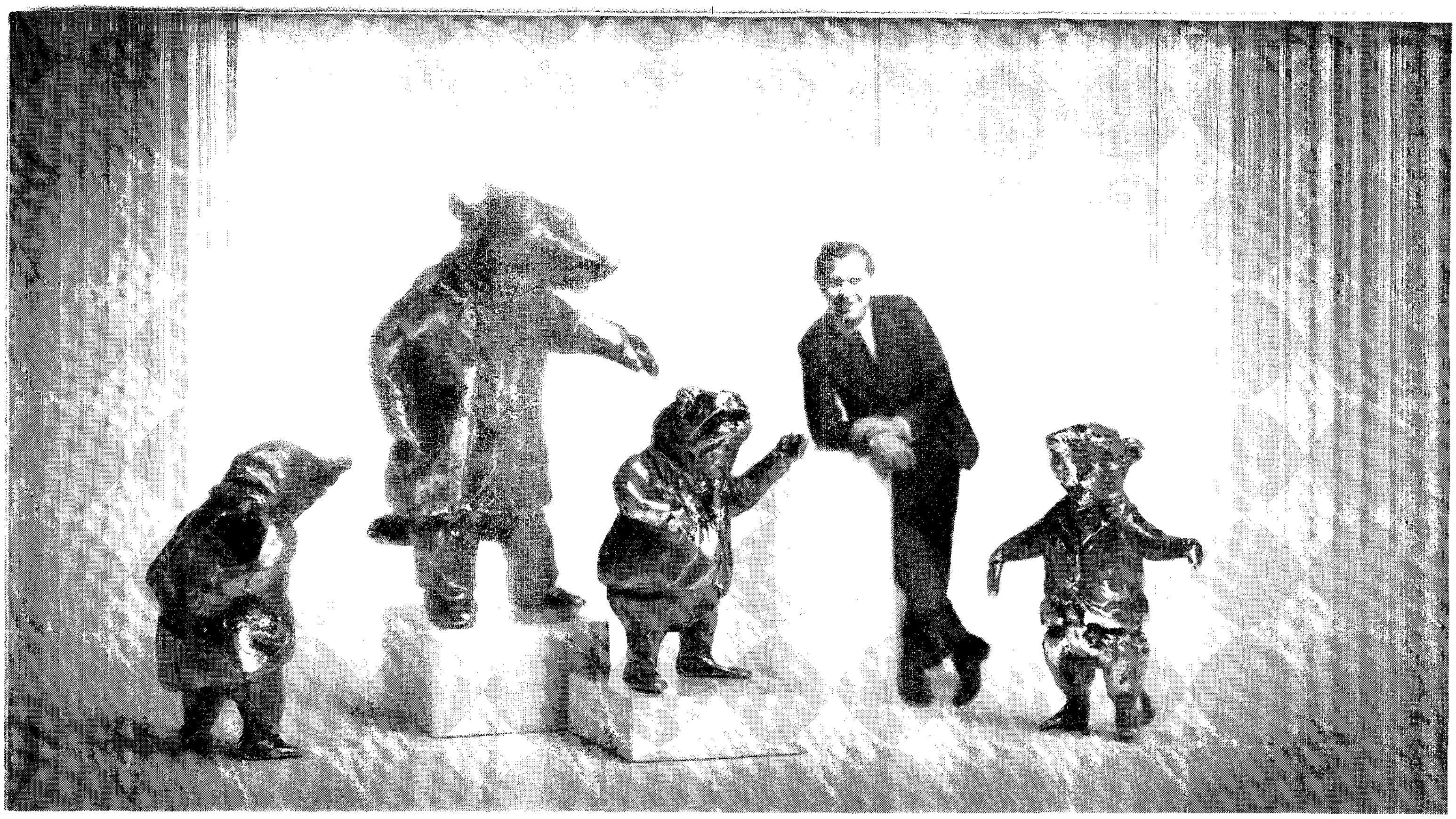
1908 because it was discovered that he had made inquiries into the sexual life of his patients. Dr. Jones moved over to Canada, and before long the government of Ontario ordered a publication called the *Asylum Bulletin* to cease publication because Dr. Jones and his staff were contributing articles to it that the government of Ontario found "unfit for publication even in a medical periodical." And in Berlin, in the same period, Dr. M. Wulff, a world-famous psychiatrist, was dismissed from the staff of a mental institution because he displayed interest in Freud's theories; he continued his career in Russia, which at the time was freer in such matters than Germany. At a meeting of the American Neurological Association in Washington, D.C., in May, 1910, Dr. Joseph Collins, a leading New York neurologist, who, according to Jones, had a proclivity for telling indecent jokes in mixed company, attacked Dr. James J. Putnam, another leading neurologist, for reading a paper on Freud's theories in connection with female hysterics. He claimed that the paper was made up of "pornographic stories about pure virgins," and declared that "it is time the Association took a stand against transcendentalism and supernaturalism and definitely crushed out Christian Science, Freudism, and all that bosh, rot, and nonsense."

Even those medical men who were inclined to think there might be something in the Freudian theories concerning sex and the unconscious were cautious about following any of Freud's therapeutic procedures, possibly because the medical profession in general hadn't entirely recovered from an earlier discovery of Freud's—the discovery that a new and untried drug called cocaine was useful in the treatment of patients suffering from depression. Like Weyman, Freud in his younger days was a neurotic personality, and was subject to, among other things, manic-depressive trends. Freud had discovered that cocaine, swallowed or taken by intravenous injection, caused him to perk up when he was feeling low. He was on familiar terms with the drug in 1884, when, at the age of twenty-eight, he wrote to his fiancée, Martha Bernays, who had lost her appetite, "Woe to you, my Princess, when I come. I will kiss you quite red and feed you till you are plump. And if you are forward you shall see who is the stronger, a gentle little girl who doesn't eat enough or a big wild man who has cocaine in his body. In my last severe depression, I took coca again and a small dose lifted



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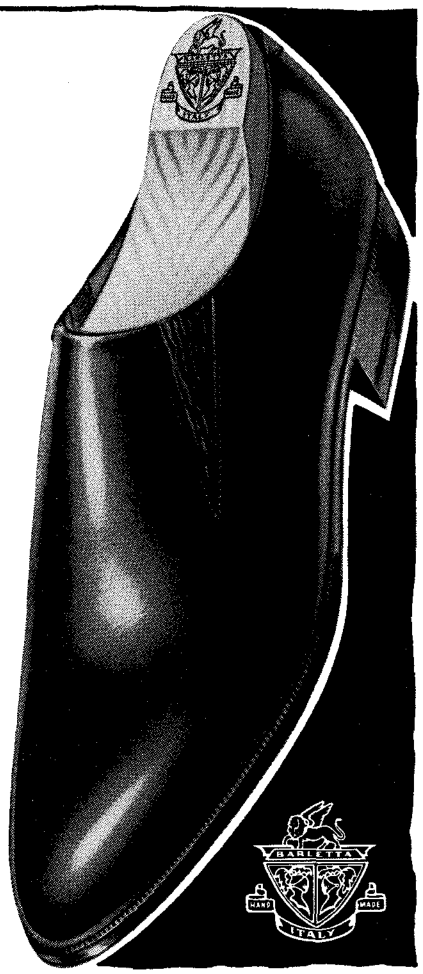

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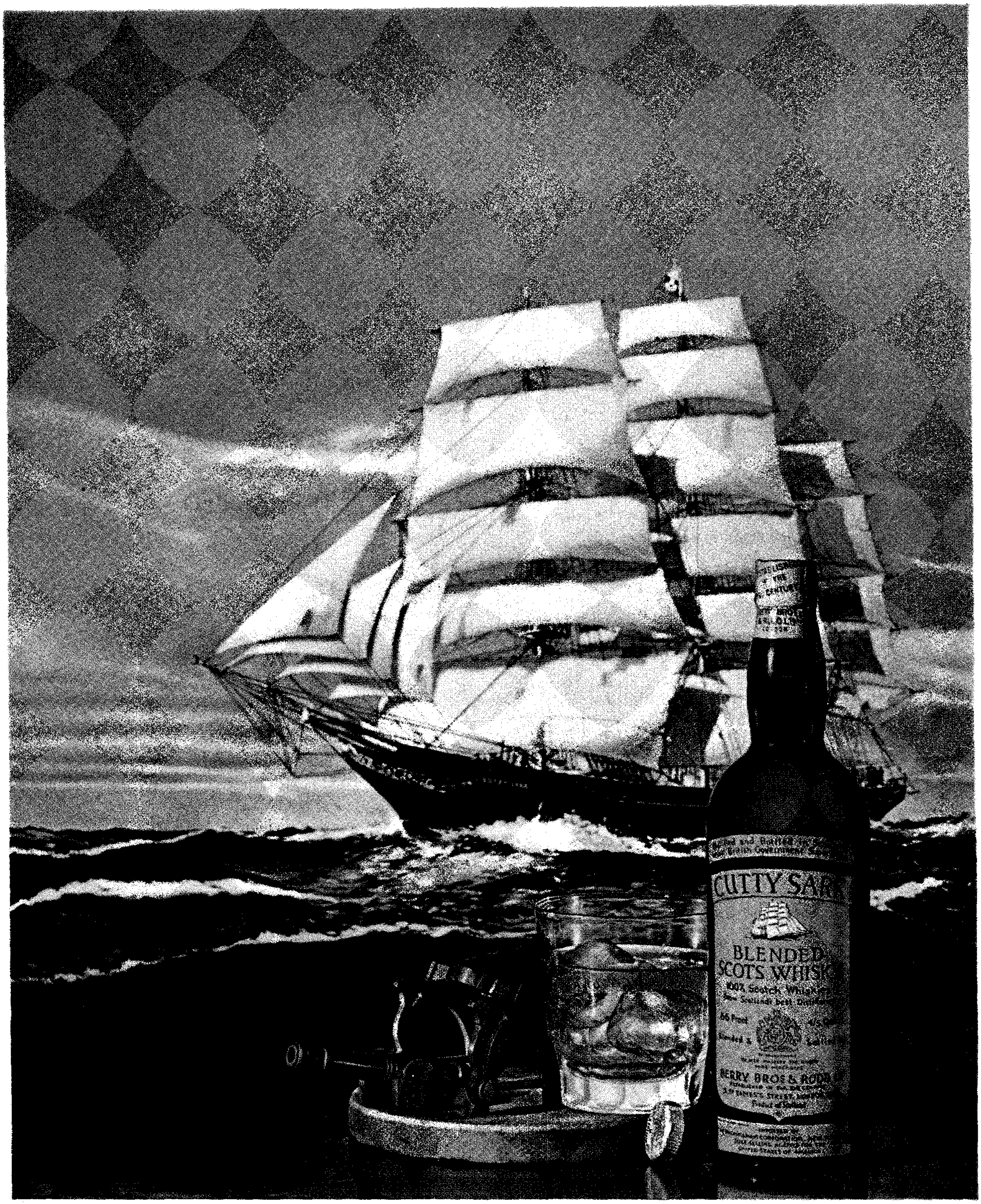
me to the heights in a wonderful fashion. I am just now busy collecting the literature for a song of praise to this magical substance." The song of praise that Freud subsequently sang in honor of cocaine was widely and more or less uncritically accepted for quite a while by the medical profession both in Europe and in this country, with the result that as late as 1911 a great many patients and a great many physicians all over the world were still trying to get off the stuff. (Freud himself had long since ceased to recommend its use except as a nerve anesthetic in dental and surgical work.) Dr. W. H. Halsted, for example, who was one of the founders of modern surgery and was regarded as America's greatest surgeon, had learned Freud's song of praise to cocaine and had begun to sing it himself, and it took him several painful years to rid himself of his addiction so that he could go on founding modern surgery.

Freud, as it happened, was not an addict type, and neither was his fiancée; both of them could take cocaine or leave it alone, as many other patients and physicians before the turn of the century could and did. Freud's discovery that there was such a thing as an addict type—persons whose inner makeup caused them to have an intense craving for anything that might relieve the strong tensions and depressions that they had, and other people didn't have—eventually helped to lead him toward the investigation of the unconscious and on to the theory of psychoanalysis. It wasn't until years after 1911, however, that he and his followers ceased to believe that the ups and downs in human moods—the extreme manifestation of which is now called the manic-depressive psychosis—were incurable, and that the moods themselves were caused by forces other than those to be found in the human unconscious. For this and many other reasons, it seems accurate to state that if Freud himself had been on the staff of River Crest Sanitarium in Queens in 1911, he couldn't have done much more for Weyman in six months than was accomplished by the psychiatrists who did treat Weyman there.

The doctors at River Crest felt that in Weyman they had a promising patient. Weyman had never taken anything stronger than a morning newspaper to make himself perk up when he was depressed. He neither drank nor smoked nor sniffed, whereas Freud, until he finally gave up cocaine, did all three, and also freely administered cocaine to himself, his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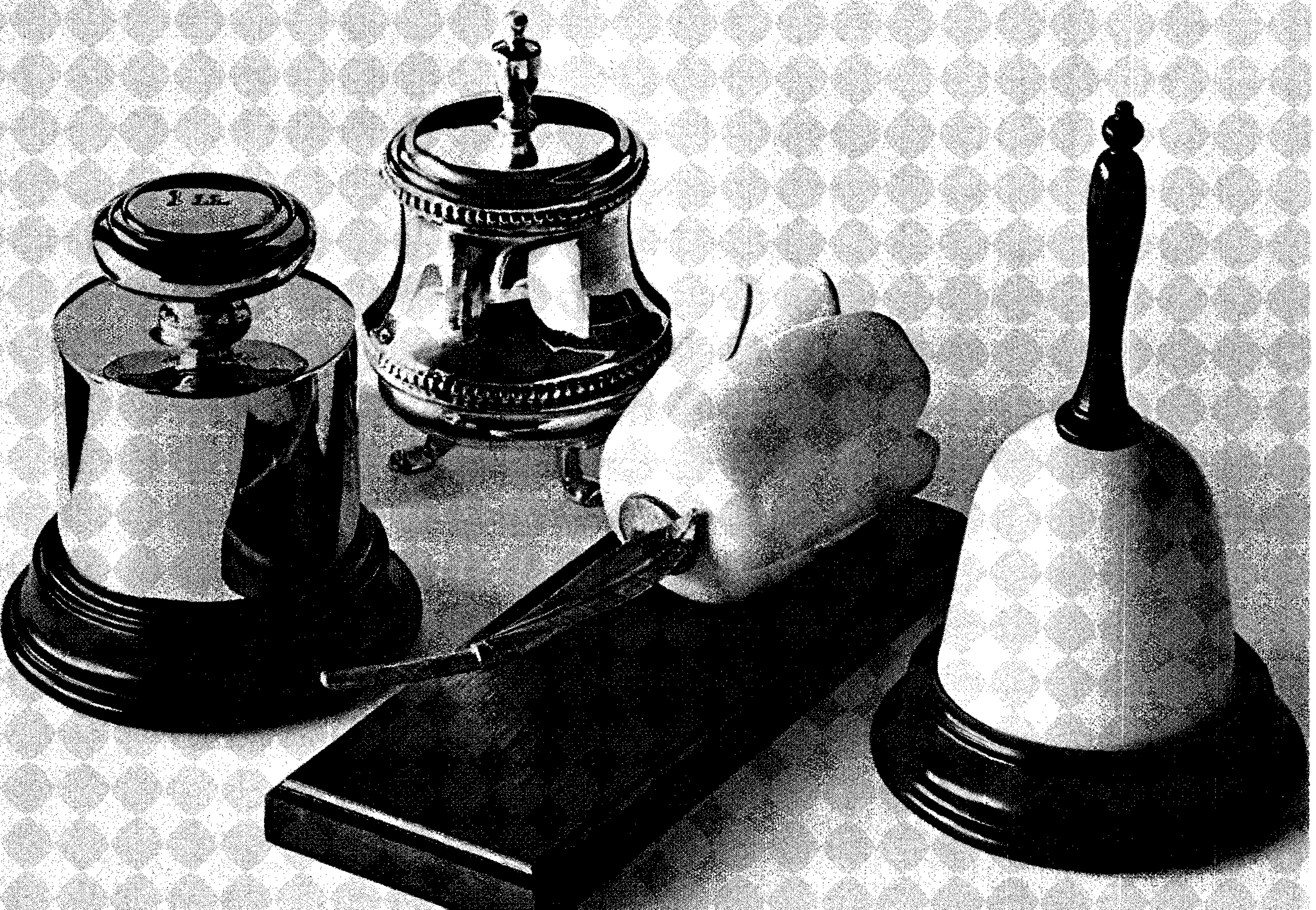

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fiancée, and his patients, by mouth and by intravenous injection as well as by nose. For a long time after Freud reached the conclusion that the prescription of cocaine for himself and others had had some evil results, he clung to the notion that it was not the cocaine itself that was so harmful but the fact that he had injected it into people's bloodstreams instead of encouraging them to swallow it. In time, he discovered the cause of this notion in his own unconscious, and dealt with it, and with other and less complex notions he found there, such as a virulent hatred of his father, whom he thought he had only loved, and what he called "an unruly homosexual feeling," which conflicted with his desire to continue kissing Martha. River Crest was accustomed to alcoholics, dope addicts, and compulsive neurotics such as women who had fits of hysteria if everything wasn't tidy, men who were incapable of entering or riding in elevators, women who thought they were Joan of Arc, men who thought they were Napoleon, and people of either sex who were under the impression that they were floating in the air or were under water. Compared to most of the other patients, Weyman was the rock of Gibraltar. He had no phobias, delusions, or compulsive neuroses, and was tractable and anxious to please. The only thing that appeared to be the matter with him when he entered the sanitarium was that he was suffering from severe depression and was entertaining thoughts of suicide, though he hadn't made any attempt to kill himself. His doctors did not inquire into his sex life or investigate his unconscious. Years later, one of the doctors remembered that he first saw Weyman after the new patient had been settled in a private room and been served dinner on a tray, and found him sitting up in bed but not trying to eat the steak that was on the tray on his lap. The doctor asked why he was not eating his steak, and Weyman replied lugubriously that he couldn't cut it up. The doctor then cut Weyman's steak into small pieces, as a mother might do for a child, and Weyman ate it all. And he immediately began to perk up. The doctor chatted with him for a while in a friendly way and, by the time he left him, suggesting that Weyman try to get a good night's sleep, was convinced that he wouldn't have much trouble with this patient. He was right.

Weyman was put on a strict schedule, which gave him something to do at all times and relieved him of the ne-

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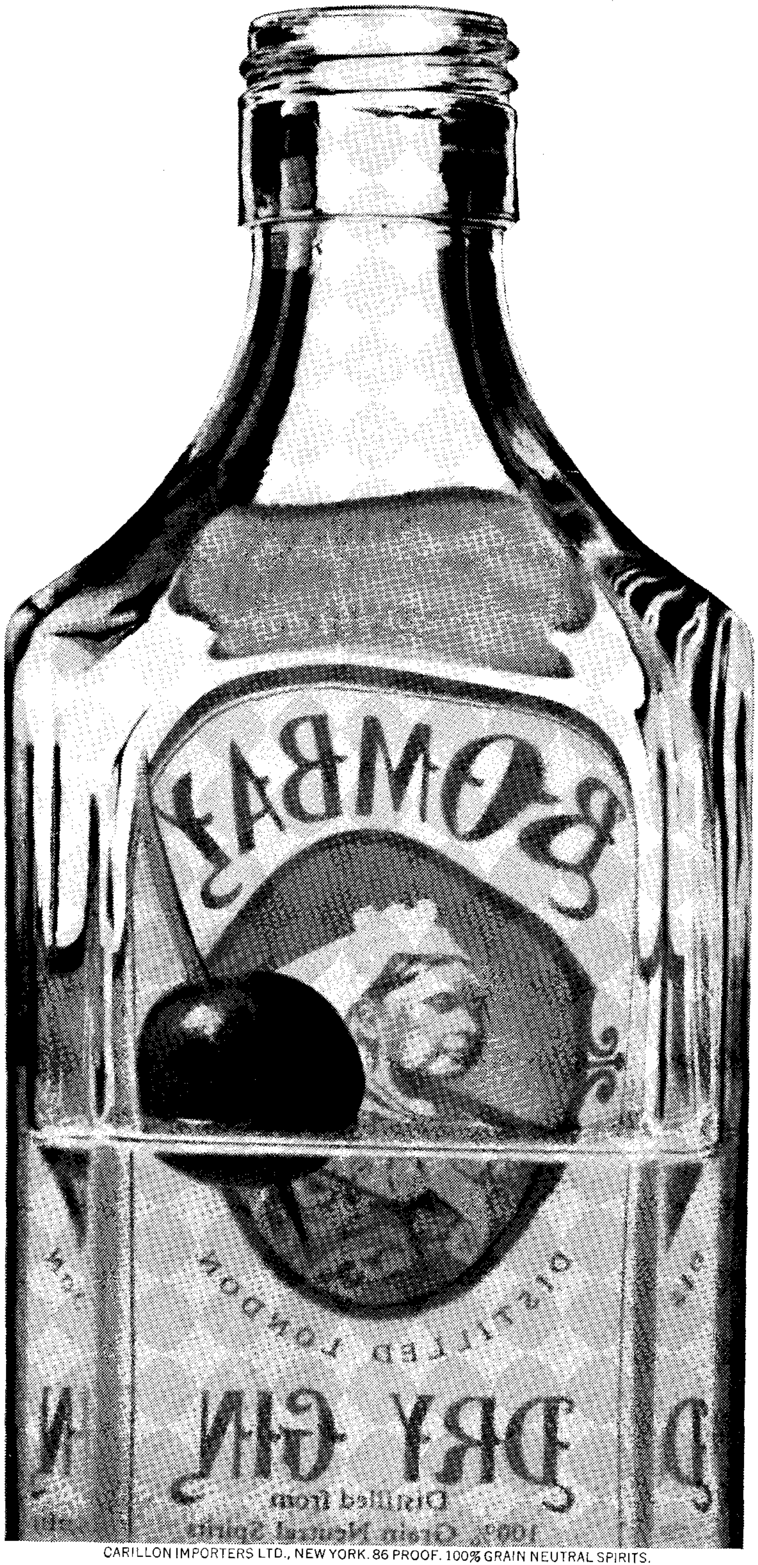

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cessity of making any decisions, and he talked with one of the doctors for an hour or so six days a week. He rose at seven, bathed, dressed, and had breakfast with those of his fellow-patients who were well enough to come down to the dining room and could be trusted not to make a disturbance. From eight until nine, he walked in the open air, rain or shine. From nine until ten, he talked to and listened to his doctor. From ten until noon, he engaged in occupational therapy, such as carpentry work, weaving, modelling, or painting in oils or watercolors. From noon until one, he rested in his room. From one until two, he lunched, and from two until three he again walked in the open air. From three until five, he did more occupational therapy, and from five until seven he played whist, or battledore and shuttlecock, or chess with fellow-patients who could do so. At seven, he dined, and from eight until ten he played more whist or other games. At ten, he went to his room and read a book, and at eleven the lights were turned out all over River Crest and those patients who were able to went to sleep until seven o'clock the next morning. In his sessions with his doctor, Weyman was encouraged to talk about himself, and he did so with ease and volubility, and the doctor who listened to him took many notes. When Weyman's case was discussed by the members of the staff at one of the customary staff conferences, it was agreed that Weyman had had a common, ordinary, normal American conception, birth, and babyhood.

In other words: A short time after Weyman was born, his mother took him in her arms, fondled him all over with her hands, and introduced him to her bare breasts. He quickly learned to suck one breast and then the other until he had had enough milk, after which he went to sleep. At intervals, he was stripped naked, bathed with warm water and soap, wiped dry with a fluffy towel, powdered and patted all over, and dressed again. Almost from the start, he seemed to be aware of pleasurable sensations in the area of his genitals—a reaction that in 1911 had hardly ever been mentioned out loud by anybody but Dr. Freud.

Having been born into an orthodox Jewish family, Weyman was taken to a synagogue on the eighth day after his birth and was circumcised, by a mohel, or ritual circumcisor. The operation consisted of three stages, known as *milah*, *periah*, and *mezizah*. It was an operation that in 1911 in this country was performed on Gentiles only of the up-

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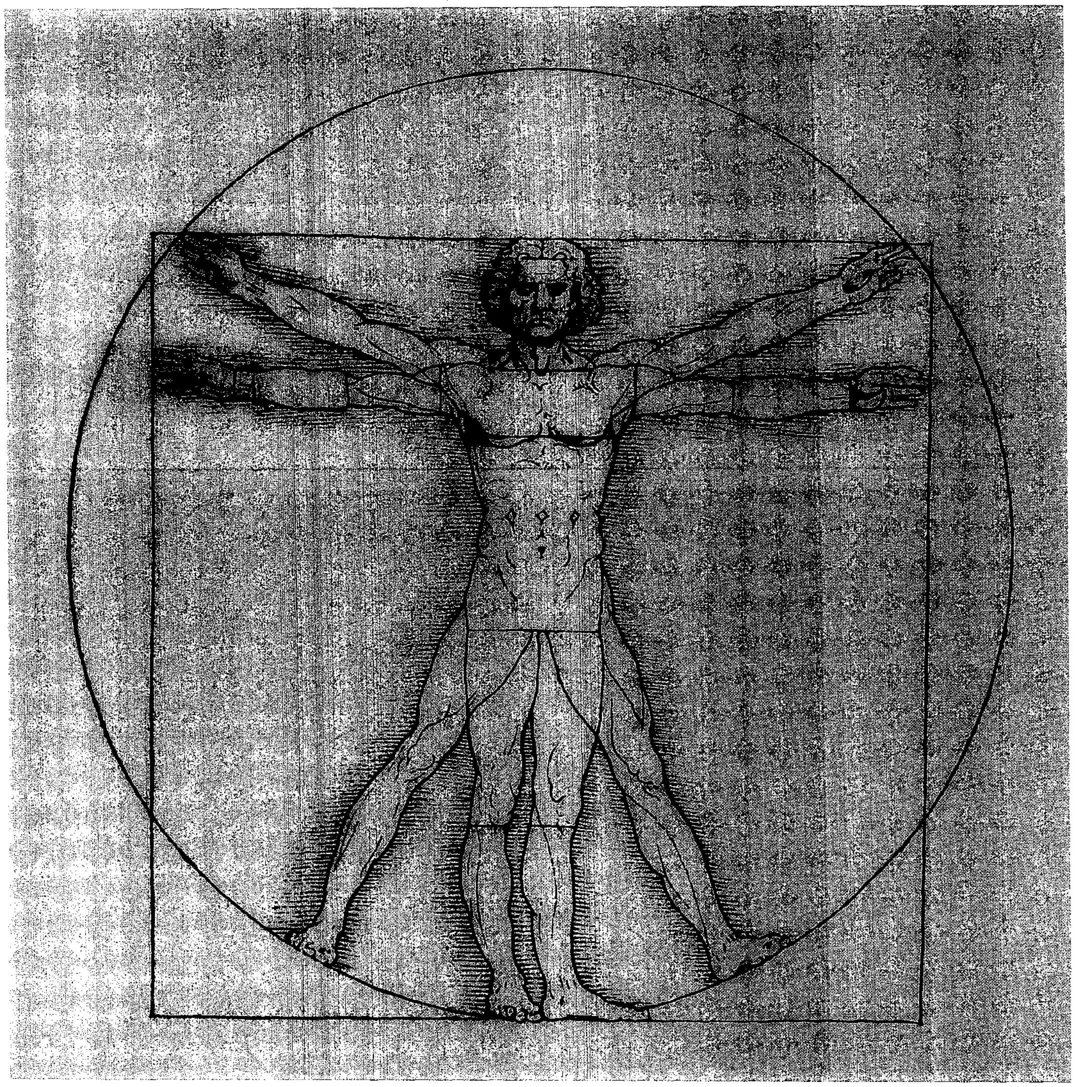

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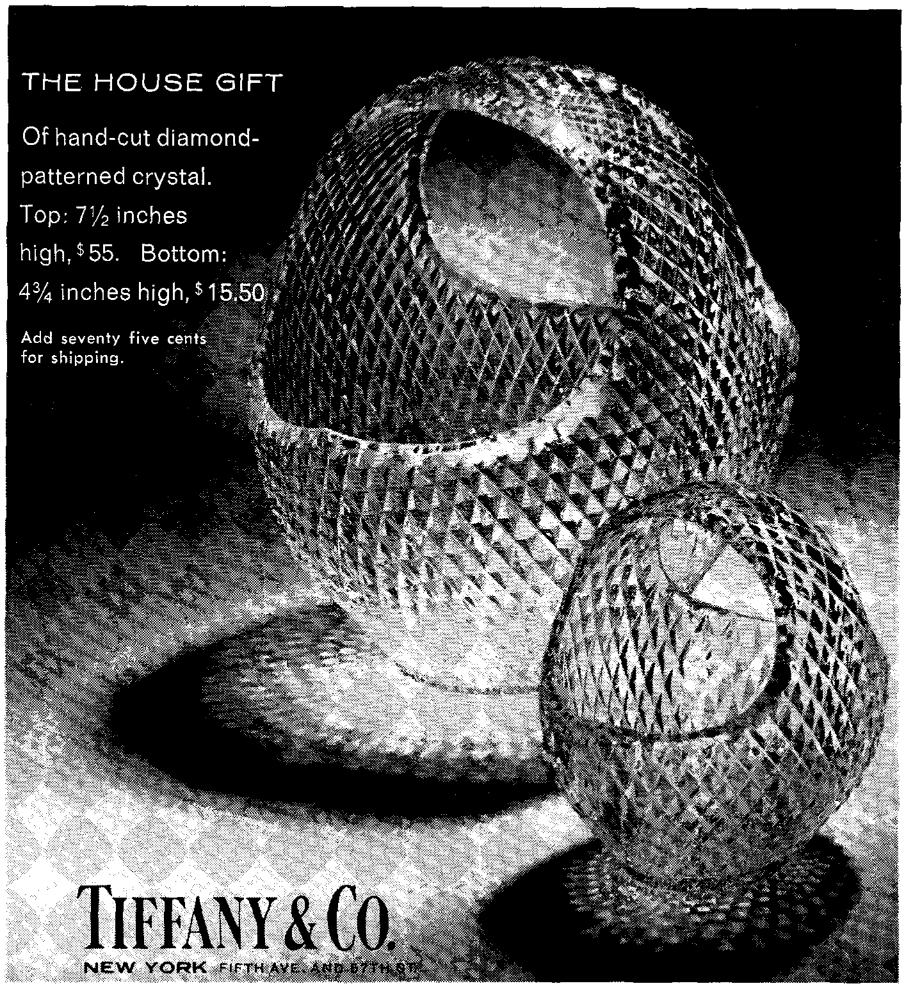

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per-middle classes, and then only by surgeons. (It is generally available for all infants now and is a one-stage affair.) If Weyman had been a Persian Muslim, the operation would have been performed in his third or fourth year, and if he had been a Christian Copt, a Fijian, or a Samoan it would have been performed in his sixth or seventh year. Even in his eighth day, it was a painful and generally upsetting operation, and it took him a week or more to recover just from the physical effects of it. His feeding and bathing routine was continued, with minor variations, until he was about eight months old. By that time, his diet had been supplemented by baby foods of various kinds, which he had learned to eat from a spoon, although he still depended heavily on his mother's milk. Then his mother suddenly ceased to nurse him, and after a while she had another baby, who, in his presence, took possession of the breasts he had been so fond of. When Weyman bawled at this and other indications that he had ceased to be the primary object of his mother's attention, she would pick him up and cover him with kisses and pat him all over until he stopped bawling. Then she would give him something to play with while she fed the new baby.

Weyman's relationship with his father was similarly run-of-the-mill, and the father's attitude toward him was apparently above reproach. Like any other father, the elder Weyman was inordinately fond of and proud of his eldest son at the same time that he looked down his nose at the way the eldest son became for a while the center of the wifely and motherly attentions that had previously been his own. When, as a small baby, Weyman was happily in possession of his mother's breasts and lay beneath them sucking, gurgling, and squirming, the father would stand by and observe him with wonderment and love in which impatience, envy, and jealousy were mixed in healthy quantities. It was the father who encouraged the mother to wean Weyman at a reasonable time instead of allowing him to go on feeding at her breasts until he was seven or eight years old—a custom that was still generally adhered to in certain unspoiled mountain regions of the United States, where the culture and bloodlines were pure Anglo-Saxon. After Weyman had been weaned, the father was in favor of moving the baby's crib out of the parents' bedroom. This was eventually accomplished, although Weyman wailed bitterly at bedtime and at other times even after he had

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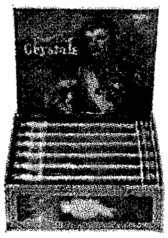

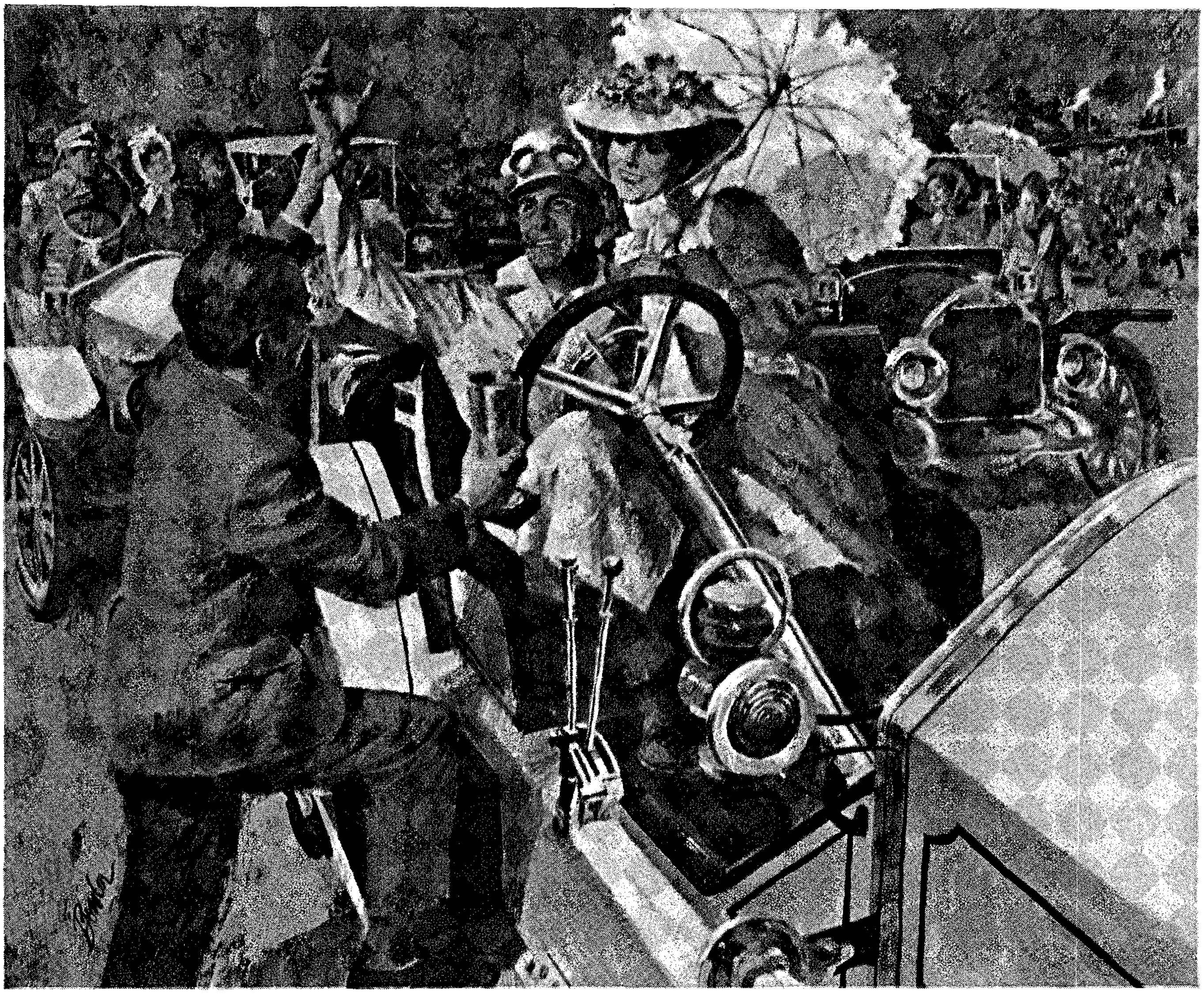

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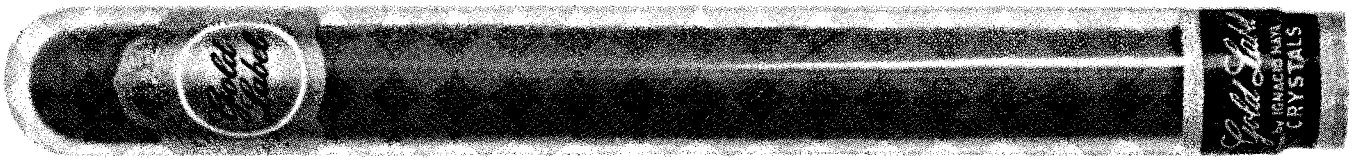

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had an opportunity to grow used to the new arrangement.

By the time Weyman reached puberty, around the age of fourteen, he had a total of five younger brothers. Both his mother and his father believed him to be the cleverest of the lot, and, from what he told the doctors at River Crest, it is evident that he did everything in his power to support them in this belief. Almost from the time he could walk around and talk, there was a great deal of discussion among the adults of the family—including a number of uncles and aunts as well as the mother and father—as to what he would be when he grew up. Weyman came to relish these discussions no end. When such talk petered out, he would revive it himself, perhaps with recitations indicating that he was fit to be a lawyer. Sometimes he would say he intended to be a doctor, and he would cause flurries of applause and amazement in the family by taking the temperatures of all the other boys, reporting accurately which one was slightly above normal, diagnosing the ailment as a cold, and prescribing and administering gargles and nose douches of hot salt water. After he discovered pink spots on the skin of the youngest boy and solemnly told his mother that the child had chicken pox and it was found that the child did, his mother was convinced—and so was his father—that he would become a doctor rather than a lawyer when he grew up.

As far as the River Crest doctors could determine, it had looked like clear sailing ahead for Weyman in every way until his frustration over not being able to pursue his plans for a higher education led to his frustration over the wageless job with Pincus and to the theft of Pincus's camera and from there to the prank he played on his father when he pretended he had become the new Consul General to Algiers. Weyman's explanation of this last episode encouraged the doctors to consider it nothing more than a prank. He told them convincingly that he had simply wished to demonstrate to his father how well equipped he was to be a Consul General, and thereby persuade his father that the sensible thing to do would be to send him to Princeton, where he could get the necessary education and pass the State Department examinations he had pretended he'd already passed. The doctors could understand that the double disillusionment Weyman faced when he was unmasked by Pincus in the courtroom would be enough to send any young man into a

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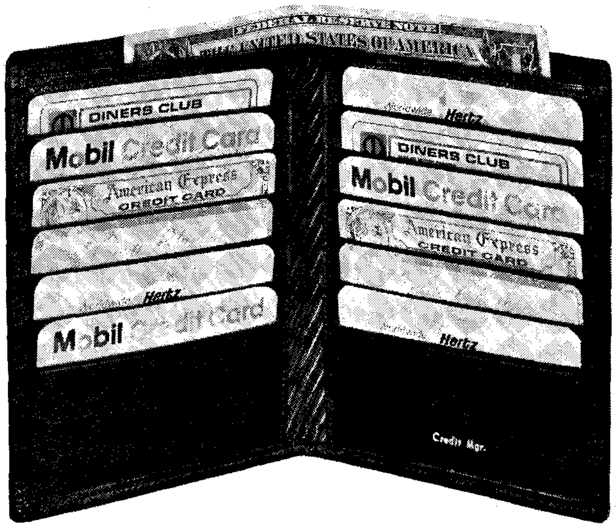
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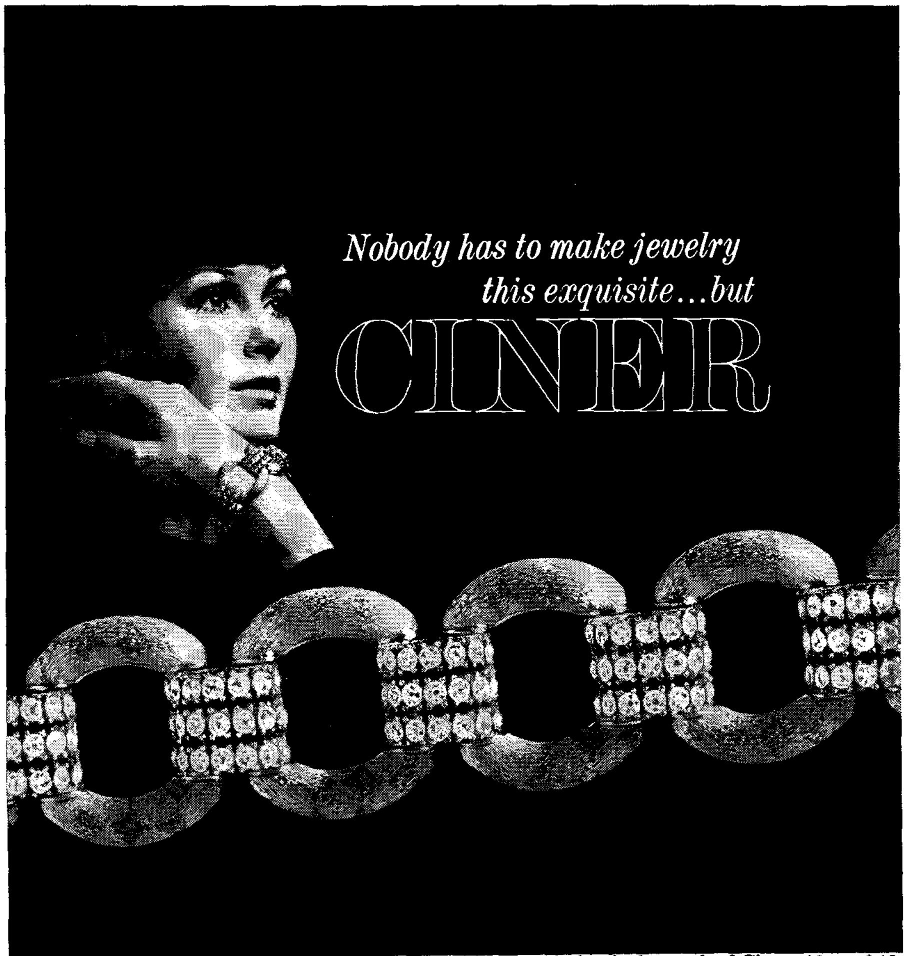

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fit of deep depression; sitting on the bench with the justice, Weyman had been, to all intents and purposes, the new Consul General to Algiers, and a moment later he not only had not been the new Consul General to Algiers but had been a delinquent adolescent who had stolen a camera and hidden it under his shirts in a bureau drawer in his room. However, from the moment, on the first night of his stay at River Crest, that his kindly doctor cut up his steak so he could eat it, Weyman had ceased to be depressed, and he suffered no further depression during the whole six months of his stay. Even Dr. Freud and his followers knew very little about what was then called "manic-depressive insanity," and the River Crest doctors knew even less. Still, Weyman's behavior gave them no reason to believe that he would ever have a deep depression again, or would ever again go into a state of elation that might encourage him to engage in an imposturous episode. At the end of those six months, Weyman, after shaking hands all around, left River Crest feeling splendid and full of plans for the future.

At first, Weyman's plans were not grandiose. He had talked over his future with the doctors at River Crest and had told them he now realized that his past ambitions to become both a doctor and a lawyer after a Foreign Service career were absurd. Moreover, he said, he realized how much money his father was spending for his stay at the sanitarium, and understood that his father could hardly afford to send him to either Princeton or Harvard, let alone both. With the doctors' help, he had finally decided that working as a newspaper reporter was a thing he would both enjoy and be good at, and had concluded that, since newspaper employment didn't require a college degree, he could probably find such a job in either Brooklyn or Manhattan and would be able to live at home until he was making enough money to get married and have a home of his own. He had no particular girl in mind, but he wanted a wife and children when the time came, he said. His doctors were pleased—and so was his father—at his apparent steadiness of purpose. After his discharge from River Crest, he got a job as a cub reporter on the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* and was soon made a district man, at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. A district man mostly telephoned in the facts of whatever story he had covered, the story then being

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written by a rewrite man, but Weyman also managed to write some Sunday feature stories on his own, and was paid for them at the prevailing space rates, which added five or ten dollars a week to his income. The judge who had given him a suspended sentence had instructed him and his father that as long as the young man remained in a sanitarium, he need not report to the probation authorities, but that once he left the sanitarium, he would have to report to them regularly, for his status remained that of a person under suspended sentence and on probation. Weyman did report regularly to the probation authorities for more than a year after leaving River Crest, but gradually his appreciation of his rising status as a district man and a writer of feature stories got in the way of his realization that he was also a person on probation, and this led him to ignore the facts of his situation to such an extent that he stopped reporting to the probation authorities for a month or so. Then he was arrested, brought before the same judge, and given an indeterminate sentence to the Elmira Reformatory, where he sank into such a deep depression that he was transferred to the reformatory hospital at Napanoch. Once he was back in a hospital routine, and talking to doctors who were sympathetic, and who got in touch with the River Crest doctors to check on his case, he recovered from his depression. He was then returned to Elmira, where he spent a few more weeks, and on June 20, 1913, he was paroled. Altogether, he had been at the reformatory and the Napanoch hospital for eight months.

The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* didn't rehire Weyman upon his release, possibly because its court reporter had given the city editor the facts about his criminal record—grand larceny, for the theft of Pincus's camera. Weyman earned a little money by writing feature stories for other papers in the city, but after six months he violated parole and was sent back to Elmira. The reformatory again transferred him to the Napanoch hospital, and again he was released on parole after a few months, only to violate parole once more, in May of 1915. When he got out this time, he managed to stay out until April 23, 1917, on which date he was sent to prison for a year, first to Blackwell's Island prison and then to the prison hospital at Dannemora, on a new charge—that of forging United States Senator William M. Calder's name to his application for a job at the Bank of United States. Three months after he was paroled this time, he was sent back yet again for violation of parole, and stayed in prison for two years and seven months. By then, he was twenty-nine years old. And he had become addicted to imposture. The most glowing memories of his life were those connected with the banquet he had given himself as the new Consul General to Algiers, and he tried to duplicate the feelings he had had on that occasion by buying a uniform so as to pose as an American naval officer and, with some alterations to the uniform, as Lieutenant Royal St. Cyr of the French Navy.

◆

In June of 1920, three months after he had finished serving his term of two years and seven months, he was picked up by officers from the Brooklyn Navy Yard for impersonating a naval officer. A Kings County judge fined him ten dollars for this, although impersonating a member of the armed forces is a federal offense. While he was carrying out this imposture, he met a girl in Prospect Park and, after exciting her interest with his seagoing talk, suddenly confessed to her that the whole thing was an imposture and that he was nothing more than a young man from Brooklyn who had no steady employment. But, he added, he wanted her to marry him if she had faith in him. When he was freed, after paying his ten-dollar fine, she did marry him, and they remained married for the rest of his life. They had one child, a daughter, who, after Weyman became a notorious character because of his repeated impostures, changed *her* name and led an independent life, seeing her father and mother only on rare occasions.

Weyman's marriage took place in 1920, and afterward he got a steady job and reported to the parole authorities regularly for two years. He managed in this period, though, to collect the beginnings of his famous wardrobe and to engage in several more or less innocent impostures—for the fun of the thing, as far as anybody knew, and sometimes accompanied by his young wife. He would take her to dinner at some fine restaurant in Manhattan, for example, both of them in formal dress, and would let it be known that he was the new Consul General *from* Algiers, rather than to it; then, having obtained very good service, he would pay his bill and go back to his home in Brooklyn with his wife. On one rather special occasion, he posed, in an unidentifiable but im-

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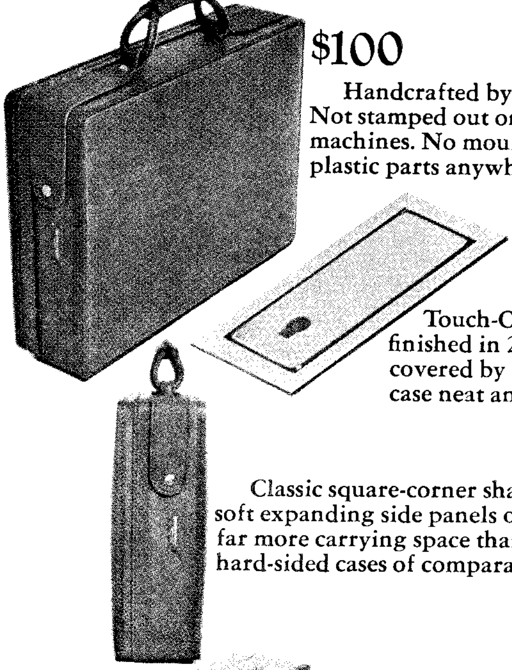

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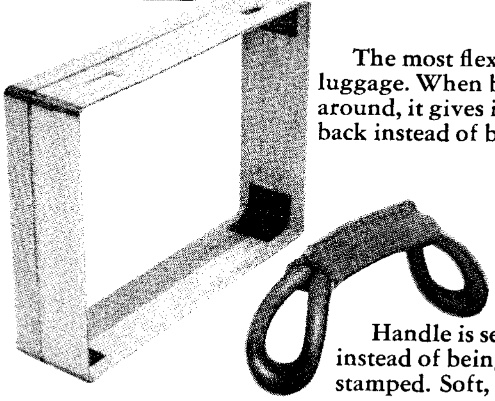

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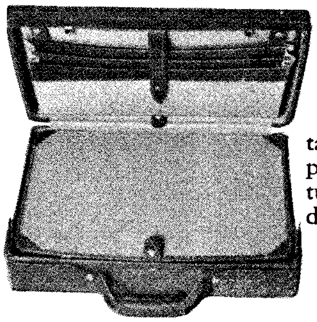

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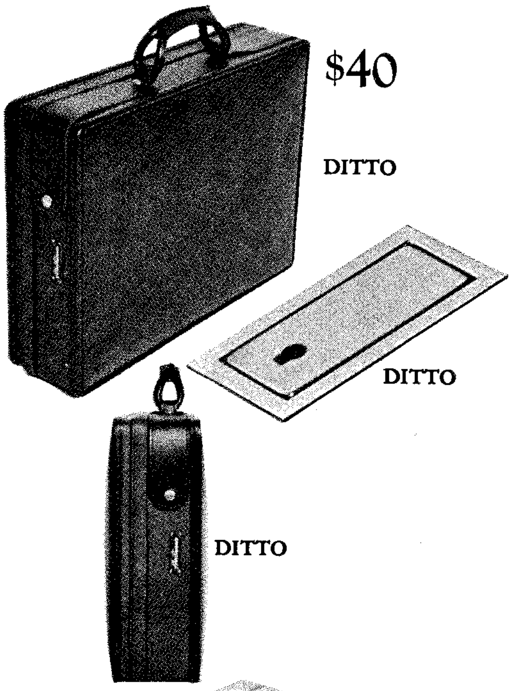

$40

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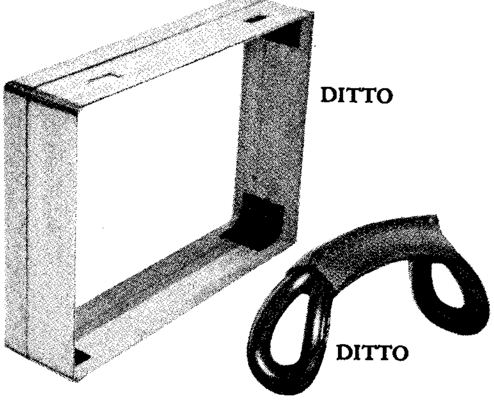

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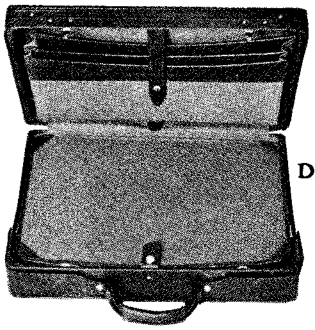

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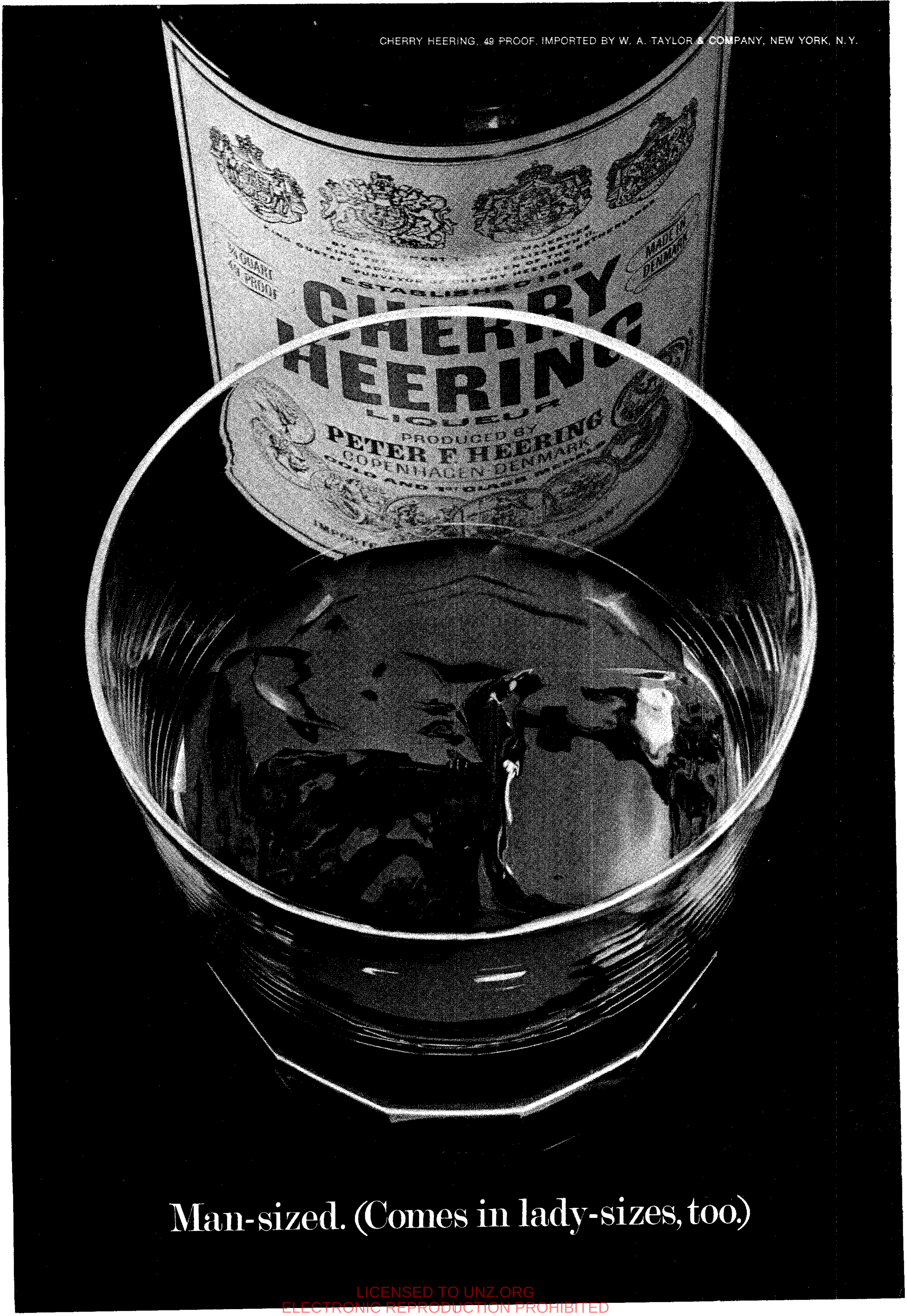
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pressive uniform, as the new Consul General from Rumania. While so doing, he rented a launch and visited the flagship of a United States naval fleet anchored temporarily in the Hudson. He so charmed the admiral on the flagship that the admiral ordered a twenty-one-gun salute to be fired for him, and, after a pleasant visit all round, he shook hands heartily with the admiral and the other naval officers on the flagship and took his launch back to Manhattan and the subway back to Brooklyn. By that time, his wife was expecting their child, so she did not accompany him, but she was enthralled by his offhand and (as always) serious report of how he had spent the afternoon. He began to feel the need of a better job than the one he had, and after studying the help-wanted ads for a few days he came across one that looked promising. It was through this ad that Weyman embarked on his first major and extended imposture, which led to his becoming a sanitation expert with an American company in Peru. This imposture did not get into the newspapers until long afterward, but the facts of it were discovered by R. C. Bannerman, a State Department special agent, in the course of an investigation of Weyman's career that he undertook in 1921, following Weyman's imposture as the State Department Naval Liaison Officer, assigned to Princess Fatima.

The ad that stirred Weyman up said that the Foundation Company, of 120 Liberty Street, Manhattan, wished to employ a young doctor to go to Peru and take charge of certain sanitation work that the company was under contract to perform for the Peruvian government. Some twenty applicants for this position turned up at the offices of the company, and one of them was Weyman. The firm's employment officer was instructed by a Mr. Whelan, its manager, to interview the applicants, weed out the ones who did not make a good impression, and retain the five who seemed most likely to succeed. Weyman was one of the five. Mr. Whelan then met these five in his own office. The one he was most impressed with was in the uniform of a medical officer in the United States Navy with the rank of Lieutenant. This, of course, was Weyman. He gave his name as Clifford Grete Weston Wyman and his residence as 71 Maujer Street, Brooklyn, and the credentials he produced seemed to show that he had had eighteen months' service as a naval medical officer overseas. Mr. Whelan

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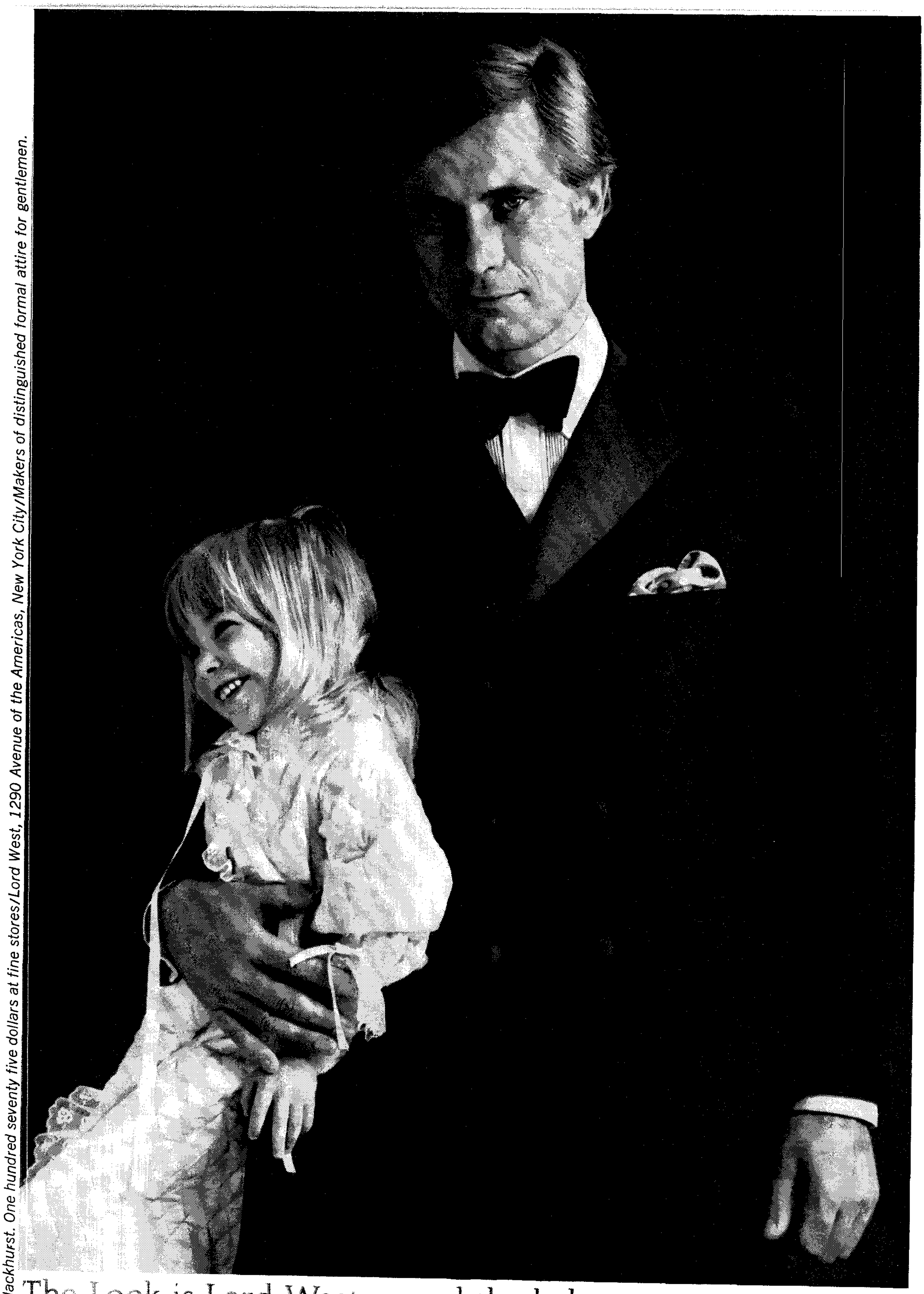
said later that he was inclined to pick this young man at once but that since he was not a doctor himself he told the five applicants he was going to ask the assistance of a Dr. Fletcher, who was a professor of medicine at the Columbia University medical school. He told them that they would have to go to see Dr. Fletcher and talk with him, and that on Dr. Fletcher's final recommendation would rest the appointment to the post in Peru. When the five applicants appeared in Dr. Fletcher's office the next day, Weyman stepped out of the group, walked up to the Doctor, shook hands with him warmly, and said that he was a great admirer of the Doctor's work and had several times attended the clinics that the Doctor was conducting at Columbia. Dr. Fletcher recalled subsequently that he had the immediate impression that the young naval doctor had been one of his students. He was sure, in any case, that he had seen the young man before, and he was right. Weyman, although he had never been a student of Dr. Fletcher's, had hung around the Columbia medical school several years before, posing as a medical student. Bannerman noted in his report, "There, either out of sheer curiosity or with some ulterior motive, he had attended the clinics and, being naturally bright and apt, he picked up numerous medical expressions and terms and was well acquainted with the routine in vogue at these clinics. With his unlimited nerve, and ability to talk himself into the good graces of people he met, the impostor, before any of the other applicants had had a chance to open their mouths, said that with his eighteen months' service overseas as a naval medical officer he was ideally suited for the job with the Foundation Company." Dr. Fletcher, according to Bannerman, exchanged a few words with each of the other applicants, and when the five had departed, he telephoned Mr. Whelan and told him that the naval doctor called Clifford Grete Weston Wyman was the one he recommended.

That afternoon, Mr. Whelan telephoned the young naval doctor at his home in Brooklyn, told him that he had been picked for the job, and instructed him to apply for a passport at once, so that he could proceed to Lima, Peru, as soon as possible. How Weyman was able to obtain a passport under a name he did not receive at birth neither the State Department nor anybody else knows; nevertheless, such a passport was issued to him, on October 26, 1920. Weyman proceeded at once to



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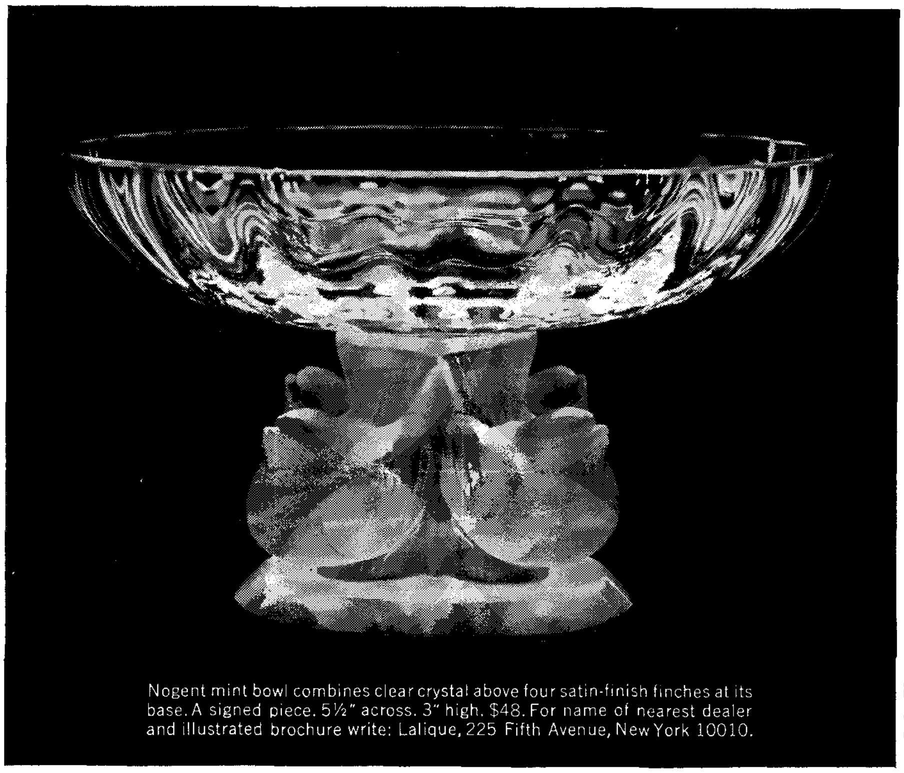

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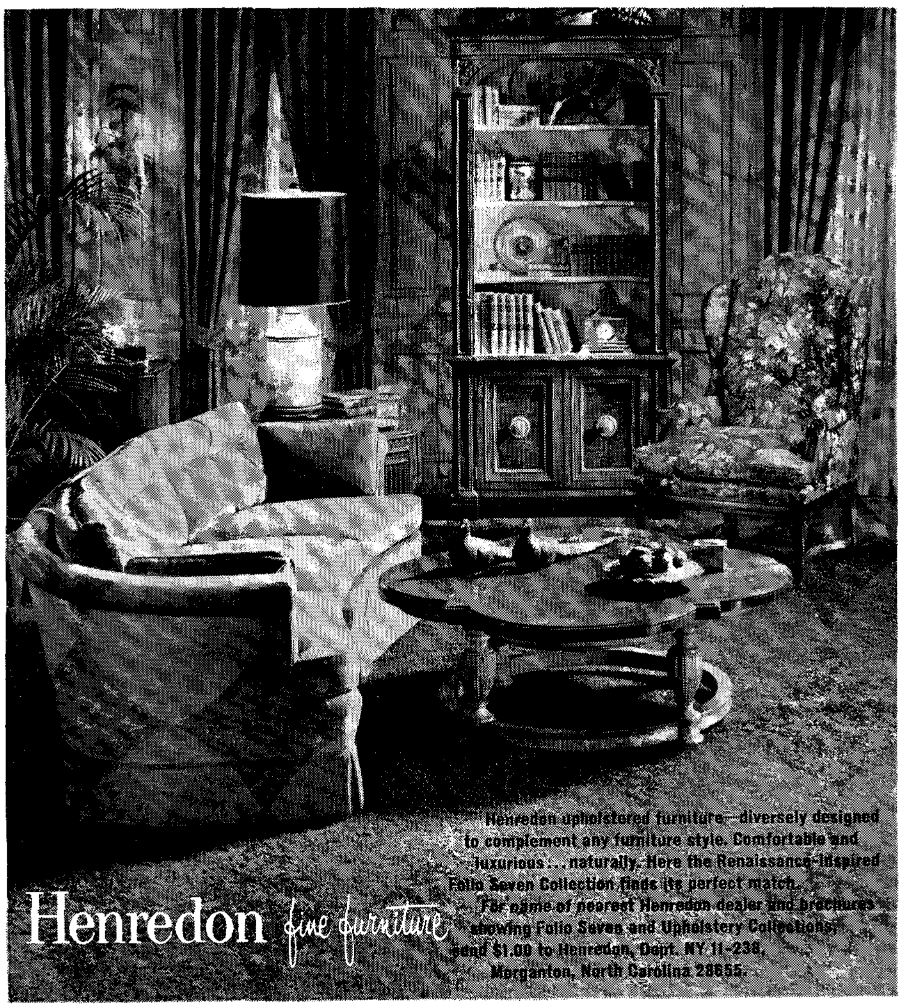

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Lima, in the company of an attractive young woman who was not his wife. Weyman's wife stayed at home and regularly received money from her husband for her support. Neither Bannerman nor anybody else was ever able to find out who the young woman was who made the journey to Lima with Weyman and lived with him while he was there. On his arrival in Lima, Weyman rented a luxuriously furnished marble residence. He bought a limousine on credit and hired a chauffeur to drive it. He appears to have carried out his duties as a sanitation expert satisfactorily. He and his young woman companion began giving parties for Peruvian society in the marble house, and they became very popular and were invited out a great deal. After about six weeks, the young woman became ill, and, following the usual custom of upper-class Peruvians, Weyman took her to the American hospital in the Panama Canal Zone. From Panama he wrote a letter to one of the Naval Intelligence men—his name was Sheehan—who had declined to prosecute him on the charge of impersonating a naval officer in New York earlier that year. It was a friendly, chatty letter, in which Weyman told of his success as a sanitation expert with the Foundation Company in Lima and mentioned that he was giving a tea for a number of naval officers then resident in the Canal Zone who had entertained him while his companion was in the hospital. Sheehan decided that he ought to tell the Foundation Company in New York that the man who was working for them in Lima was an impostor, and he did. By the time Weyman and his companion returned to Lima, the company officials there had received instructions from Mr. Whelan to tell Weyman to report at the New York office at once. But when Weyman arrived in New York and went to see Mr. Whelan, the Foundation Company decided not to prosecute him, because of the notoriety that would result. Having presumably bidden his companion goodbye, Weyman returned to his home in Brooklyn.

On February 11, 1921, the *Times* carried a short item under the heading "Leaves Peru to Fly Here—Son of President Leguia Starts Seaplane Trip Today." The story did not come from Peru. It was a local New York story, and it went as follows:

> Commander Juan Leguia, head of the Peruvian Naval Air Service and son of the President of that republic, will leave Callao, Peru, today on the first leg of a seaplane flight to New York, it was announced here yesterday by Captain Ster-

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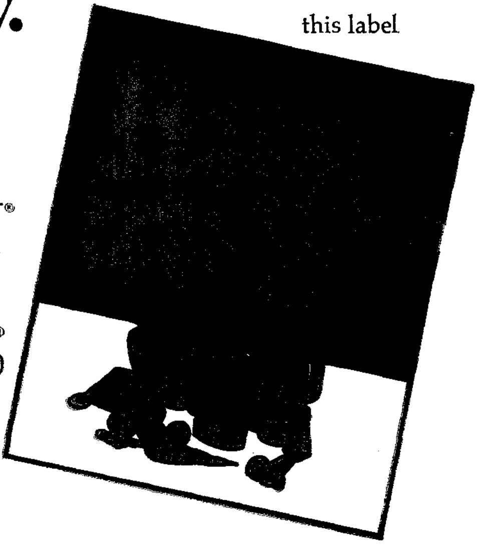

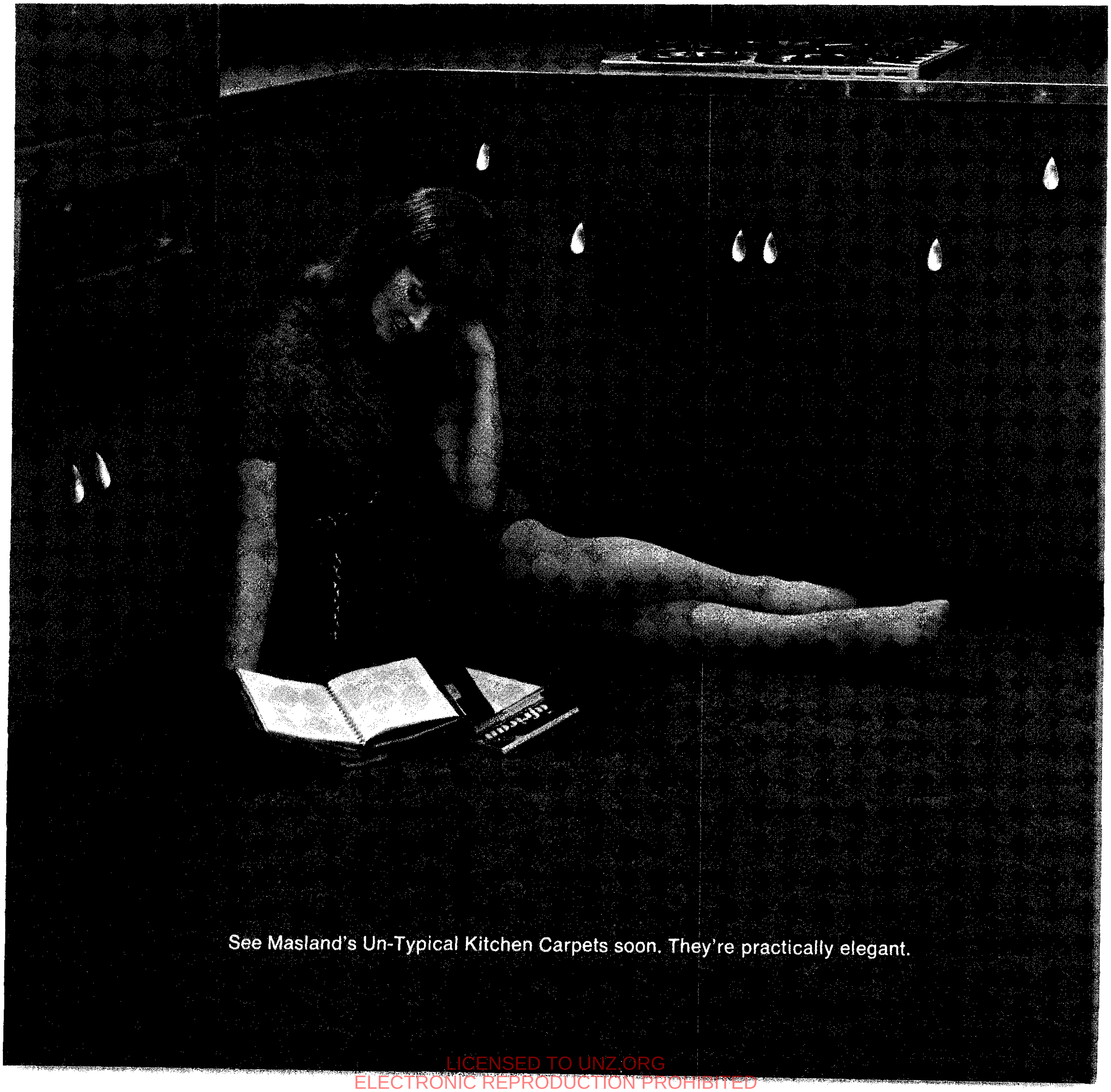

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ling C. Wyman, United States Navy.
Captain Wyman, who is a personal friend of the South American aviator, said he had received a cable message from Commander Leguia stating that he hoped to make the long trip in two weeks.
Commander Leguia is on his way to England, where he is to be married, according to Captain Wyman.

Weyman's ego had evidently been well fed by the Peruvian escapade. He was living quietly in Brooklyn, reporting regularly to the probation authorities, and making money at various honest jobs, one of which was that of auditor for a firm called the Goldberger Manufacturing Company. Following a fire in which the firm's books had been destroyed, Benjamin Goldberger, the head of this company, had advertised in the New York papers for an auditor. Weyman answered the ad at the end of February, gave the impression of knowing all about accountancy, and said that he had been employed by Will Hays, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, and that he was a good friend of United States Senator William M. Calder. He worked for Mr. Goldberger for about six weeks and then, one day, failed to show up at the office. Mr. Goldberger tried without success to reach him at his home in Brooklyn, and, when four or five days had passed and Weyman had still not come back to work, hired another auditor to go over the books that Weyman had been keeping. The auditor found nothing wrong with the books, and Mr. Goldberger stopped worrying. Then a bill for several hundred dollars was mailed to Mr. Goldberger from Goldfarb's, the florist. Mr. Goldberger had not been buying any flowers, so he called up the florist and told him there must have been a mistake. The florist said that the flowers had been ordered from time to time by Captain Sterling C. Wyman, of the United States Navy, and that the Captain had instructed him to send the bill to Mr. Goldberger. Mr. Goldberger told the florist he wouldn't pay this bill, and he and the florist argued about the matter from time to time until December of 1921. In that month, Weyman's photograph appeared on the front pages of all the New York newspapers because he had become private secretary to Dr. Adolf Lorenz, a Viennese physician who was world-famous at the time as "the bloodless surgeon." When Dr. Lorenz arrived in New York from Europe, Weyman went aboard ship to meet him and introduced himself as Dr. Clifford Weyman. He told Dr. Lorenz that he had been asked

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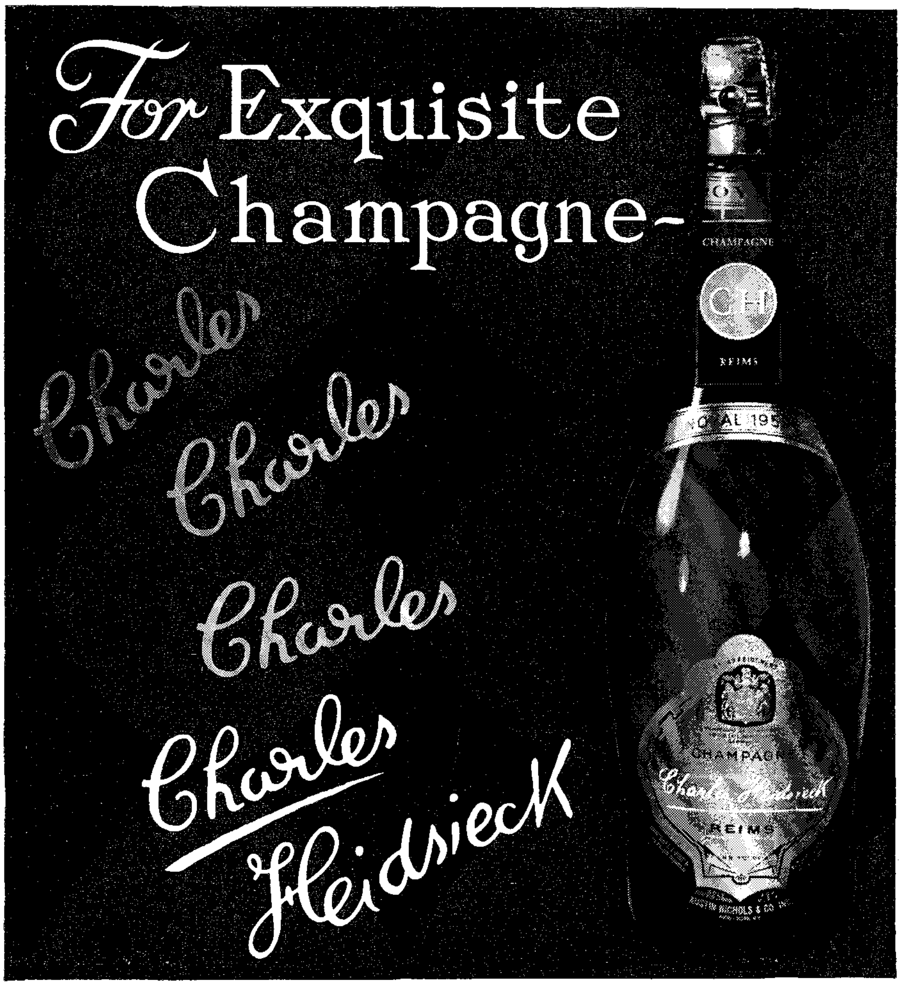

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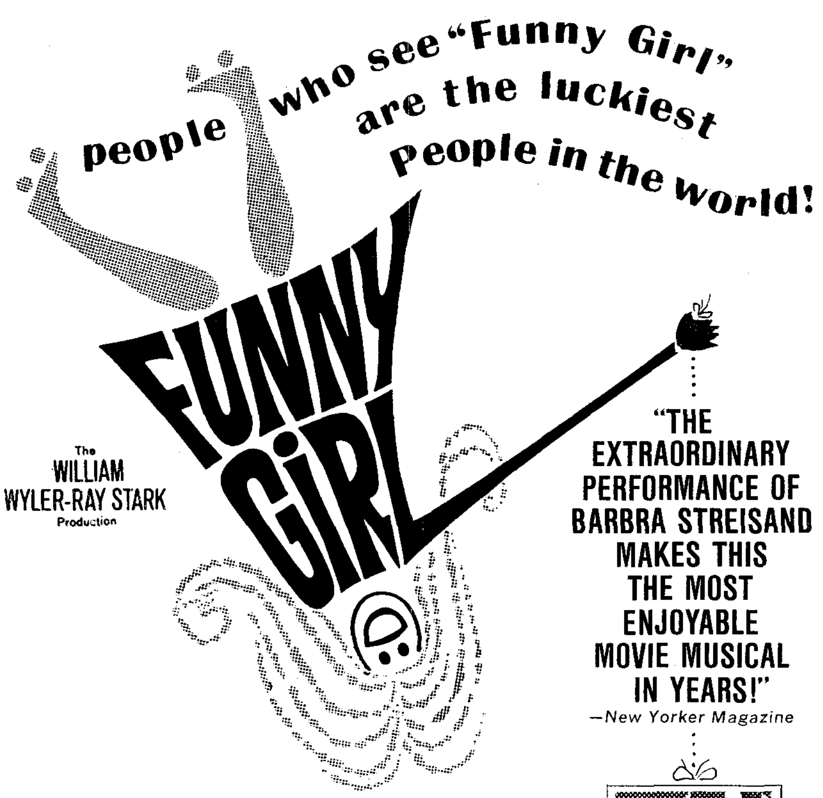
by the New York Health Commissioner, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, to welcome him to New York and to offer his services as Dr. Lorenz's private secretary. Dr. Lorenz was to conduct a clinic at the Hospital for Joint Diseases, the head of which was Dr. Henry W. Frauenthal. The New York newspapers gave a great deal of publicity to Dr. Lorenz's arrival, and when Dr. Lorenz introduced his new secretary, Dr. Clifford Weyman, to the photographers who met the ship, the photographers took a picture of Dr. Weyman. Dr. Lorenz was pleased in every way with his secretary, and Weyman worked with him satisfactorily for one week and would no doubt have continued to work for him indefinitely if Dr. Frauenthal had not received a telephone call from one of Princess Fatima's sons, who had recognized Weyman's photograph, and who told Dr. Frauenthal who Weyman was. Dr. Frauenthal called the New York Police Department, which sent a detective over to interview Weyman. Weyman readily confessed that he not only had posed as the State Department Naval Liaison Officer but while doing so had introduced Princess Fatima to President Harding, that he was not a physician, and so on. Both Dr. Lorenz and Dr. Frauenthal were present at the interview, and Dr. Lorenz said that he nevertheless wished to retain Weyman as his private secretary, because his work had been most efficient. Dr. Frauenthal took the matter up with the New York Health Commissioner, Dr. Copeland, and Dr. Copeland said Weyman must go, because he was not a doctor, and also because he had represented himself as the Health Department's representative. Dr. Copeland then called the newspapers and told them that Weyman had been exposed and was being fired, and the newspapers again had front-page stories accompanied by photographs of Weyman—plus, this time, summaries of his career as an impostor. Princess Fatima's son also telephoned the State Department in Washington, and the State Department alerted the Department of Justice. A federal agent named Lamb came to New York to pick him up, and Weyman was at last arrested and arraigned in the Federal Court in Brooklyn on the charge of impersonating a naval officer. On April 4, 1922, Judge Thomas I. Chatfield sentenced him to serve two years in the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta and to pay a fine of one dollar. Dr. Lorenz, who had agreed to pay Weyman two hundred dollars a week and had thought him worth every penny of it, said publicly that he was sorry to lose Weyman's services. Dr. Copeland sent Dr. Lorenz a new secretary, Dr. Walter Galland, and Dr. Lorenz made do with him for the rest of his stay in New York.

At the Atlanta penitentiary, Weyman studied law under the auspices of the warden, and before he left, having got time off for good behavior, he passed a bar examination and became an accredited attorney under the laws of the State of Georgia, which apparently did not then provide that a man convicted of a felony could not become a lawyer. Or it may have been that the authorities in Atlanta did not think that impersonating a diplomat in order to introduce Princess Fatima to President Harding *was* a felony. In any event, Weyman returned to New York in fine shape and, within a few months, was working, under the name of Stanley Wyman, as a clerk in the office of the New York Title & Mortgage Co., on lower Broadway. His job, for which a legal training was necessary, had to do with real-estate transactions, and by working closely with his father, who was still in the real-estate business, he made a great deal more money than just his salary as a clerk. Before any action was taken to foreclose mortgages on real estate whose owners were in trouble, Weyman would learn what was in the wind and would pass the tip on, enabling his father to acquire the real estate at low prices. Weyman made enough money to buy, for cash, an olive-green Pierce-Arrow limousine and a crimson Daimler roadster.

During this period, Weyman made the acquaintance of Samuel J. Siegel, who is at present a well-known New York criminal lawyer with offices in the Times Square district, and who at that time had recently obtained his law degree and was also working as a law clerk at the New York Title & Mortgage Co. Siegel remained Weyman's friend and lawyer for the rest of Weyman's career. He remembers vividly, as any man would, the day on which their friendship began. It was a hot Saturday morning in the summer of 1924, and Siegel happened to remark to some fellow-employees standing around the water cooler that he was going to spend Sunday with his parents, in Lakewood, New Jersey, and that he wasn't looking forward to the trip, which in those days citizens of New York usually made by crosstown streetcar, ferryboat, and railroad train.

"My wife and I are driving down there tomorrow, my dear chap," said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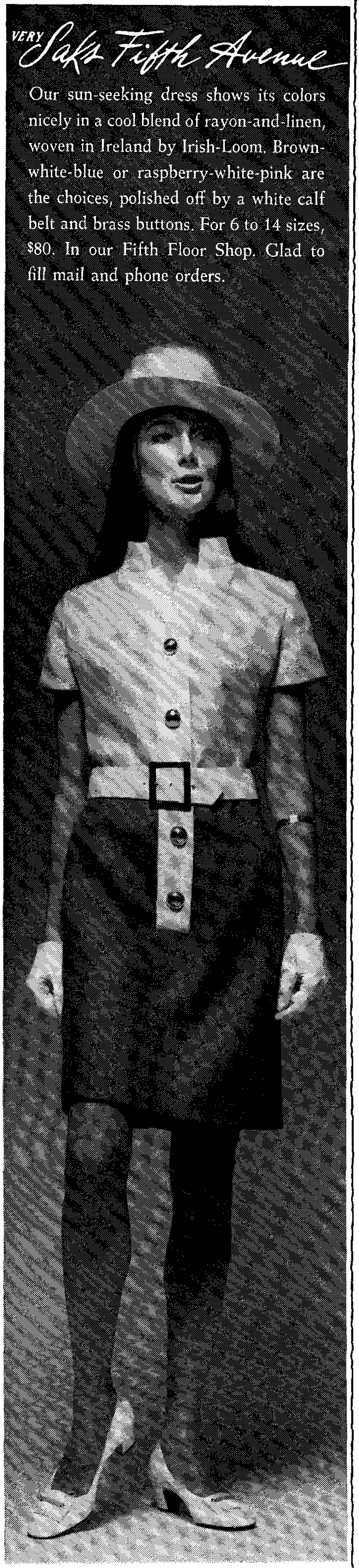

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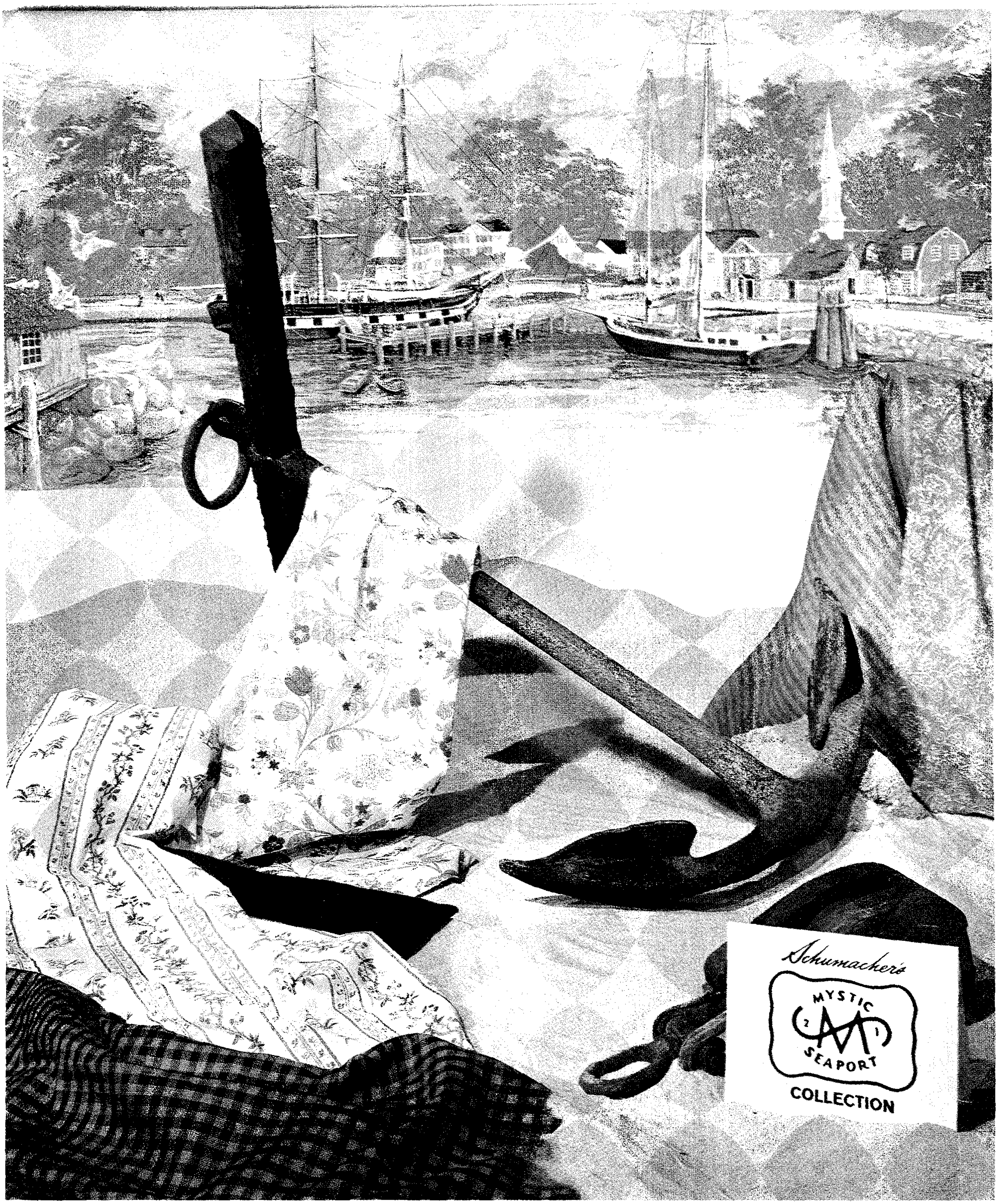
one member of the water-cooler group. "I'll be glad to give you a lift."

Siegel knew the man who had made this offer only slightly; he knew him as Stanley Wyman, and knew that although he was liked well enough around the office, where he was called Stan, he was commonly thought of as being—a phrase Siegel later came to consider inadequate—"a kind of a nut." Weyman was capable of eccentricities that would flabbergast students of abnormal psychology again and again in the years ahead, but his behavior in the offices of the New York Title & Mortgage Co. in 1924 was out of the ordinary only in that he dressed excessively well, spoke in an accent that vaguely suggested a Continental background, and was in the habit of showering newly hired stenographers with rich gifts, such as orchids and imported bonbons, and asking nothing of them in return except their astonished gasps. Siegel accepted the offer of the lift to Lakewood, and Weyman said he would pick him up the next morning in front of the Hotel Commodore, on Forty-second Street.

When Weyman picked up Siegel that Sunday morning, he was not just in a car but in what Siegel remembers as something amounting to a motorcade. First, there drew up in front of the Commodore a Pierce-Arrow limousine driven by a chauffeur in livery and escorted by two uniformed policemen on motorcycles. There was no passenger in the limousine, and Siegel did not at first identify it with Weyman. Behind the limousine, however, another car drew up—a crimson Daimler roadster with a right-hand drive. Its top was down, and Siegel could see Weyman at the wheel and, beside him, an attractive young lady. Weyman hopped out, shook hands with Siegel, and introduced the young lady as his wife. "You ride in the limo, dear," he said to her breezily, helping her out of the Daimler and into the back seat of the Pierce-Arrow while she nodded and smiled acquiescence. A moment later, having given an authoritative signal to the motorcycle cops, Weyman indicated that he and Siegel would ride in the Daimler. Siegel remembers that Weyman politely escorted him around the front of the Daimler and opened the door for him. Then Weyman got behind the wheel and waved to the chauffeur of the limousine and to the police escort for the procession to start. The limousine proceeded west on Forty-second Street at a fast pace, and when the motorcycle cops turned on their sirens the pace became even faster. Siegel asked Weyman how he happened to be able to provide the police escort, and Weyman shrugged and said, in an offhand fashion, "I have considerable political influence. I'm a Special Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York, you know. Also, I slip the boys a ten-spot each for their trouble." In a very short time, the two cars arrived at the ferry landing at Forty-second Street and the Hudson River, and were driven onto a ferry. After the two motorcycle cops had seen them safely aboard, they grinned and waved to Weyman and cycled away, their sirens going.

"Weyman talked a blue streak as we crossed the Hudson on the ferry," Siegel recalled in later years. "Among other things, he told me that in the past he had worked for both the Republican and the Democratic State Committees, and also for the local political parties—Tammany Hall and the Republican organization. Lately, he said, he had been able to contribute considerable sums to both parties. He told me about the Princess Fatima incident and about how unjust it was that he had been sent to Atlanta for impersonating a naval officer when it had been proved in court that the uniform he wore during that escapade was that of a sort of seagoing Boy Scout organization and was perfectly genuine. We got out of the car and walked around during the ferry trip, and at one point, while Weyman was chatting gaily with the good-looking girl in the limousine, I noticed that on the front of each car there was a plate, like a license plate, that said 'Special Deputy Attorney General—New York.' I asked Weyman about these plates, and he said that he had had them made himself but that he really was a Special Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York, and when we got back into the Daimler he pulled from his coat pocket a handsomely printed document with a red seal on it that certified that he had been appointed as a Special Deputy Attorney General. Some weeks after that, I had occasion to check the list of Special Deputy Attorney Generals, and found that Weyman was on the list, which consisted of a number of prominent citizens of New York, most of whose names I recognized, and all of whom were presumably lawyers. On the way to Lakewood, Weyman told me a good deal about his life, both in prison and out. What he told me



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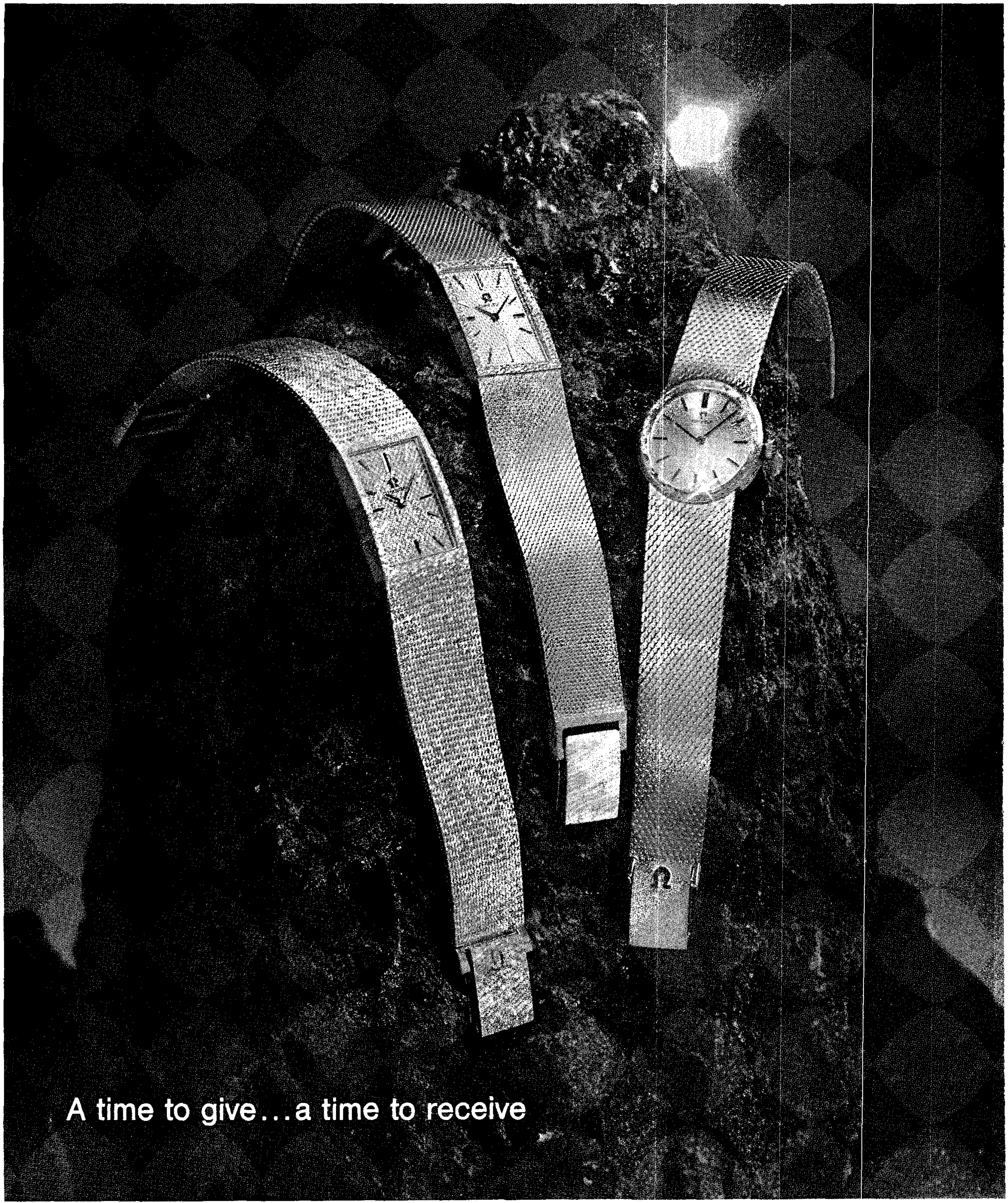

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I later found was true. He talked with the charm of a child and did not seem to want to hide anything. When we got to Lakewood, it was getting on toward lunchtime, and Weyman invited me to join the young lady and himself for lunch at one of the posh hotels there. I later found out that the young lady was not his wife but just one of the many good-looking girls whom Weyman was in the habit of taking along on outings of this sort but with whom, as far as I have ever been able to determine, he was on casual, rather than intimate, terms. Led by Weyman—who, incidentally, was dressed in a morning coat, striped trousers, and a top hat of the kind that folds up—the three of us swept into the hotel, where the bellboys, the bell captain, and the clerk behind the desk seemed to leap to attention, greeting Weyman cordially and with great deference. Bellboys had followed us into the hotel with five or six handsome pieces of luggage. The desk clerk handed Weyman two keys, and Weyman gave one to the young lady, remarking that she would no doubt wish to go to her room and freshen up. A bellboy took the key from her, and when she indicated one rather small suitcase, he picked it up and preceded her to the elevator. 'I must change for luncheon,' Weyman said to me as a couple of other bellboys picked up the four or five pieces of luggage remaining. 'Why don't you come along up to my suite while I change?' I went along with him to a handsomely furnished two-room suite upstairs. The bellboys put all the luggage in the bedroom, and Weyman, after they had gone, talked for a few minutes in a charm-
ıg way and then left me alone in the
'ing room, saying that he would
ınge his clothes now but that it
uld take him only a few minutes. I
there and thought about Weyman
felt as if I were taking part in a
ant dream of some kind. He reap-
d in a short time dressed in a
natty outfit, which I guess he
ıs more suitable for the country
'his morning coat and striped
. He had on a pair of expensive-
tan Oxfords, beige stockings,
colored tweed plus fours and a
Norfolk jacket, a white shirt,
'ightly striped tie of British
l design, which clashed some-
the tweed of his Norfolk
plus fours. We went down
'y, where the young lady
for us. She had on the
'tive but ordinary street
had had on before. With

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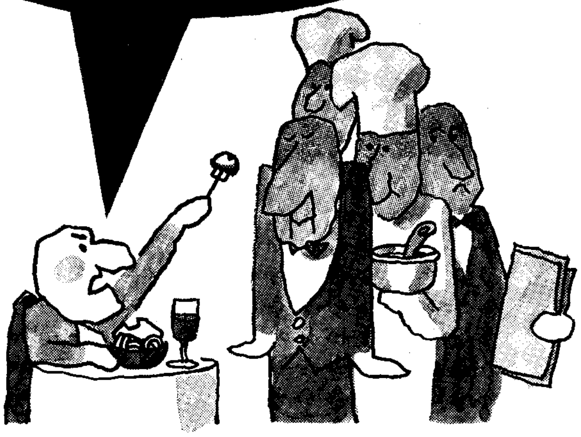

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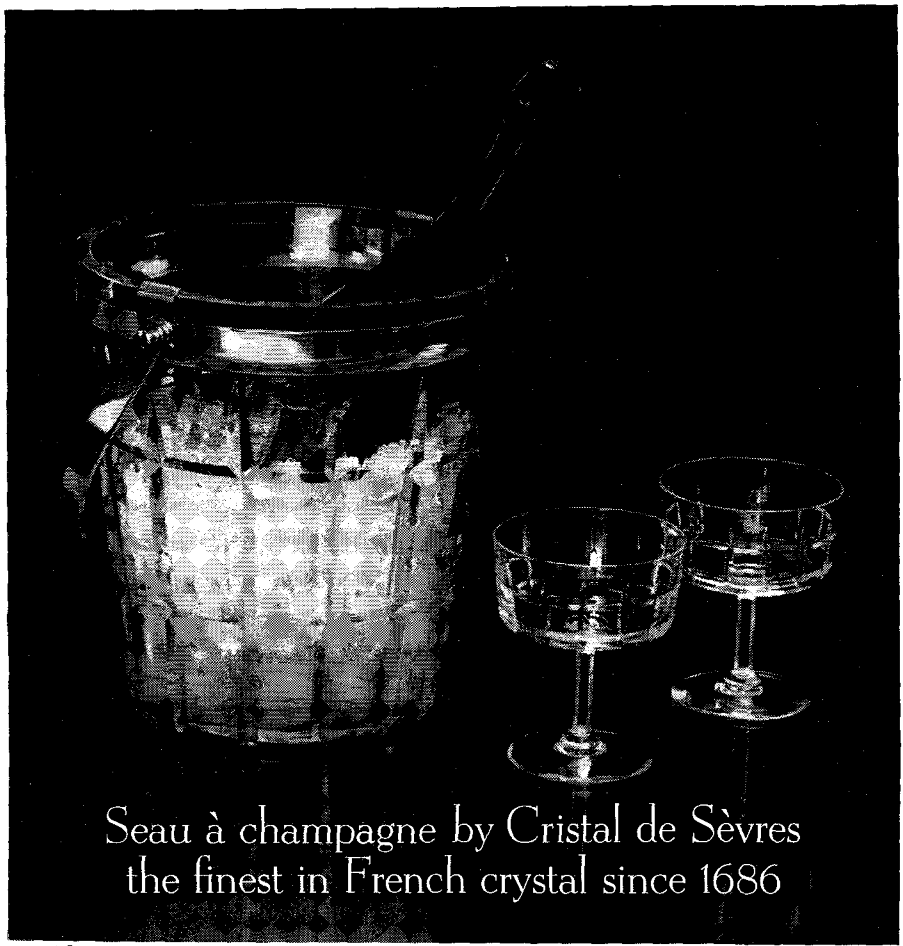

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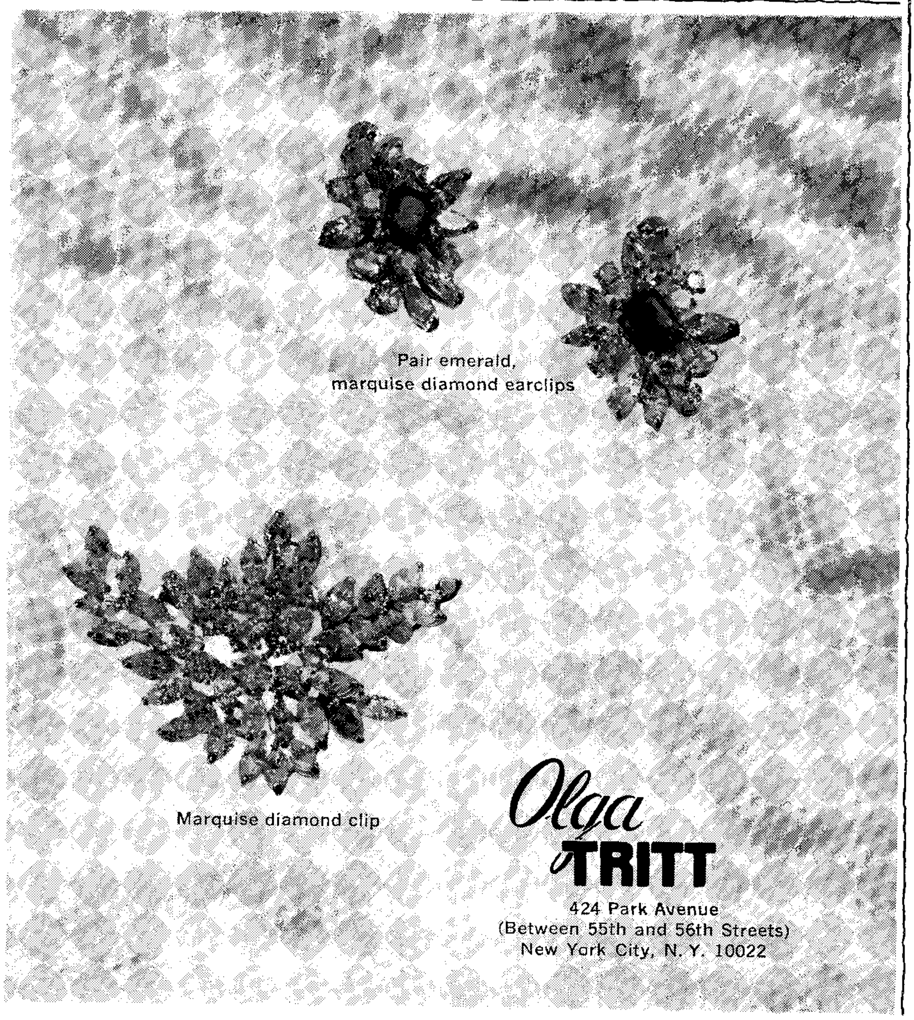
At Abercrombie & Fitch, Cartier, C. D. Peacock, I. Magnin, Geo. Watts & Son, Charles W. Warren, Mermod, Jaccard-King, Miss Jackson, Evens, Coleman E. Adler.

Weyman in the lead, we went into the ornate dining room and were obsequiously shown to a table in a bay window by the headwaiter. And so it went. Weyman remarked that they were staying overnight and that after lunch he was going to show the young lady around the golf course. 'She has never seen a golf links,' he explained gravely. 'I have not played golf myself since I went to Atlanta.' To the young lady, he said, 'We'll just walk around the eighteen holes, and when we get back you can have a little rest in your room while I change for tea.' I explained to Weyman that my parents lived only a short distance from the hotel, and said I would walk to their house after lunch. He offered to drive me back to New York on Monday morning, but I told him I must return that night. I never did find out what kind of clothes he wore that afternoon for tea or what kind he wore for dinner, but I am sure that they were spectacular." Weyman continued to work for the New York Title & Mortgage Co. for a good many months, but Siegel left in order to go into private practice as a criminal attorney in Manhattan. Weyman kept in touch with Siegel. They had a meal together once in a while, and Siegel represented him several times in minor cases.

It was in August and September of 1926 that Weyman engaged in one of his greatest impostures—in fact, in a double imposture—not only posing as Pola Negri's physician during the New York portion of the sensational funeral of Rudolph Valentino but also posing as a public-relations man representing George Ullman, who had been Valentino's manager in Hollywood. As the latter, Weyman pretty much ran the funeral, handing out statements every day to the newspapers, which the newspapers solemnly printed. Not until the final day of the extended lying-in-state at Campbell's Funeral Church, on Broadway at Sixty-sixth Street, did the newspapers—it was never made clear just how—discover that the man they had publicized as Pola Negri's physician and as the public-relations man in charge of the funeral was the same old Stephen Jacob Weinberg whom they had so frequently exposed as an impostor in past years. The *Times* was extremely reticent at first about makin known the fact that the man whos public-relations announcements it ha been printing was an impostor, and were the other newspapers. Then, aft a couple of days, the New York *Wor* overcame its embarrassment and d cided that the double imposture wa good story. The *World* printed several articles about Weyman's past impostures and also printed an interview with him. The reason it was able to interview Weyman was that after he had been exposed, and had been repudiated by Mr. Ullman, he continued to act as Pola Negri's physician, because Miss Negri said he was the best doctor she had ever had, no matter what else he may have been. The *World* said of Weyman, "To reporters he reiterated his claims to be both a lawyer and a doctor as well as a lecturer on medical jurisprudence, but when pinned down as to where he got his degrees he would change the subject—or would wave at the reporters what he said were his rolled-up diplomas, saying that he was too busy to unroll them. He said that he was an M.D., an LL.D., a Ph.D., and a J.D., the latter a degree that he said stood for Doctor of Jurisprudence, and that he had studied law in the afternoon and medicine at night in the early 1920's." The *World* told about the Princess Fatima imposture and about Weyman's having delivered a lecture at the Middlesex College of Medicine and Surgery, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1925, posing as a member of the New York State lunacy commission. The *World* also revealed that Weyman was the owner of a Daimler, a Mercedes, and a Chandler (he had apparently shucked the Pierce-Arrow), and that each of the three cars had a siren on it and carried, in addition to its regular license plates, a Police Department plate (No. 212) that had been issued to him when Mayor John F. Hylan, a Tammany man, was the chief executive of the City of New York. By this time, Weyman must have ceased to decorate his cars with the plates stating that he was a Special Deputy Attorney General, perhaps because the Police Department license plates were more impressive. The *World* revealed that on June 27, 1926, an eleven-year-old girl named Emily Malley, of 115 Charles Street, Manhattan, was run down by one of Weyman's cars, which was being driven at the time by Elliott Johnson, of 57 Baltic Street, Brooklyn, and that Johnson told the police he was the chauffeur for Sterling C. Weyman, the lawyer, and was let go. The *World* said that it was established at the time that the accident was not the fault of the chauffeur, and it said that Weyman sent flowers and dolls to the little girl and made such a hit with her parents that they almost appeared to be pleased that the accident had occurred.

A few days after the *World* story

my world
the wild, wild world
of pants
by Jack Winter
crazy crepes
vamp pants
movie star stuff
about 35.00
Jack Winter, 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Pair emerald,
marquise diamond earclips
Marquise diamond clip
Olga
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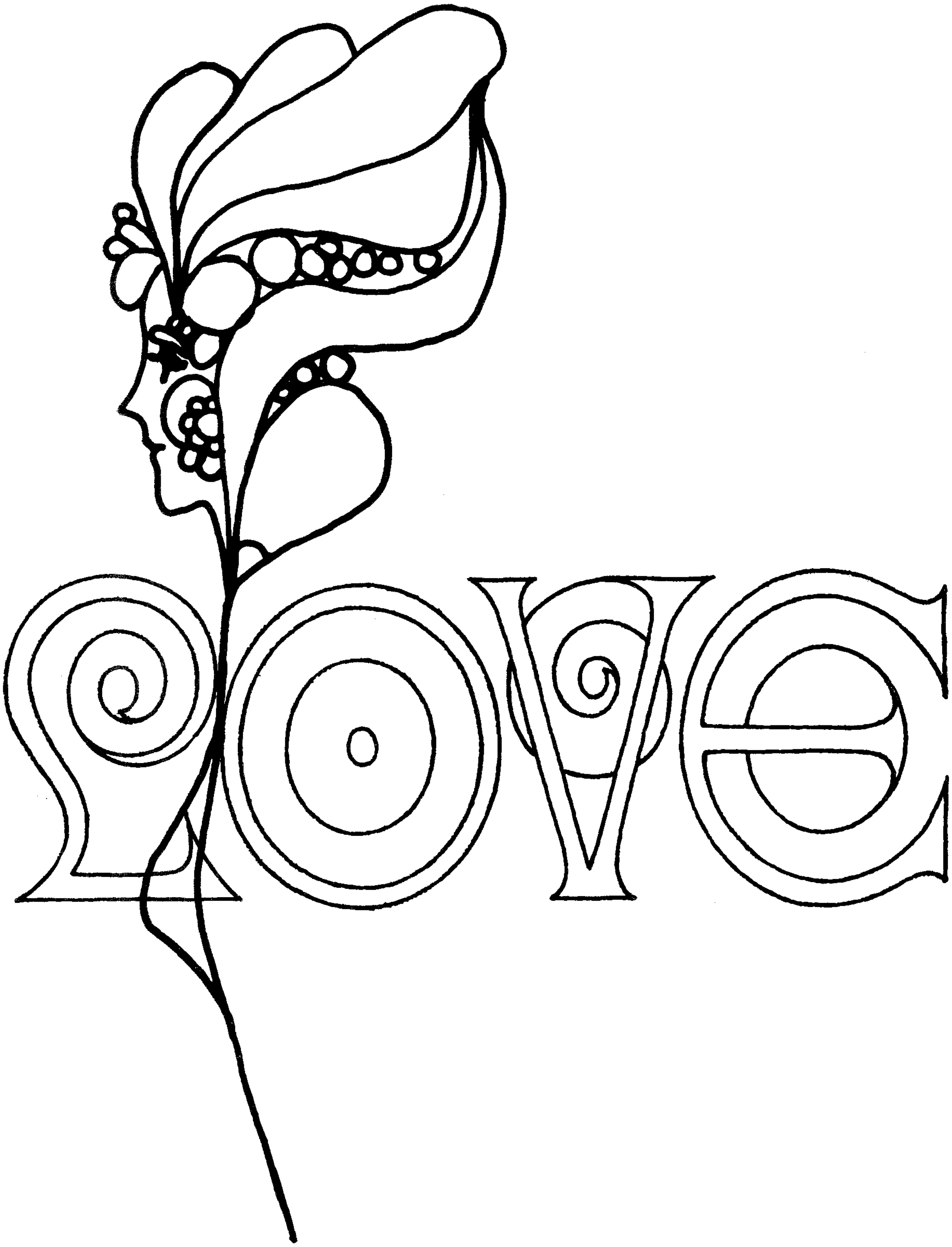
love
peter max

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris/New York

appeared, the New York *American* printed accounts of some incidents in Weyman's past career and also noted that Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing, recalled that when he was warden of Elmira Reformatory he had known Weyman as an inmate. Lawes said that he had next met Weyman at Sing Sing in 1925, when Weyman was not an inmate of any institution. Weyman had called on the warden at Sing Sing and introduced himself as an advocate of prison reform, and had made an eleventh-hour attempt to save the life of one Frank Minnick, a Buffalo bandit convicted of murder, who was subsequently electrocuted on schedule. The *American* also told about the adventures of Warden Henry O. Schleth, of the Blackwell's Island prison, when Weyman was an inmate. Schleth said that while Weyman was there he had managed to obtain a writ against the warden that accused Schleth of, among other things, corruption and bad conduct. Schleth had denied the accusations, and the writ had been dismissed. Schleth also told the *American* that while Weyman was on Blackwell's Island he had managed to send out of the prison uncensored letters soliciting funds for prison reform, identifying himself in them as Lieutenant Commander Ethan Allen Weinberg, of 600 East Fifty-fifth Street. This was the address of the prison on Blackwell's Island, but to many of the recipients of the letters it apparently seemed like a fashionable address in the neighborhood of Beekman Place. Schleth said that Weyman received several hundred dollars in checks, money orders, and cash, and that he spent the cash lavishly on food and entertainment for the other inmates. According to Schleth, Weyman also somehow got hold of one of Schleth's personal checks and made it out for fifteen hundred dollars, forging the warden's name. Weyman sent the check to a young lady in Brooklyn, so that she could make a part payment on a house she wanted to buy, but Schleth's bank recognized the signature as a forgery and Schleth didn't lose any money. Schleth didn't press charges against Weyman, but he had him removed to the hospital for the criminally insane at Dannemora. "That man is a pathological liar," Schleth told the *American*. "He's dangerous to society and should receive continued custodial treatment. He possesses a splendid brain—of that there is no doubt—only it works along the wrong channels." Schleth said that at the time of his experiences with Weyman the man "looked like a sheik and

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Divans as deep as tombs,
And strange flowers on shelves,
Opened for us under more beautiful skies.

from "Les Fleurs Du Mal" (Flowers of Evil) by Charles Baudelaire

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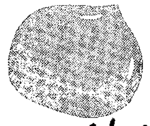
was very good-looking, always dignified and affable and always a very snappy dresser."

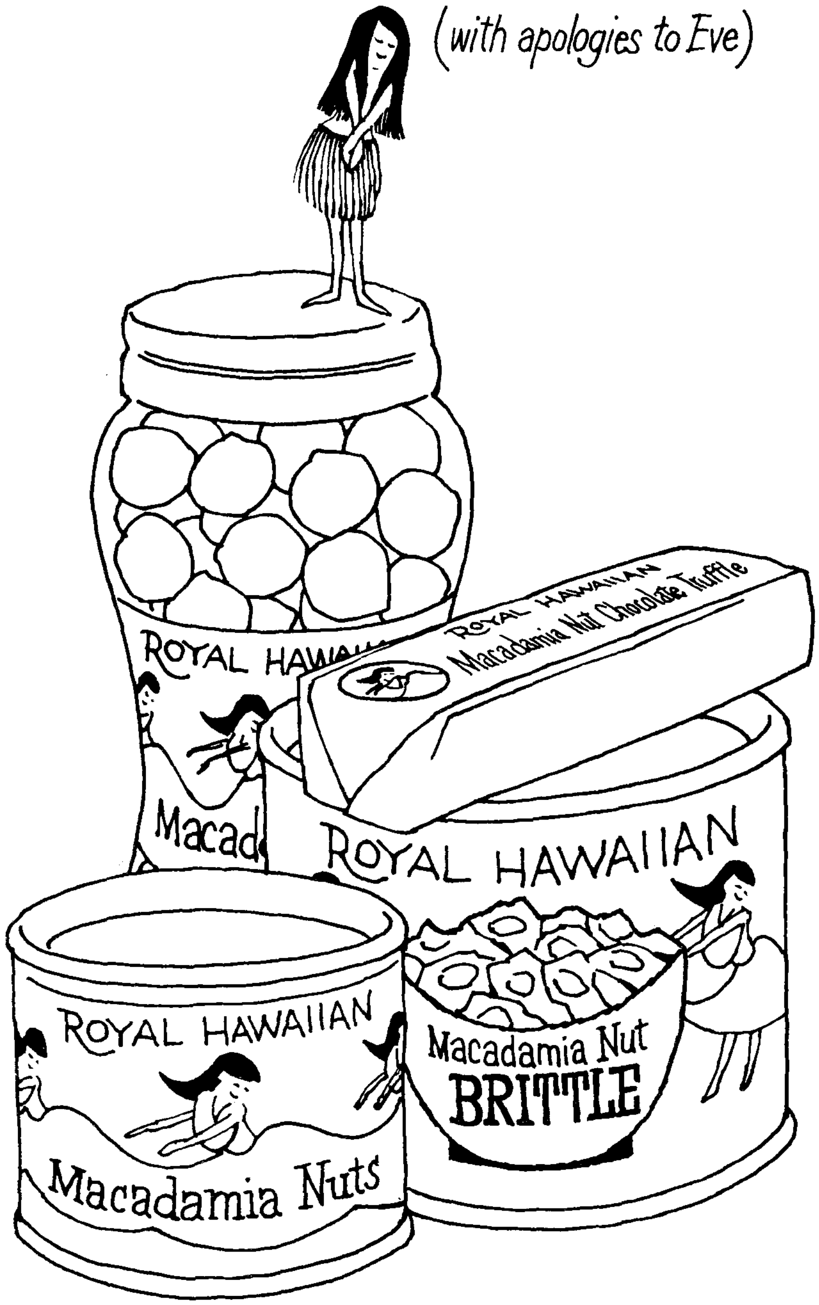
Next, the *Daily News* ran a series of articles by its reporter Grace Robinson about Weyman's career. Miss Robinson dug up some new facts about the big little man from Brooklyn. She discovered that it was Attorney General Albert Ottinger who had appointed Weyman a Special Deputy Attorney General, and that the appointment had been made in 1924. She also found out that during Mayor Hylan's campaign in 1921 Weyman had become acquainted with Bird S. Coler, the city's Commissioner of Public Charities, and had later told Coler that he was private secretary to Frederick A. Wallis, the city's Commissioner of Correction. Coler had been much impressed by the man, and, with Coler's approval and endorsement, Weyman had pitched in and—so Coler told Miss Robinson—done a great amount of campaigning and speechmaking and worked in other ways to elect Hylan, who was not a mayor of distinction. By September 8, 1926, Miss Robinson's articles about Weyman were being given more prominence in the *Daily News* than the Valentino story. On that day, when Valentino's body was at last laid to rest in a borrowed crypt in the Hollywood Cemetery, the *Daily News* ran its dispatch from California about this as a follow-up to Miss Robinson's final article in her series about Weyman; the Hollywood dispatch occupied a quarter of a column, compared to a column and a half for the Weyman story.

When Siegel saw the first of the photographs of Weyman in the newspapers after the Valentino imposture, he called Weyman up at his home in Brooklyn to see if he needed any help. Weyman didn't. In posing as Mr. Ullman's public-relations man, he hadn't committed any crime that the police could charge him with, and since Miss Negri refused to bring a complaint against him and had paid him no fee, the American Medical Association found that he could not be prosecuted for impersonating a physician. The newspapers continued to write about Weyman for more than a month after the entombment of Valentino. On October 30, 1926, the New York *Journal* ran the last of the year's Weyman stories. That paper persuaded Dr. A. A. Brill, a well-known psychiatrist of the era, to study all that had been revealed about Weyman's past career and to give his opinion of the man. The *Journal* quoted Dr. Brill as saying, "No man living has gotten away with

The three faces of
the Royal Hawaiian Macadamia Nut



(with apologies to Eve)



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the grand gesture more often than he has. In his way he is an artist. It is impossible to study his career and not take off one's hat to his persistent cleverness, audacity, and aplomb." The *Journal* also elicited an opinion of Weyman from Bernard Sandler, a prominent New York attorney who had had him as a client for a short time some years earlier. "I personally think he is suffering from a form of mild insanity," Sandler said. "He always wants to play to the grandstand and his mind is full of grandiose ideas. He's really a likable fellow with excellent manners, from a good family, and he has a wife and child." Finally, the *Journal* interviewed Weyman himself, at his home in Brooklyn, and quoted him as having said, "What is the sense in all these exposés? I wish you would let me alone. I am not doing anything wrong. Get this straight, and you may be able to understand me and my position better. I am an American boy, one hundred per cent, born in Brooklyn. From my earliest days as a kid, I have been imbued with the go-gettem spirit. Now one of the first things that an ambitious lad learns is that every opportunity for increasing his fame must be taken advantage of. Take off your coat, jump right in when you see the advantageous gulf at your feet. And if the opportunities don't materialize spontaneously there is just one thing to be done and that is to create them. That's been my motto all along, and people who have made up their minds that I'm cracked or have some sinister motive are simply deluding themselves."

In April of 1928, the newspapers again had a great deal to say about Weyman. It was in that month that the famous aviators known as the Bremen Fliers—Baron Gunther von Huenefeld, Major James Fitzmaurice, and Captain Hermann Koehl—flew the Atlantic, taking off from Ireland, and landing, a day and a half later, at Greenly Island, a barren spot off the coast of Canada. In the course of the landing, their plane was damaged, and they were stranded. The newspapers played up the flight almost as hysterically as they had played up Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris eleven months earlier. Two famous American fliers, Floyd Bennett and Bernt Balchen, flew from Detroit to Canada with a planeload of relief supplies for the heroes. But Bennett contracted pneumonia and died on the journey. His body was returned to the United States and given a hero's funeral at Arlington National Cemetery. Soon afterward, the Bremen Fliers announced by short-wave radio from Greenly Island that they were intent upon proceeding to Washington, D.C., by whatever means of transportation they could get, in order to lay a wreath on Floyd Bennett's grave. Balchen finally brought the Bremen Fliers as far as Curtiss Field, on Long Island, where a huge crowd had gathered to meet them. To the intense disappointment of Grover Whalen, New York's eternal official greeter, the heroes announced that they were going straight to Pennsylvania Station to take a train for Washington and would not participate in the ticker-tape parade up Broadway that Mr. Whalen had arranged. "We don't want a reception now," said Baron Gunther von Huenefeld. "Before we do anything else or accept any official greeting, we shall go to Washington and bow our heads at the grave of that brave and noble gentleman, Floyd Bennett." Mr. Whalen, who had planned an official welcome for the fliers at City Hall, had to content himself with meeting them in Pennsylvania Station in the company of only a handful of local dignitaries and newspaper reporters and photographers, and even in this modest ceremony of greeting, which was held in the office of the stationmaster, William Eagan, Mr. Whalen found himself interrupted in the middle of his speech of welcome and literally shoved aside. He was interrupted and shoved aside by Weyman, who had rushed into the crowded office of the stationmaster, announced that he was Captain Stanley Wyman, of the United States Volunteer Air Service, and said that Mayor James J. Walker had personally assigned him the mission of welcoming the Bremen Fliers to New York. Weyman was dressed in cavalry boots, light-colored whipcord breeches, and a darker Army jacket with a captain's bars on the shoulders and with embroidered silver wings on the breast. After shouldering Mr. Whalen aside, the Captain shook hands with the fliers and made an eloquent speech of welcome while Mr. Whalen stood tongue-tied. The Captain gave the fliers various pieces of advice, and then announced that all unauthorized persons must leave the room. There were three policemen there, and they were so hypnotized by the Captain's words and manner that they helped him shoo the people he said were unauthorized from the room, among them most of the dignitaries Mr. Whalen had brought with him and all the

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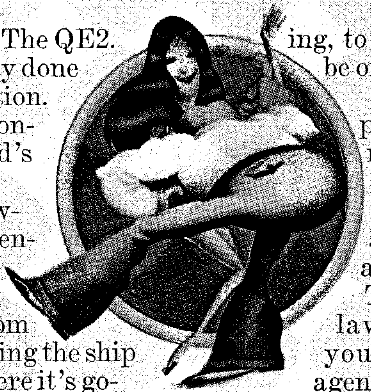

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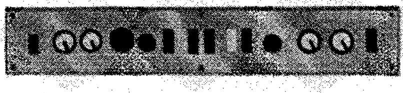
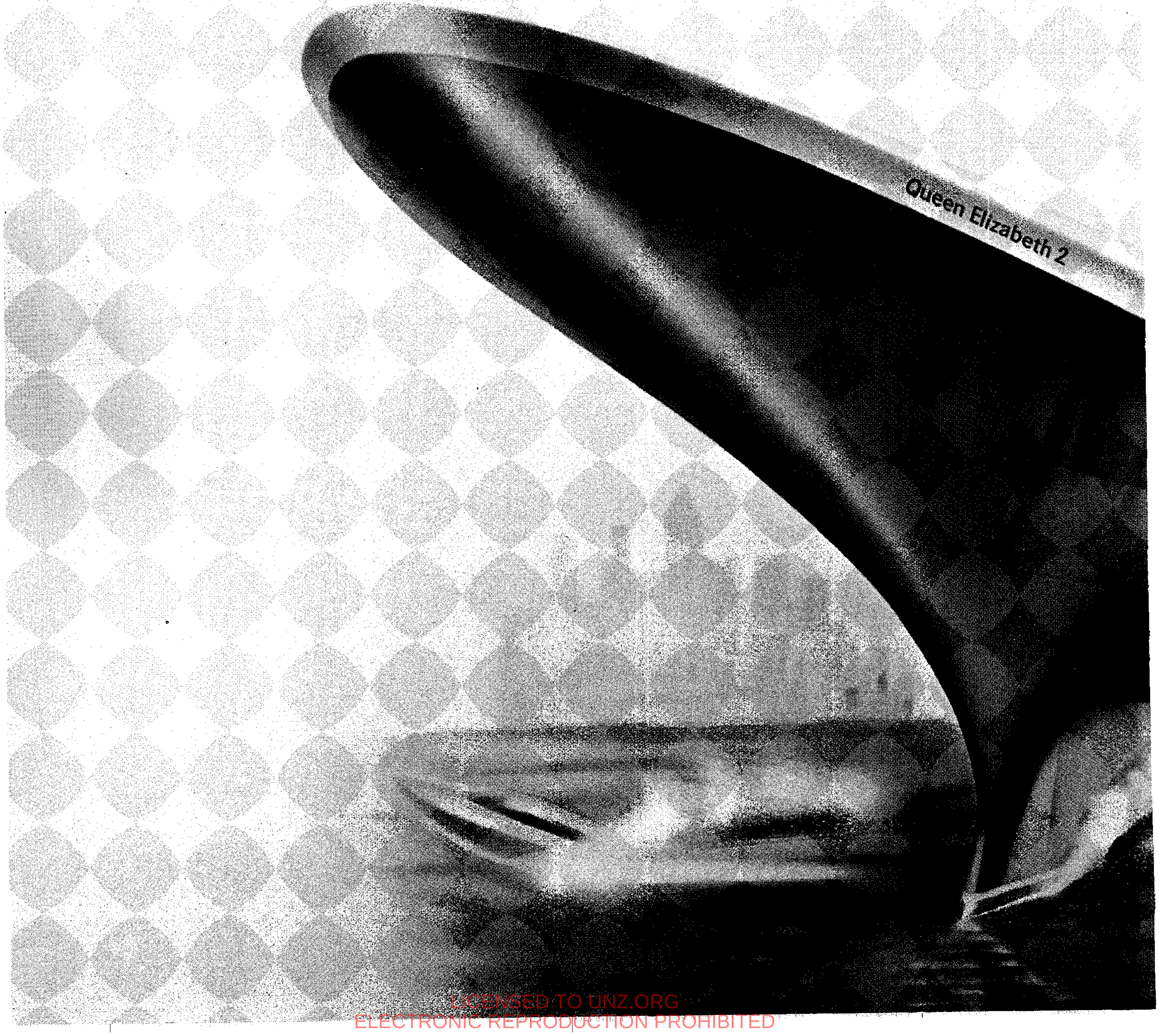


Then there's London's best contemporary art gallery, the Marlborough, right on board.

And super London restaurants, and Chelsea-Carnaby-Bond Street shops, and everything you'd expect to find in a perfectly normal British space ship.

The one thing we kept traditional, and lavish, was the service. By the way, you're almost overdue at your travel agent's:



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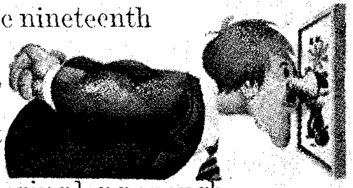

They've been dreary, and dull, and that's the one thing we won't stand for.

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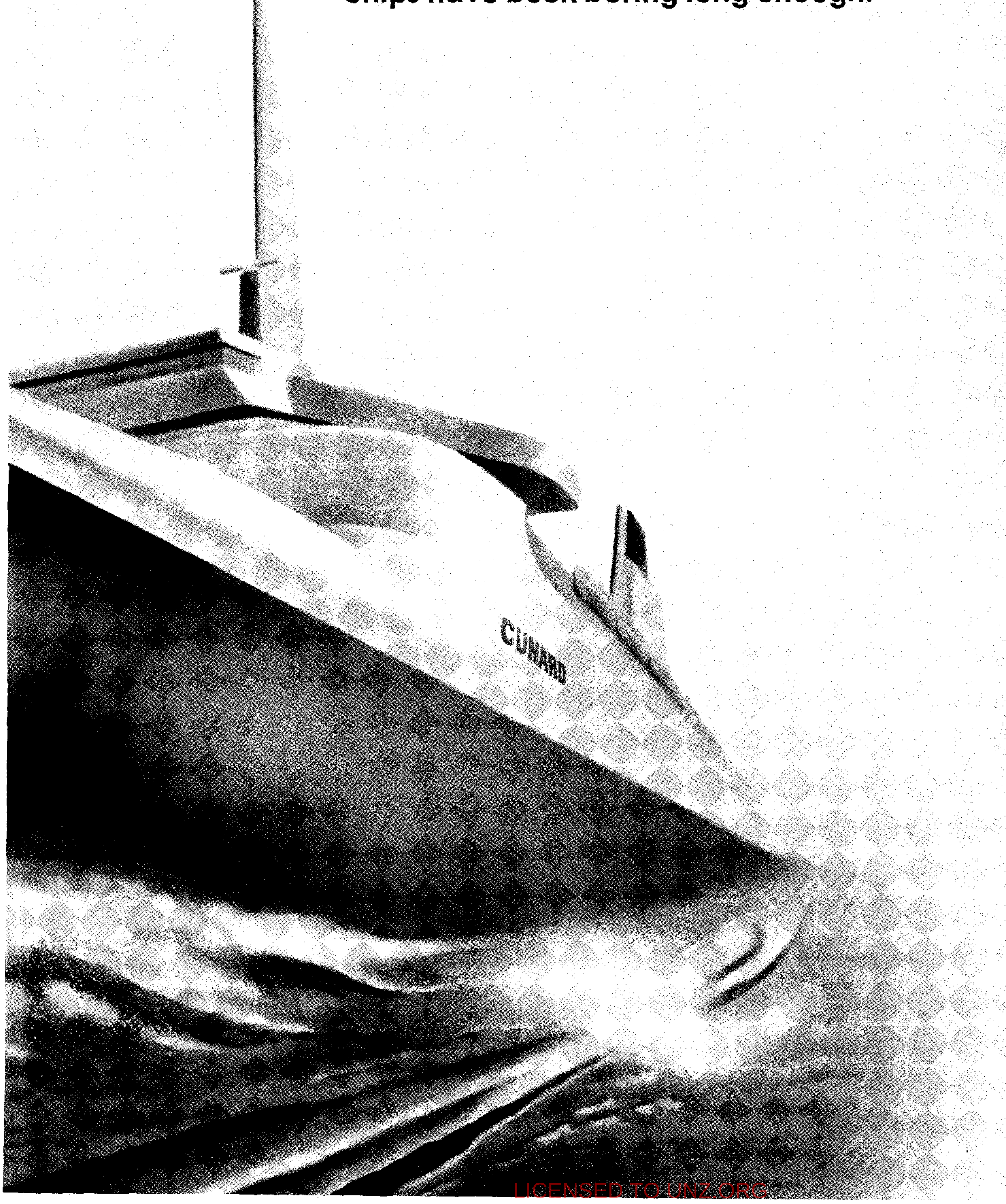

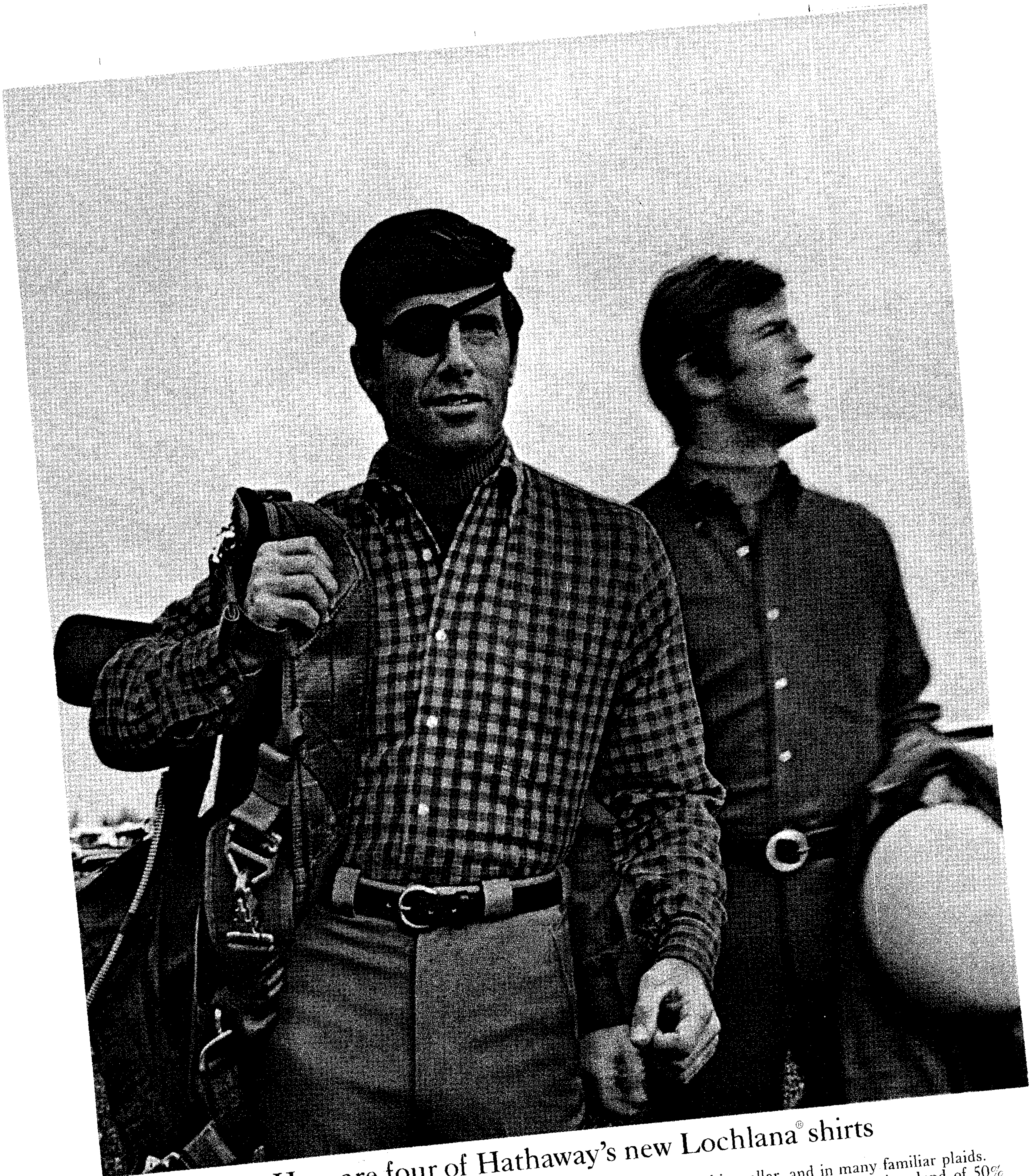

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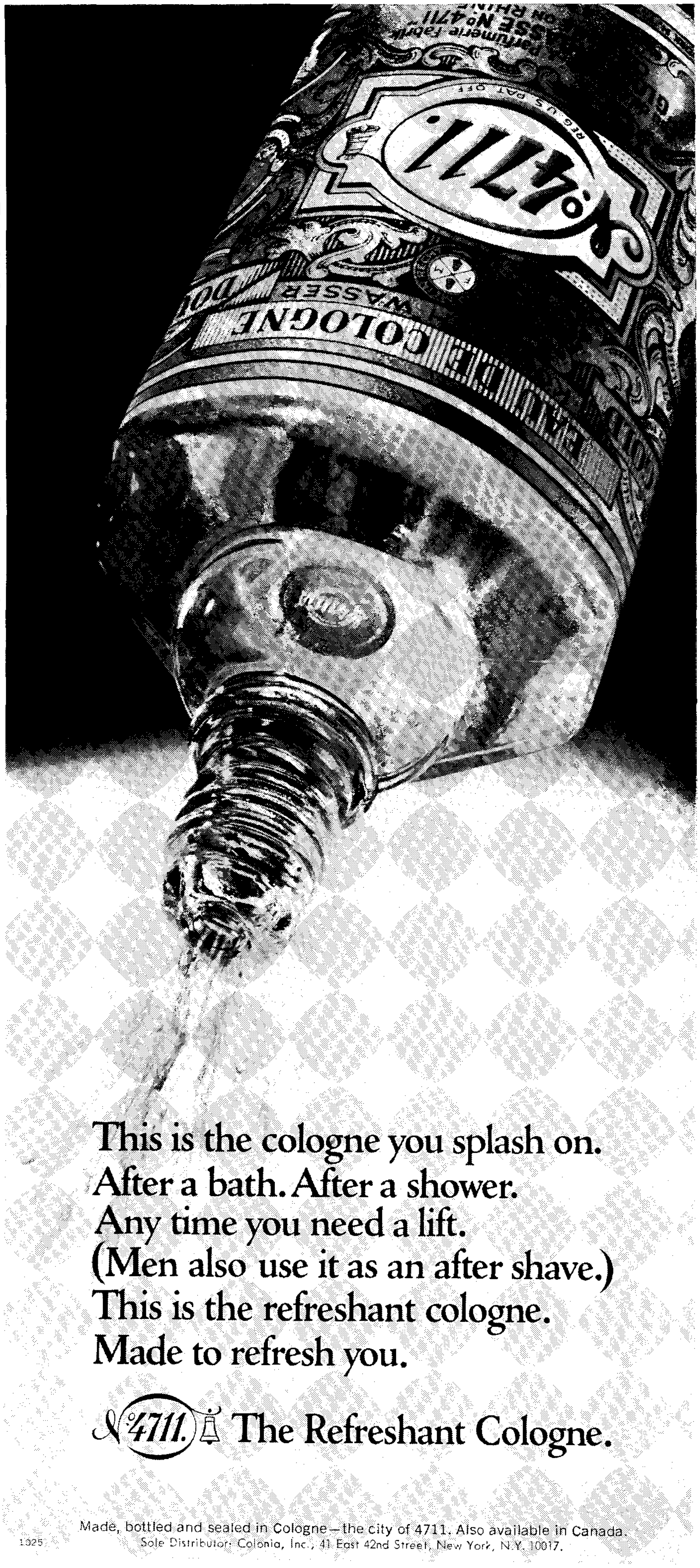
newspaper reporters and photographers. With the help of the policemen, the Captain then escorted the fliers to their train and put them aboard. The afternoon newspapers printed photographs of the Captain—taken before the press had been banished from the stationmaster's office—along with stories of the unusual ceremonies at the station. The reporters from the afternoon newspapers had had to hurry back to their offices to write these stories, but the reporters from the morning newspapers had hung around until after the Captain put the heroes aboard the train. Some of these reporters found themselves haunted by vague memories, and when the Captain reappeared, they forthrightly accused him of being the impostor who had run the funeral of Rudolph Valentino. Weyman muttered indignantly that such accusations were irrelevant, and stalked off—evidently to a subway that would take him back to Brooklyn. In the city rooms of the morning newspapers, the photographs of Captain Stanley Wyman were compared with photographs of Dr. Sterling C. Wyman, Pola Negri's physician, and the next morning the newspapers once again exposed an imposture after it had been successfully carried out. Grover Whalen was asked to comment on the matter but declined to do so. Siegel was in touch with Weyman after this escapade, and learned that the police were ignoring the whole matter, perhaps because three of them had been instrumental in making the imposture at Pennsylvania Station the success it was. The newspapers discovered that Weyman actually was a member of the United States Volunteer Air Service—though not a captain—and that he had joined it two months before he welcomed the Bremen Fliers at Pennsylvania Station. Lowell Limpus, a reporter for the *Daily News*, then joined the organization in order to investigate it from the inside, and he found that few of the members were pilots, and that even the head of the organization, a man named Glenn Elliott, had never flown an airplane.

Weyman was by now thirty-seven years old. He had been working at legitimate jobs of various kinds and reporting regularly to the parole authorities, and continued to do so after this imposture until February of 1930. He then failed to report to the parole officers, was arrested for violation of parole, and was sent back to Sing Sing, where he stayed for a year and five months. The same thing happened in February of 1932, except that this time he spent only ten months in Sing



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Sing. Siegel, who had kept in touch with him, found that after serving this sentence Weyman seemed much steadier than ever before, and Weyman told him that the psychiatrist at Sing Sing had helped him a great deal. Weyman said that his manic-depressive cycles had diminished in intensity, and that although he still had high moods and low moods, he didn't seem to have the compulsion any longer to get in on great events or to pull off impostures. He managed to support himself and his wife in the early years of the Depression, and in December of 1933 he was employed by the City Home Relief Bureau, working as a private secretary to Travis H. Whitney, the Civil Works Administrator. Newspapermen recognized him as the famous impostor, and all the newspapers carried first-page stories in which his past career was summarized once more. Weyman was quoted at this time as saying, "I was not sailing under false pretenses. I used my own name. I never pretended to be anything but what I am. I got along as well as I have on my own merit." Mr. Whitney himself was quoted as having said that he was "astonished" to learn who his private secretary was, that Weyman had been most efficient and helpful, and that, whatever he had been in the past, his job with the Home Relief Bureau was not in danger. The day after this exposure, Weyman resigned from his job. Mr. Whitney accepted his resignation without comment but made public Weyman's brief letter of resignation, which read, "My association with you has been a pleasant one. It was indeed a pleasure to have worked with you. It is with regret that I take this step, but I would rather suffer and sacrifice than embarrass you in the least." In January of 1935, Weyman was picked up by police on the Bowery and charged with vagrancy. Brief paragraphs about this in the newspapers at the time described him as "penniless and very bedraggled." A city magistrate sentenced him to four months in the workhouse. After he had served his sentence, he evidently pulled himself together somehow, for Siegel found later on that he was holding various legitimate jobs and was supporting his wife and daughter. For eight years, Weyman was not arrested for violation of parole or for anything else, and nothing appeared about him in the newspapers.

THEN, in the summer of 1943, when the country was at war with the Axis powers, Weyman was arrested in a midtown hotel in Man-

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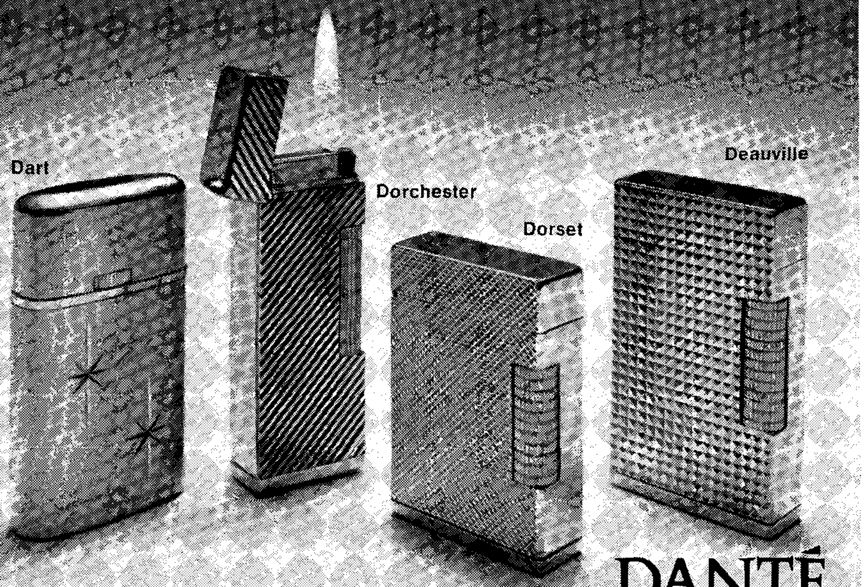

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hattan by the F.B.I., on the most serious charge that had ever been brought against him. The F.B.I. announced that Weyman had been operating a school for would-be draft dodgers, and that he was "the most flagrant violator of the Selective Service law yet to turn up here." Weyman engaged Siegel to defend him, and pleaded guilty to the charge before Judge Samuel Mandlebaum in the Federal Court in Manhattan. The F.B.I. had got wind of what Weyman was doing when a man named John P. Mataritondo, of East Eighteenth Street, in Manhattan, who had been drafted and assigned to Fort Dix, New Jersey, complained to his commanding officer that he had paid Weyman several hundred dollars because Weyman had promised to teach him how to pretend to be insane, so that he would not be drafted. In time, the F.B.I. rounded up six other men of draft age who admitted that they had paid Weyman to teach them how to evade the draft by faking symptoms of insanity. After being investigated thoroughly by the probation bureau of the Federal Court, and being examined by psychiatrists at Bellevue Hospital and declared sane, Weyman appeared in court to hear his sentence. He was now fifty-three years old, and he faced possible imprisonment of thirty-five years and possible fines of seventy thousand dollars. Before he was sentenced, he was asked if he had anything to say in his own behalf. He made a plea for "one more chance" to devote his "remaining years to some good." He had admitted freely in the course of the trial that what he had done in running the draft-dodgers' school was wrong, but he pointed out that he had taken money only from men who could not pass the Army physical examinations and therefore would not have been drafted anyway. This proved to be true. All the men rounded up by the F.B.I. had been examined by the Army and turned down on physical grounds. Mataritondo, the one man who had been drafted, was discharged from the Army a short time later on the same grounds. Weyman was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment and fined seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. The men who had paid him pleaded guilty at a separate hearing and received sentences ranging from one year to five years, the most severe sentence being handed out to a man whom the judge denounced because he had in the past received assistance from ten different city, state, and federal welfare agencies. Mataritondo, who had put the F.B.I. on Weyman's trail, was given a sus-

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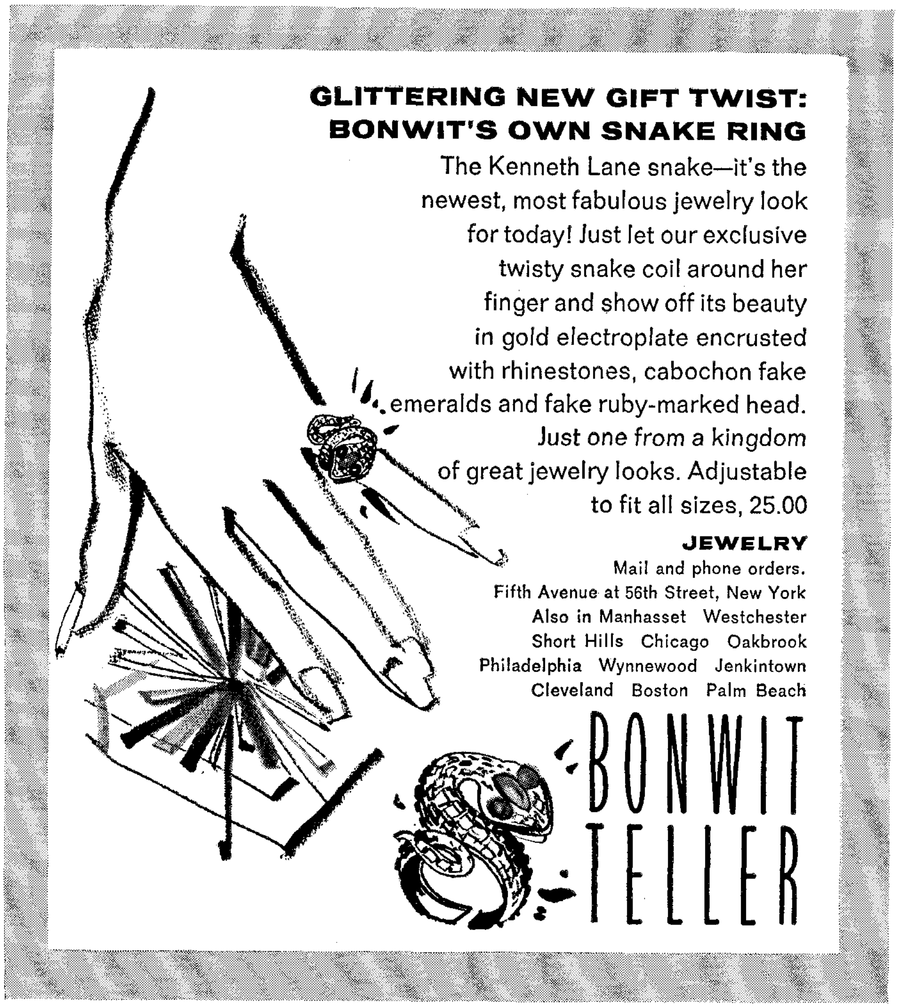

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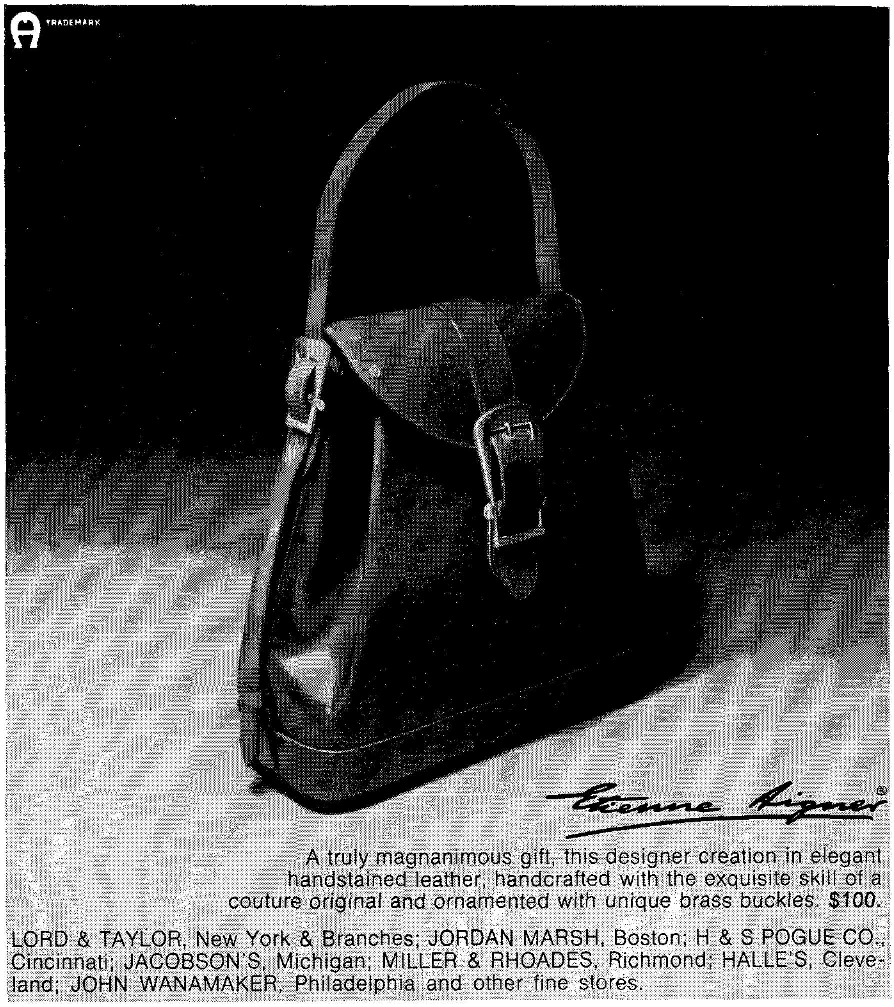

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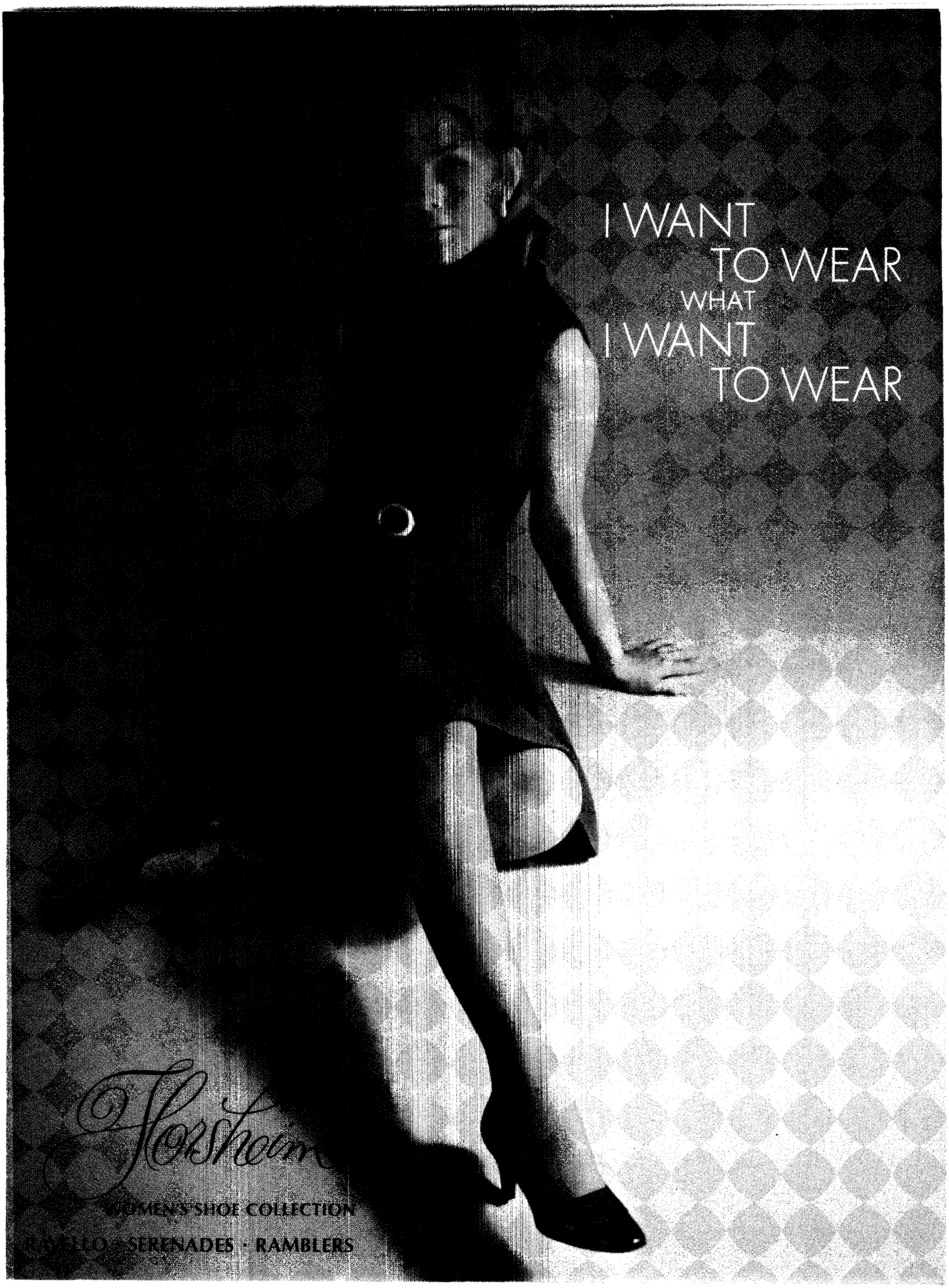
pended sentence. When Weyman was sentenced, he was wearing black shoes and gray spats, a dark business suit, and a black-and-white checked silk necktie, and was carrying a good-looking topcoat. He was able to pay a few thousand dollars of the fine but by no means all of it. He served five years of the seven-year sentence, being released early because of good behavior, and was paroled on November 10, 1948.

It wasn't long after Weyman was free again that he began looking around for the biggest thing going on in New York. The biggest thing going on was the United Nations. Using the name that he had now been using for many years past—Stanley Clifford Weyman—he got a job with the Erwin News Service, which had an office in Washington and also an office at the U.N. For two years, Weyman worked as a reporter for the news agency and, for the same agency, acted as the master of ceremonies for a weekly radio program on Balkan and Far Eastern Affairs for Station WFDR-FM, on which he conducted interviews with dozens of diplomats from various countries who were working at the U.N., and who, as far as anybody knows, were at least as genuinely diplomats as Weyman was genuinely an expert on Balkan and Far Eastern affairs. Nobody recognized him as the famous impostor from Brooklyn. He got several raises in salary from the agency and was highly thought of by its head, Robert A. Erwin, a Washington journalist. He was also highly thought of by the diplomats he interviewed on the radio program. One of these, the U.N. representative from Thailand, was so impressed by Weyman that he recommended to his embassy in Washington that it hire him as its press officer. The offer was duly made to Weyman, and Weyman wrote a letter to the State Department asking that he be allowed to accept this job with a foreign nation. The State Department, as a matter of routine, turned the letter over to the F.B.I., requesting that the bureau determine whether the applicant was eligible to become a registered agent of a foreign government. The F.B.I. took one look in its files and told the State Department who Weyman was. The F.B.I. also told the Erwin News Service in Washington who Weyman was, and Robert Erwin wired his New York office to discharge Weyman at once. Erwin said later that he had hated to do this but could hardly have done anything else. He said Weyman had done a splendid job in every way, and had never shown any sign of being any-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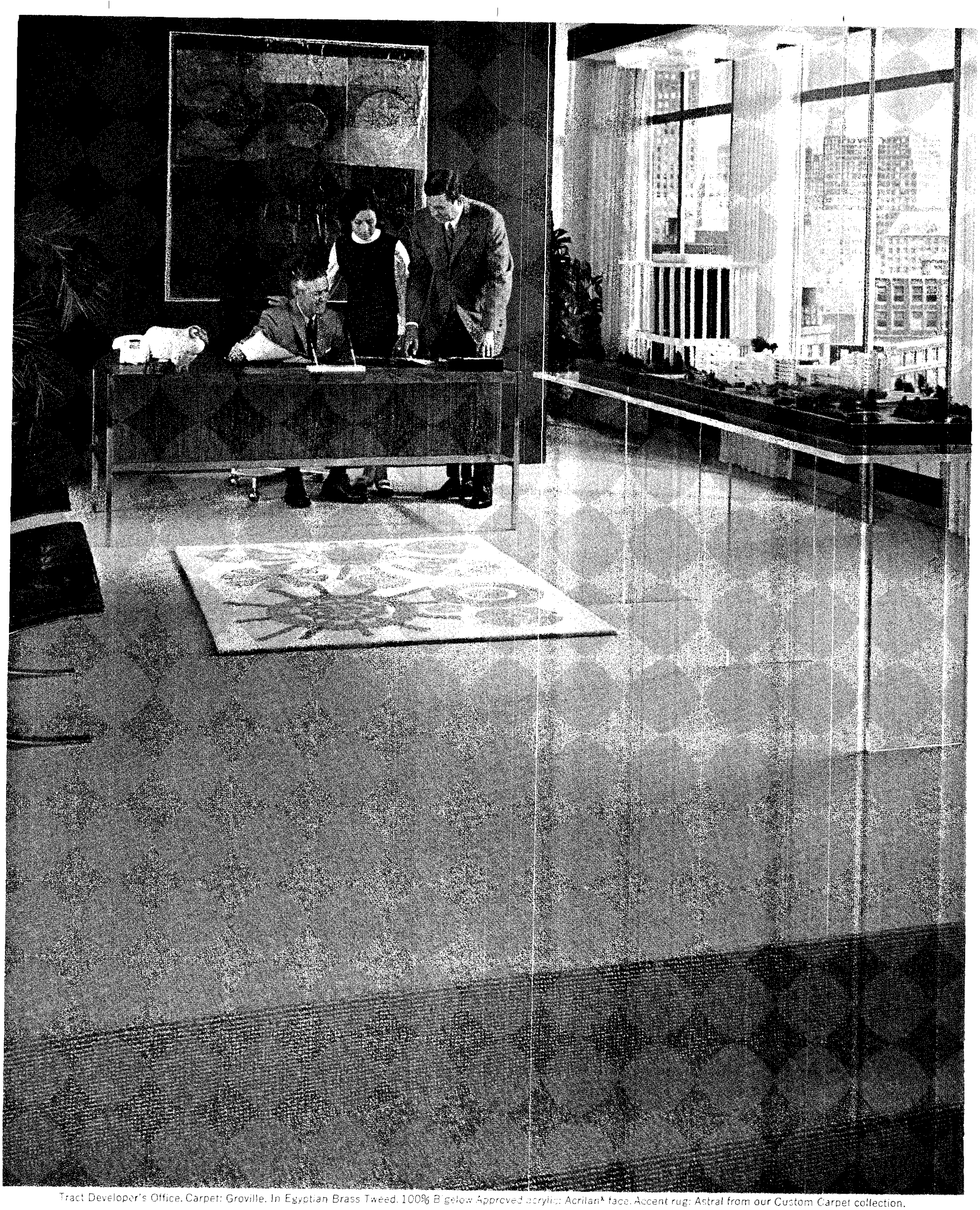
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thing except a competent journalist and a talented master of ceremonies on the radio program and a knowledgeable expert on Balkan and Far Eastern affairs. Weyman again hit the front pages of the New York newspapers, and of the Washington ones as well. Siegel saw him at this time, and recalled subsequently that, as far as he could see, Weyman had entirely overcome whatever mental trouble he had suffered from in the past, and seemed to accept what had happened philosophically and without rancor. He was sixty-one years old then, and was still living with his wife in Brooklyn. He had violated no law, and was not arrested.

Weyman's final appearance in court as a defendant occurred in May of 1954, when he was sentenced in the Federal Court in Brooklyn after being found guilty on a four-count indictment charging him with making false statements to obtain loans from the Federal Housing Administration. The indictment charged that he had obtained twenty-one hundred dollars from the Nassau County National Bank of Rockville Center and six thousand dollars from the Franklin National Bank of Franklin Square, both on Long Island. In his application for the F.H.A. loans, he had said he owned property on Pacific Street, Brooklyn, and on Van Buren Avenue, East Meadow, Long Island. He was represented by Siegel, and when the trial came up, before Judge Leo F. Rayfiel, he pleaded guilty. In the course of the trial, Siegel established that Weyman actually did own the two pieces of property, for the deeds were in his name. The prosecution, however, brought out that the only buildings on the lots were dilapidated wooden shacks, and that actually Weyman had no equity in the pieces of property, because of liens against them. Weyman was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months in the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta. Before he was sentenced, he was asked if he had anything to say in his behalf, and he shook his head. He was dressed in a neat gray business suit. He stood with his head up, and there was an unmistakable air of dignity about him. As he was being taken out of the courtroom by two guards, he evidently said something amusing to them, for just before the door closed behind them one of them chuckled and the other smiled. Weyman himself had a thin smile on his lips, beneath his trim mustache. Before being tried, Weyman had been examined by psychiatrists appointed by the court, and they had certified that

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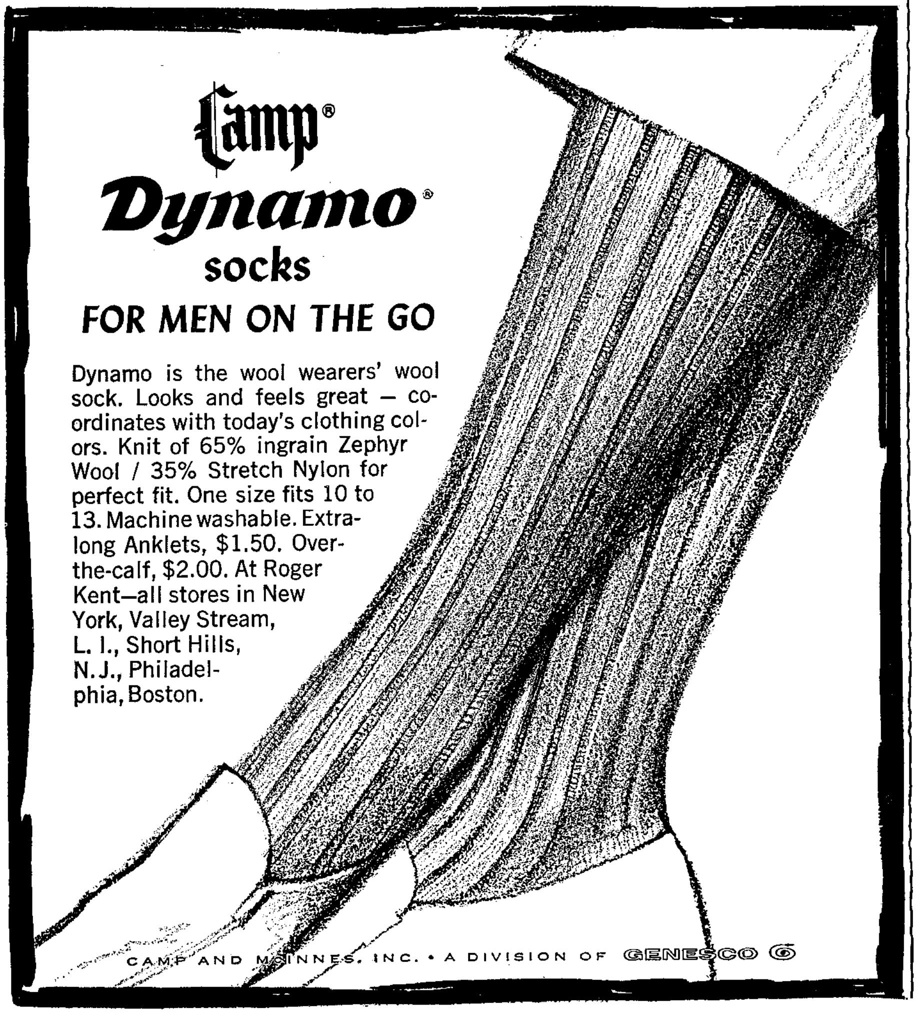

he not only was legally sane but, as far as they could tell, was without symptoms of any kind of mental illness or emotional instability. In the years that had gone by since Weyman had described himself in another court as a manic-depressive, that particular mental illness had ceased to be regarded as incurable. At the time of his last appearance in court, it was being classified as a psychotic condition that could be cured by psychoanalysis, and there had been some case histories of manic-depressives who, like Weyman, had been able, with a small amount of help from psychiatrists, to achieve sufficient insight into their condition to cure themselves.

When Weyman emerged from his last stay behind prison bars, he was in even better shape, physically and emotionally, than when he was sentenced. Siegel saw him several times. Weyman's younger brothers were all doing well, and some of them had contributed to the support of his wife while he was in prison. They continued to help him along for a while after he returned to Brooklyn from Atlanta. Weyman used some of the cash they supplied him with to go several times to Dinty Moore's, the famous New York restaurant on Forty-sixth Street just west of Broadway. He dined there alone. He told Siegel later on that he had gone to this restaurant simply because he wanted to eat some superior food after his long stay in prison. He still had good clothes to wear and still possessed his great charm, and he got well acquainted with the waiters and the captains, and one day he introduced himself—as Stanley Clifford Weyman—to Dinty Moore's daughter, who had inherited the place and was actively engaged in its operation. He told Miss Moore that he thought he could make himself useful in her restaurant as a sort of informal greeter and host, and told her he would ask for only a small salary and his meals in return for his services. Miss Moore was impressed by him, as so many other people had been over the years. She told him she would give him a trial, and he soon became a favorite of many of the regular customers, who included numerous celebrities of one kind or another, and also quite a few lawyers and judges. As far as is known, none of the judges who had sentenced him to prison in the past happened to eat at Dinty Moore's. After a few weeks, Miss Moore raised Weyman's salary. When that happened, Weyman told her in a disarming fashion that he had been in prison many times and that he was the famous impostor from Brooklyn, of whom she had probably heard. She was astonished, but told him that what he had been in the past didn't make any difference to her. She told him not to reveal his true identity to the customers, because it might tend to alarm them. As Weyman went about his duties, he didn't carry a menu in his hand, nor did he take orders for food or drinks. He would say a few words to customers at the entrance and chat with them pleasantly until they were taken in charge by the headwaiter or one of the captains. He put on no airs, and he never forced himself on old customers or new ones. Frequently, customers would beckon him over to their tables after they had sat down, and engage him in conversation, because they found him modest and enjoyable to talk with and well informed on a vast variety of subjects. One of the regular customers was the editor-in-chief of a well-known national magazine, who often had lunch or dinner alone at the restaurant. He came to know Weyman well—or, at least, he came to know the Weyman of this particular phase—and used to have long conversations with him about all kinds of things. This customer said later that Weyman showed immense sensitivity and tact, seeming always to know exactly when he felt like talking and when he wished to be left to himself. People who had known Weyman in his youth and middle age and who saw him during this period noticed that he seemed to have a sense of humor—something he had never displayed before. He had not become a phrase-maker or a gagman, they explained later, but he appeared to have developed a different way of looking at life and at himself, which led him to say amusing things. In other words, it seemed that he looked at himself and at life with humor, and that he had learned that humor illuminates the truth. The editor later remarked that Weyman's sense of humor was one of the most attractive things about him. Weyman had probably always had a sense of humor, but it had been dormant for most of his adult life, because of the pressures of unresolved interior conflicts and the effects of his particular psychosis. As he freed himself from compulsions and conflicts, he also managed to set loose his sense of humor. In any event, he was clearly content, and perhaps even happy, in his senescence.

To Miss Moore's surprise, Weyman told her before opening time one morning that he wanted to give up the job at which he was obviously such a great

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success. He told her he had found that there was a job open as the night manager at the Dunwoodie Motel, one of several modern motels on Yonkers Avenue, in Yonkers, and that he wished to take the job, because it would be an easy one, with adequate pay. Miss Moore offered him a higher salary than he was getting, but he told her that it wasn't money he was interested in—that, actually, his salary as night manager of the motel would be less than the one she was already paying him. Miss Moore said later that Weyman had told her he enjoyed his job at the restaurant. "Then why do you want to leave?" Miss Moore said she had asked him. "I seem to require a certain amount of solitude," he replied. "I want more time to think, and with this all-night job in the motel I can sleep in the mornings and have all afternoon to take short walks around town and sit in the sun in Central Park on nice days."

Late at night on August 27, 1960, about a year after Weyman went to work at the motel, a pair of gunmen walked in and came up to the reception desk. Weyman was alone behind the desk, and the occupants of the motel were all asleep in their rooms. They were awakened by the sound of gunfire. One of them called the police, and a squad car with two patrolmen arrived in a few minutes. The patrolmen found Weyman dead. His body was not behind the reception desk but on the floor of the reception room itself; the cashbox, still locked, was on the floor behind the counter. The detectives were eventually able to reconstruct what had happened. The cashbox was normally kept on a shelf under the counter. "What the man did, evidently, was to take the cashbox from the shelf as if he were going to hand it to the holdup men," one of the detectives said later. "Then he must have thrown the cashbox over his head and onto the floor to distract them and leaped over the counter, going after the armed men barehanded. It took the agility of a young man to leap over that counter. But he must have leaped over it after he threw the cashbox over his head, because if he had simply *climbed* slowly over it, they would have shot him while he was doing it. As it was, they must have shot him just before he got to them, because his body was about seven feet beyond the counter. I've known about the man's past record for years. He did a lot of things in the course of his life, but what he did this time was brave."

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(*This is the second of two articles on Stanley Clifford Weyman.*)

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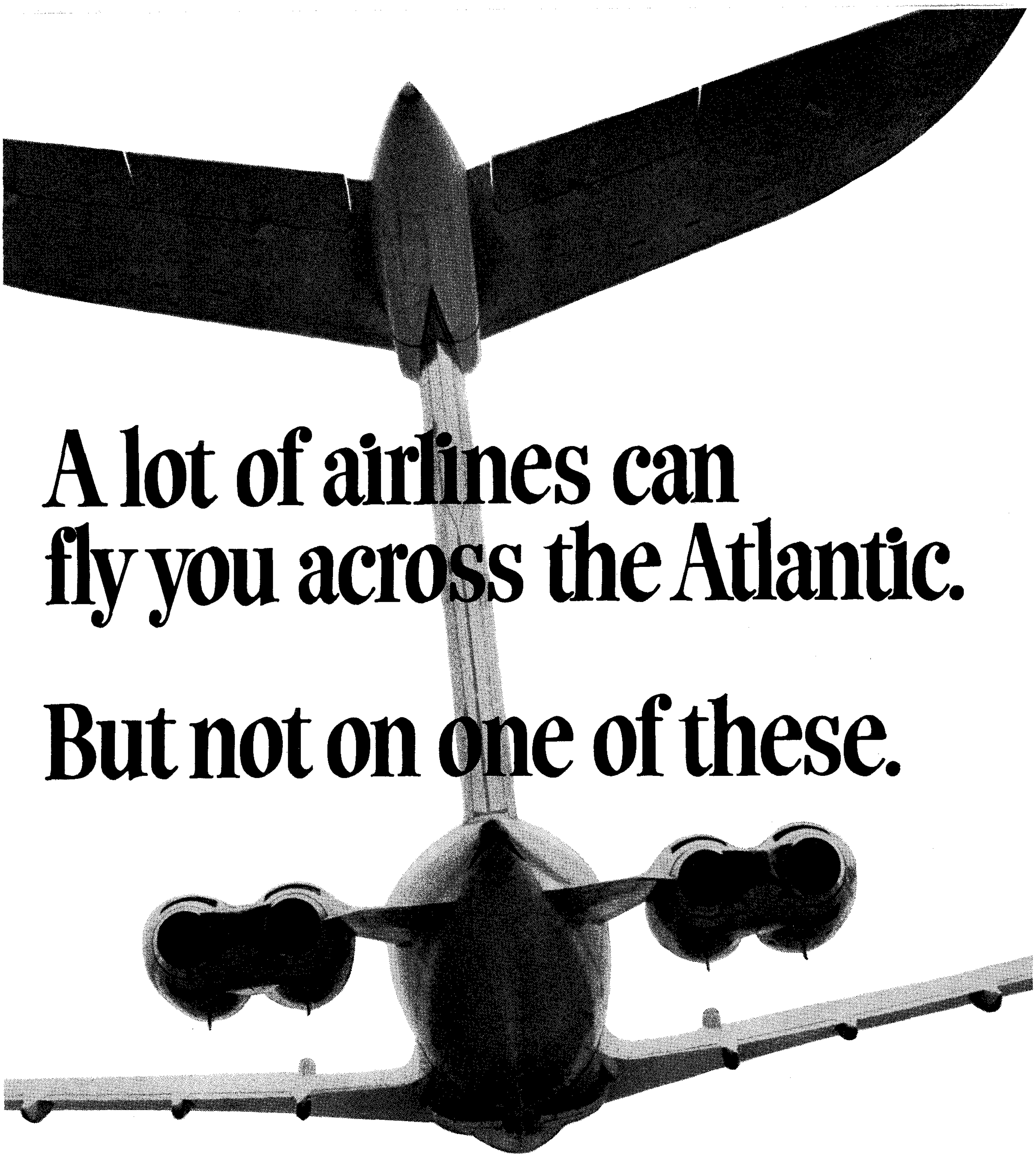

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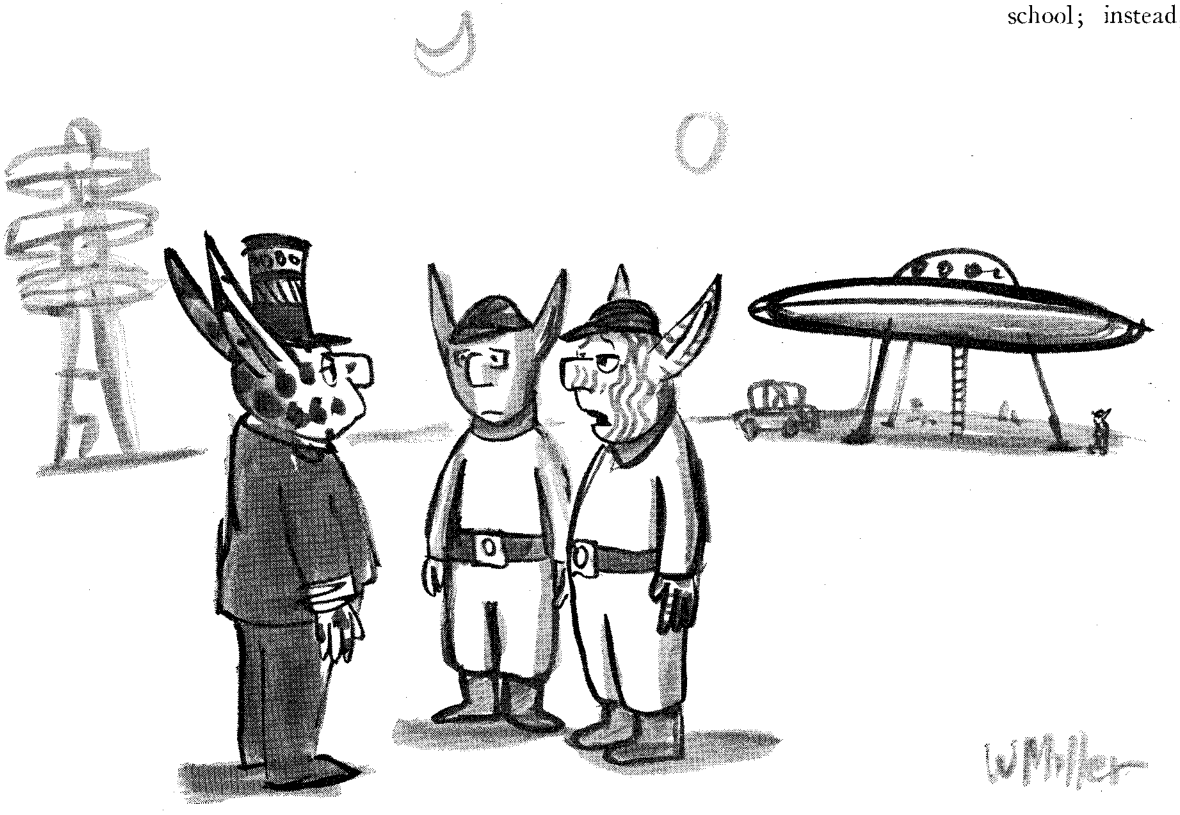
THE THEATRE

IMITATIONS

HIGH on the long list of plays that ought never to be written are plays about how the great men of our civilization—Shakespeare, Newton, Mozart, and the like—first set their winged feet on the path that was to lead them up, up, and away from the rest of us. Doomed as such enterprises are, they continue to be turned out with unabatable zest by playwrights possessing a certain type of second-rate talent. The distinguishing mark of these playwrights is that they not only live beyond their intellectual means but are unaware of doing so; irresistibly tempted to dabble in the mystery of the nature of their betters, they feel not the slightest sense of being unfit for the task, and I find that my astonishment at their temerity is sometimes so great that it risks being mistaken for admiration. Aghast, I shake my head: how can anyone pretend to provide us with, for example, glimpses of the workings of the mind of Shakespeare—how dare he put words, phrases, lines, whole speeches into that mouth of all mouths? I would have more confidence in a playwright's attempt to dramatize Kant's plunge into the saltwater taffy of the categorical imperative than I would in his attempt to have young Will Shakespeare utter so much as three words about the weather up Shropshire way. The poet who wrote "Daffodils,/That come before the swallow dares, and take/The winds of March with beauty" is not to be successfully patronized by twentieth-century imitations of his eloquence. Yet playwrights go on weaving these tawdry yard goods, and I, not learning resignation, go on vainly deploring them.

The latest specimen of mock-Elizabethiana to be presented here is "A Cry of Players," which the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is putting on at the Vivian Beaumont, in alternation with "King Lear." (Someone must have thought it awfully clever to pair off true Shakespeare with false. It turns out that the laughably vast discrepancy between the two is diminished only by the fact that the production of the *genuine article* is so bad and the production of the fake is so—comparatively—good. That obtuseness can be mitigated by incompetence is an irony not to be encouraged.) The author of "A Cry of Players," William Gibson, archly refrains from identifying his hero by a last name, but either the play is about Shakespeare, and by this means blackmails us into attention, or it is about any one of a hundred thousand moonstruck young men who have hoped to grow up and be writers, in which case it instantly loses the tiny purchase on our interest that it has won by semantic trickery. For the hero is named Will, he has a wife named Anne, and they live in a small town somewhere in the green English countryside, sometime in the fifteen-eighties. Will is plagued by a triple need—to know more about women, to know more about life, to know more about himself. He is sick of working as a tanner for his senile failure of a father, sick of going to bed with a wife who is eight years older than he and whose first pregnancy was the occasion of their marriage, and sick of not putting to some noble purpose the afflatus he feels consuming him. In trouble with Anne over his pursuit of a luscious doxy, and in trouble with a local J.P. over a poaching episode, he throws away a chance to settle down into the safe obscurity of teaching school; instead, he joins a company of strolling players and runs away to London to become . . . why, to become simply the greatest writer that has ever lived. And is there anywhere in "A Cry of Players" a single substantial hint of genius in this unhappy young man? Alas, not one. Indeed, as the play is written, it is the fierce and passionate Anne who should have run away to London and become, like a heroine in Defoe, by many an arduous dodge, an old dragon of a duchess.

What saves the evening, though it cannot save the play, is the devotion displayed toward a hapless cause by a handful of excellent actors. With little in the text to help him, Frank Langella, as



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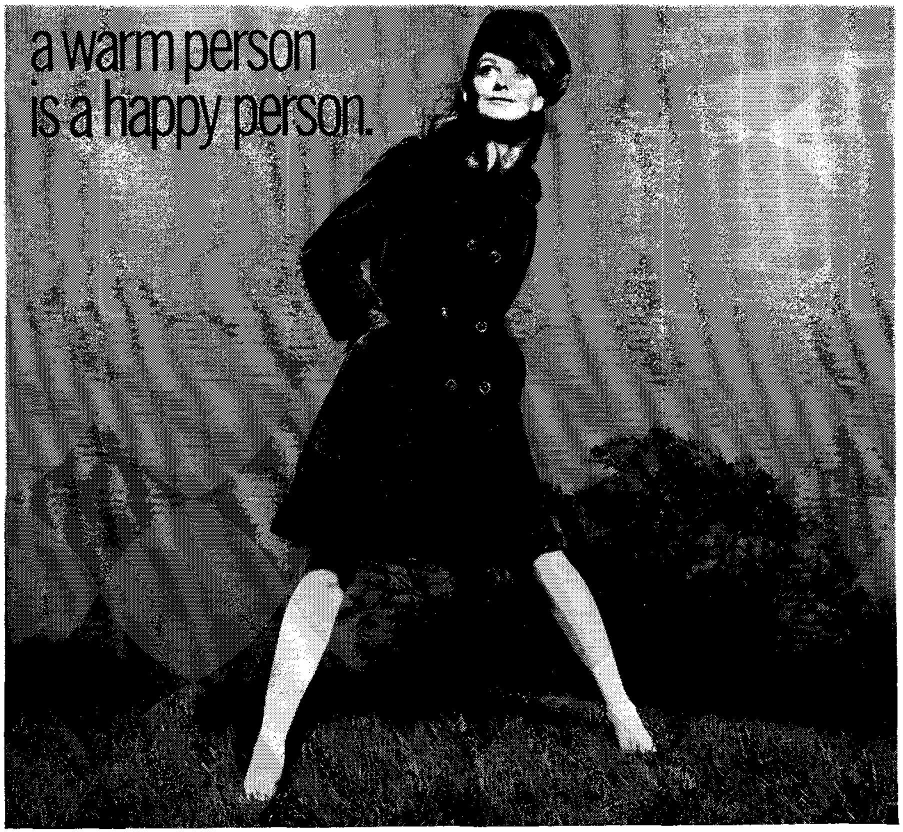

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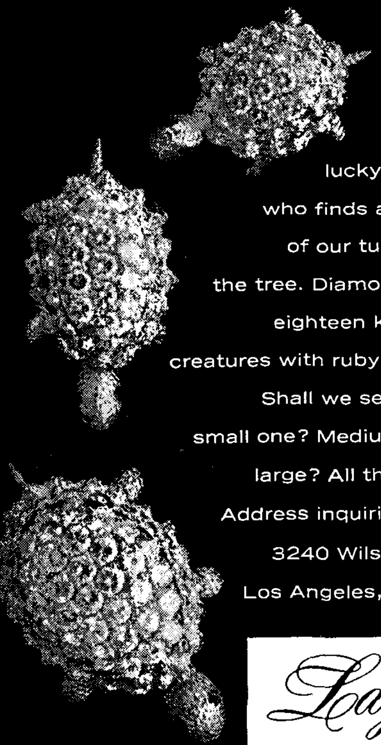

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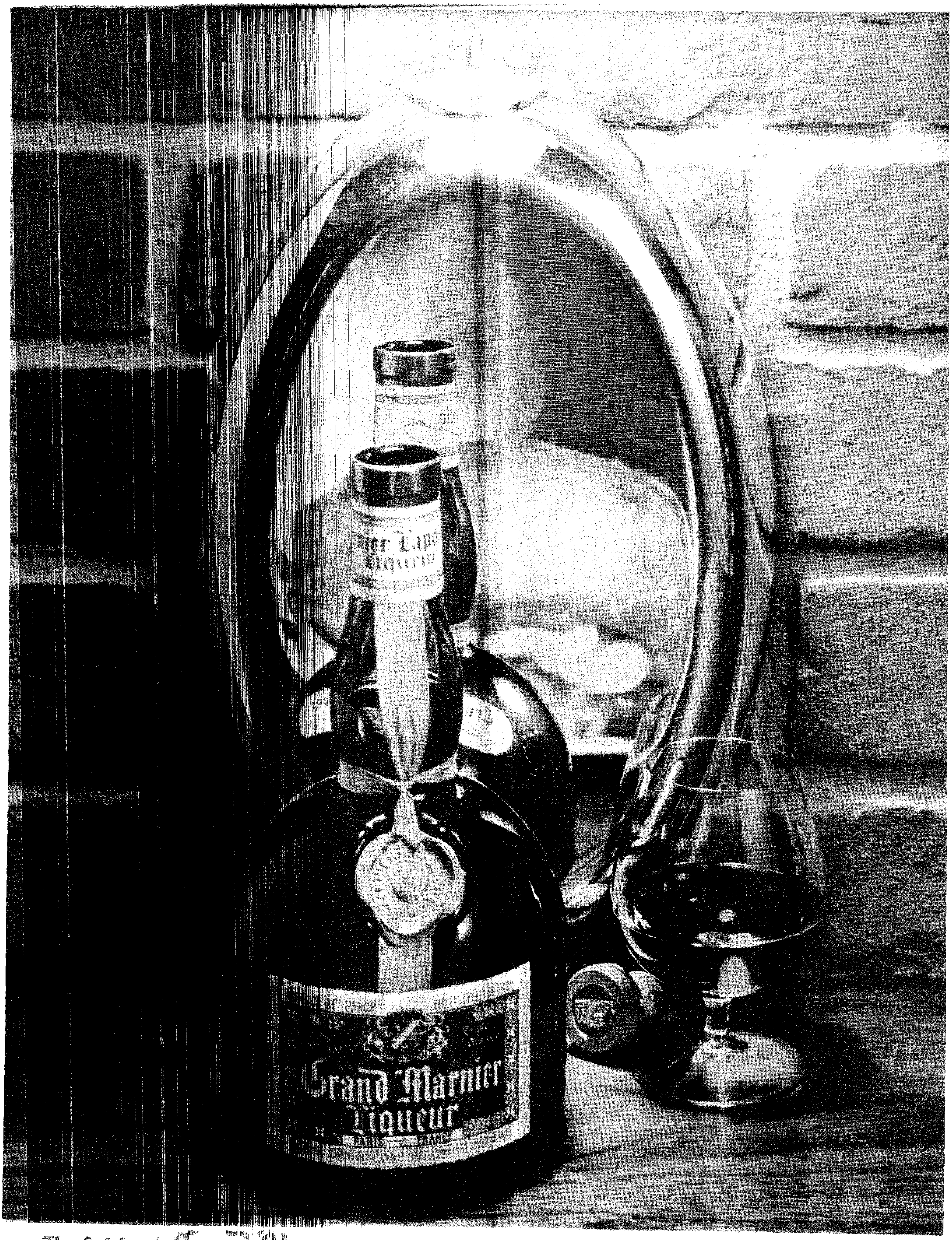
Will, conveys not merely boyish charm but also a semblance of untested superiority; unfairly, we keep expecting him to improvise lines on the order of "Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang." Anne Bancroft, shifting oddly back and forth between an Irish accent and an American one, makes a plausibly possessive housewife, and Stephen Elliott is admirable as the testy J.P., who in forcing himself to see some good in Will is forced to see evil in himself as well. Robert Symonds and Rene Auberjonois rejoice, as actors always do, in playing actors, and Susan Tyrrell (whose voice I beg her to train out of its "cute" squeakiness) plays the doxy with a suitably dishevelled lustiness. The play was ably directed by Gene Frankel, and the settings, at once heavy and sketchy, are by David Hays.

"ZORBA" is a big, sunny, agreeably tuneful musical, put together with discreet art to appeal to the widest possible Broadway audience. It has been taken from the celebrated novel "Zorba the Greek," by Nikos Kazantzakis. I didn't read the book but, by Zeus, I saw the movie, and the musical at the Imperial follows it almost scene by scene: a tour de force of energetic stagecraft that owes much to the ingenuity of the settings, by Boris Aronson, which, though seemingly of solid masonry and tile, spin about on rollers and drop from the flies with the eye-deceiving celerity of cinematic montage. The cast is large and singularly unbeautiful—most of the men are short and swarthy, and many of the women middle-aged—and this almost total neglect of conventional sex symbols (one belly dancer to thirty-eight non-belly dancers!) is evidently a calculated risk. We are supposed to be immersed in the affairs of a Cretan village, circa 1924, but in fact we are being invited to join a timeless ethnic picnic, from which no descendant of a Mediterranean people—Jew, Greek, Turk, Spaniard, Frenchman, Italian, Moroccan, Maltese, or what you will—need feel excluded. Wasp members of the audience may protest that they have been somewhat discriminated against, but then they make up an ignored minority nearly everywhere these days, and a couple of the songs, especially an uptight number called "Why Can't I Speak?," should give them a sense of being at least temporarily at home.

For most of its length, "Zorba" trundles along at a high level of pleasurable, uninspired competence; late in



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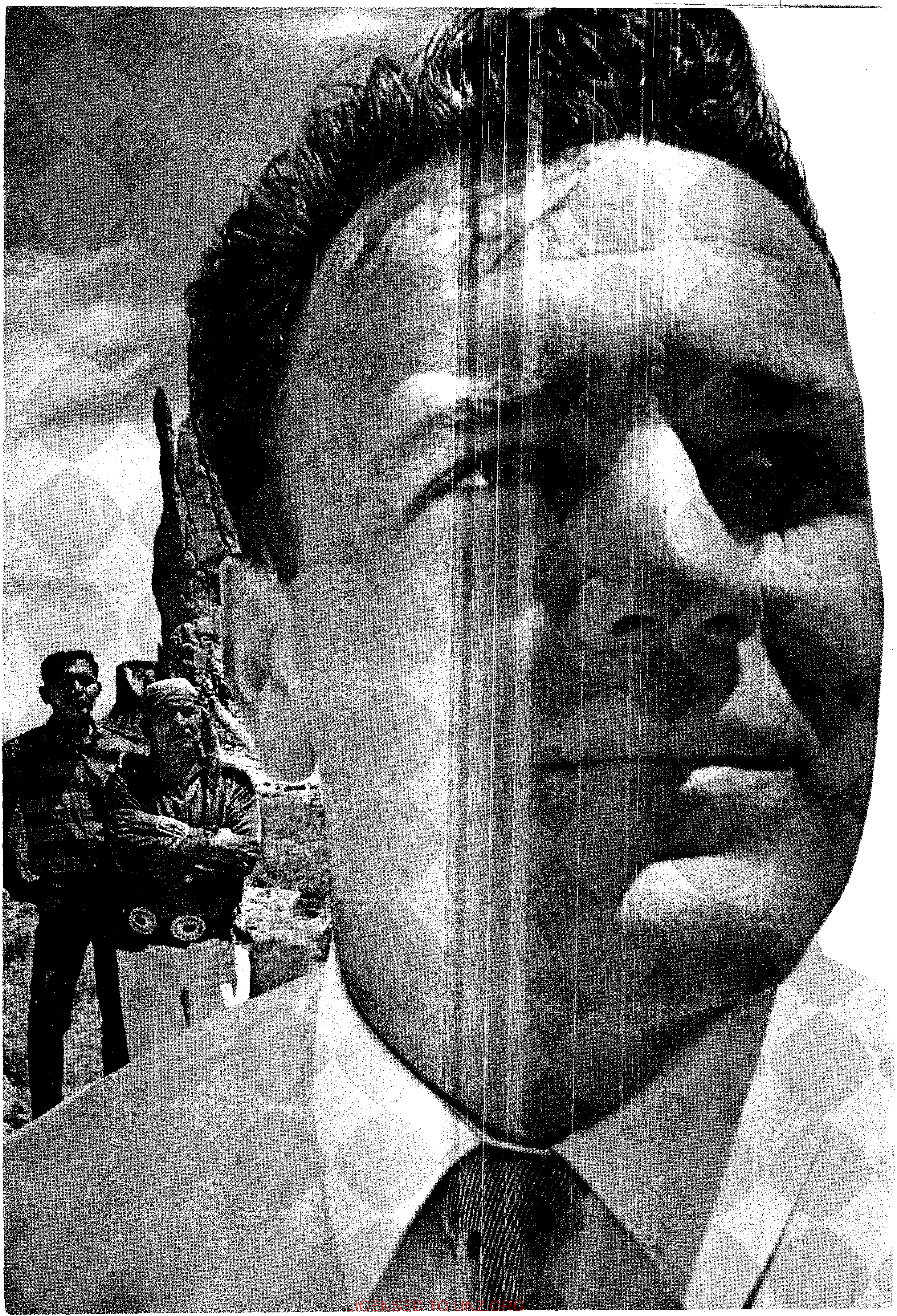

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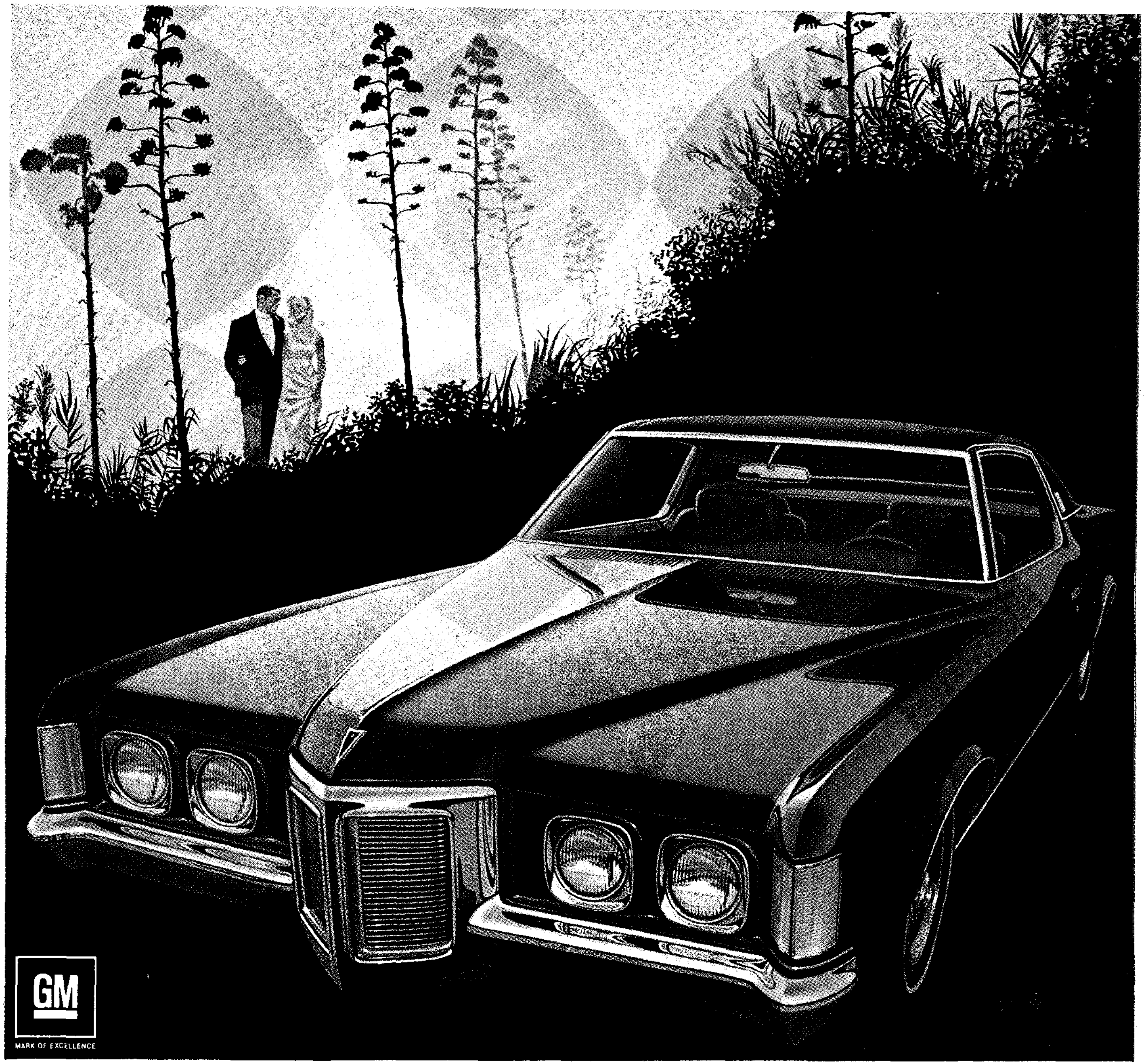

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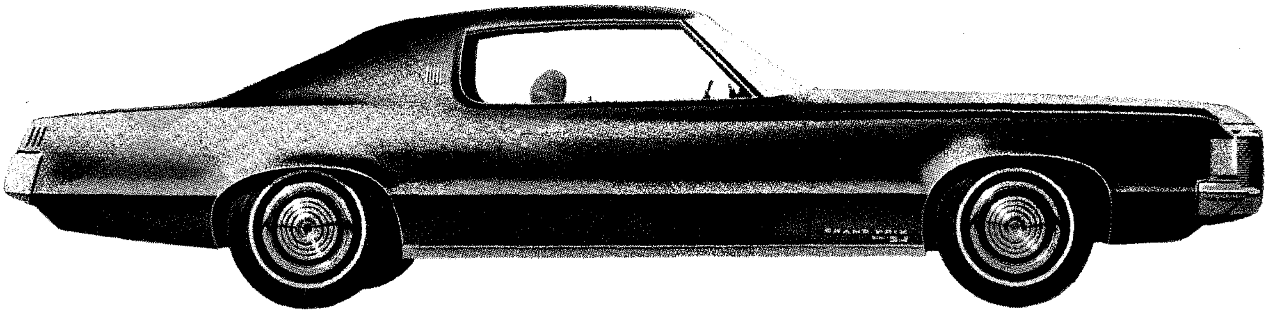

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'69—The year of the great Pontiac break away

the second act there comes a scene that outwits our expectations and justifies a number of earlier scenes by suddenly reaching out and touching our hearts. Maria Karnilova, as Hortense, an old and rather blowsy French demirep, lies dying in her tacky little souvenir-haunted bedroom, watched over by Zorba (Herschel Bernardi) and Nikos (John Cunningham). Her mind wandering, she recalls how proud her mother was of her on her sixteenth birthday; with a convincingness that has in it something downright supernatural, Miss Karnilova thereupon floats up out of bed and begins to dance and sing a song called "Happy Birthday," simultaneously incarnating the dying old woman in the bed and a pretty girl dancing in her new white organdie dress. It is an episode as recklessly sentimental as, say, the recognition scene in "City Lights," and Miss Karnilova brings it off to perfection.

The burden of the musical falls upon Mr. Bernardi's shoulders, and he appears to rejoice in its weight. He makes a splendid Zorba—wily, restless, affectionate, and, one hopes, immortal. Mr. Cunningham is necessarily subdued as a properly brought-up young mine owner, and so is Carmen Alvarez as the widow he is drawn to, whose few moments of happiness with him lead to her being stabbed to death by her fellow-villagers. Lorraine Serabian, who serves as a leader of the chorus, is a good-looking girl and belts out her songs with Streisand *brio*. One of the male dancers in the show has the ability to lift with his teeth a table supporting a good-sized young woman; I could dine out on a knack like that all winter, and I am eager for my dentist to observe the performance and, if he can, explain it. The music of "Zorba" is by John Kander and the lyrics are by Fred Ebb; the book was prepared by Joseph Stein; and the entire production was directed by the producer, Harold Prince, who is one smart cookie. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Tuesday's Child

VINIE BURROWS is an extremely attractive and graceful Negro actress. Last week, at the Greenwich Mews, she presented a program of "the black scene in prose, poetry, and song," under the title "Walk Together Children." First of all, it must be said that, unlike most solo flights, this one works, partly because of Miss Burrows' own flexibility and accomplishment, and

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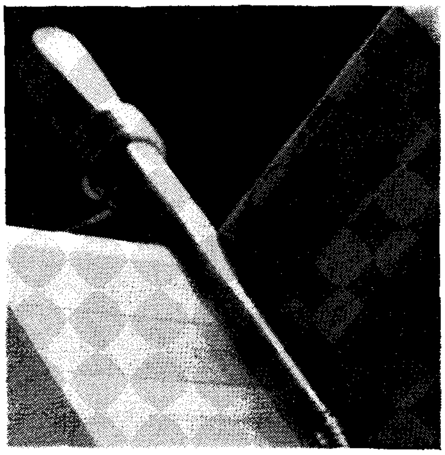

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partly because of the variety of her selections. And, that having been said, it must also be said that the evening gets off to a poor and misleading start with a passage from Benét's "John Brown's Body," set aboard a slave ship, in which Miss Burrows must impersonate not only an old Yankee captain but his first mate—an assignment that I should think would have been too much for even the late Ruth Draper. Besides, the passage is about the white scene, not the black. The reason I go on about it is that I wish Miss Burrows would drop it, good as it is, and substitute something that would set her immediately on her own track.

A high point of the evening for me was Paul Laurence Dunbar's "The Party," in which a black woman, still beside herself with relish and delight on the morning after, describes a most wonderful ball where she and all her friends from all the plantations around were guests, and which evokes a whole way of life back before the Civil War. Also very good are "Jazz Poem," by Carl Wendell Hines, a moving tribute to the saxophonist Charlie Parker, with a taped saxophone accompaniment by Parker; two poems by Langston Hughes—"Alberta K. Johnson" and "Let America Be America Again"—the first of which is sharp and funny and the second stirring; and, above all, the fierce, passionate, brilliant "Jitterbugging in the Streets," by Calvin Hernton. The pleasures of "Walk Together Children" are partly literary, giving many of us a chance to at least get acquainted with the work of many poets we may never have heard of, and to see and hear for ourselves the change in the attitudes and behavior of the Negro American over the past hundred years or so. Miss Burrows has chosen her material well, and she performs it with feeling, humor, and control.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

The four bellwether areas—one each in New Hampshire, Iowa, Wyoming and Oregon—reversed their Democratic trends of the past two presidential elections to give clear-cut edges to the Republican nominee.

But another New Hampshire region, Coos County, nestled against the Cambodian border in the northernmost part of the state, swung to Democrat Hubert H. Humphrey and missed the White House bandwagon for the first time since 1888.—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

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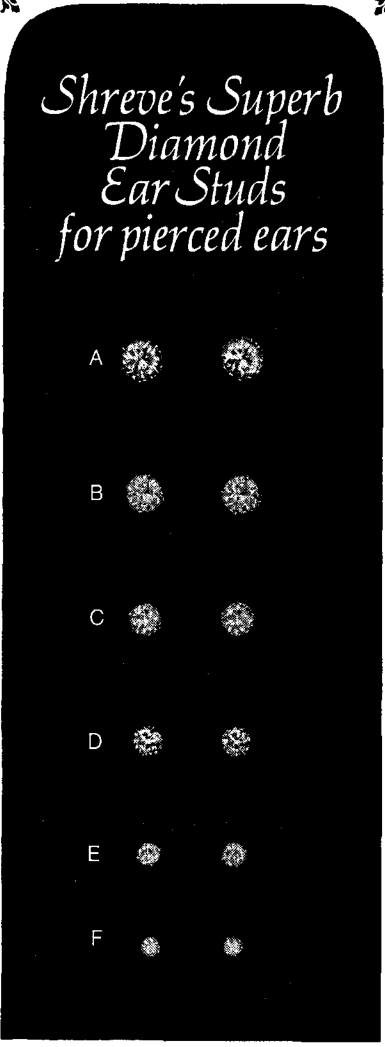

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Decline and . . . ?

IT is a curious historical fact that the nationalistic revolt during the last half of the nineteenth century against what might be described as the imperial rule, in matters musical, of Germany, Austria, and Italy did not succeed anywhere in establishing a real national tradition. The revolt produced no end of great composers—Dvořák, the Russian "Five" (of whom the remarkable Moussorgsky was by far the most influential), Chopin, Grieg, Sibelius, Debussy, and so on. But these composers were all more or less individualists. None of them founded a "school" of any importance or had any descendants. Early in this century, Arnold Schoenberg dealt the German-Austrian tradition a body blow from within with his twelve-tone, or serial, system, and the tradition has not since recovered, nor is it likely to. One of the last nations (aside from our own, with such figures as Ives and Copland) to take up musical nationalism was Hungary. Certainly, Liszt was a Hungarian, but he was a cosmopolitan figure, and though he wrote some "Hungarian Rhapsodies," the effect of his highly chromatic art was to stimulate the last great surge of the German tradition under Wagner. Hungary did not really go nationalist in music until the appearance of Kodály and Bartók, composers of this century, and by the time it did, the Italo-Germanic musical language, which had once been the musical language of all Europe, had been seriously undermined. As we look back today, it is pretty obvious that the movement toward nationalism was the first sign of the crumbling of Western music. It was followed by the overthrow of music as language and the substitution of music as sound, or noise, and by the appearance of all kinds of new formulas, which were generally included under the vague term "modern music" and which failed to exert any appeal to audiences.

This historical process had a particularly damaging effect on the venerable institutions of opera and the symphony orchestra. These institutions survive today, and will probably survive for some time, but they survive on a repertoire of music that is now nearly a hundred years old. The bulk of the music written by contemporary composers is either irrelevant to these institutions or destructive to their effective operation. New media, if I may use that fashionable word, have shown signs of someday taking over. Electronic music, which needs no performers, is the most promising of them, but I am willing to bet that it will be a hundred years before a true tradition, involving a universally understood system of expression, will evolve for electronic music. So far, it is a matter of exploitation of the medium itself—of demonstrating how many different noises can be produced by it—rather than a matter of music. A present-day electronic "composer" merely has a new instrument at his disposal. He is busy showing us what it can do, creating all kinds of bizarre sounds with it. Electronic *music* will be something else. As I have remarked before, one can discern the first crude principles of it in the playing of the better rock bands. Meanwhile, the symphony orchestra is languishing. I venture to prophesy rigor mortis for it by about 2000 A.D., meaning that it will cease to be a great public institution and will, instead, become the province of a small group of antiquarians.

THE cause of these gloomy thoughts is a remarkably dull and thin week of concertgoing, during which I have attended two symphony concerts—one lightweight and fairly contemporary, the other heavyweight and fairly old-fashioned. The lightweight one was presented by Seiji Ozawa and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall last Tuesday evening. I once thought that the Asians, particularly the Japanese, might save Western music. But the work of Toru Takemitsu, of which we had two samples on this program, has hooked onto the Western tradition too late. His model is Debussy. To be sure, there is something about Debussy's subtle use of musical color that one would expect to appeal to the exquisite sensitivity of the Japanese mind, and Mr. Takemitsu's "Green for Orchestra (November Steps II)" is a pleasant, purely impressionistic piece with remarkably subtle orchestral coloring. It is not, however, a deeply moving masterpiece; its appeal is sensual and intellectual. And the same might be said about his "Requiem for Strings," which Mr. Ozawa conducted at the beginning of the program, in memory of the late Charles Munch. The remaining items of the evening were also merely pleasant: Johann Christian Bach's Sinfonia in D Major, Opus 18, No. 4; Respighi's "Gli Uccelli," or "The Birds," an old Toscanini favorite hardly worth reviving by any other conductor; and Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes by Karl Maria von Weber," in which it is demonstrated that Hindemith was a master craftsman lacking genius, and that all he needed to make a splendidly brilliant piece was the genius of somebody like Weber. Mr. Ozawa, looking as though he could have been another Respighi character—a slightly mussed blackbird—conducted everything with spirit, sensitivity, and such insight as was required.

The heavyweight concert was presented by the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall on Thursday evening under the baton of the British conductor Colin Davis. There was a soloist, the California-born, British-educated pianist Stephen Bishop, and his task was to perform the piano part of Bartók's Second Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. He accomplished this with considerable brilliance, showing off a fluent and accurate technique and a steel-fingered approach to the more percussive passages. It is, however, impossible to tell from a Bartók concerto what major virtues a pianist possesses, except for fluency and the capacity to pound with reasonable grace. The work remains an interesting one—eloquent in rapid passages, less impressive in its adagios, reminiscent of Stravinsky, and most exciting when it is most boisterous. The program began with Berlioz's overture to "Beatrice and Benedict," and to wind up the evening we had Brahms' Second Symphony, a beautiful work but one that is receding into the past—by which I mean that I am afraid audiences will tire of it in another generation. Mr. Davis proved to be a rather stolid conductor, and the Brahms symphony was lacking in elasticity of tempo, for it was done almost mechanically. Certainly this was not a memorable performance of it. Not only were tempos rigid but there was very little illumination of the work's subtler points.

LAST Wednesday night, I dropped in at Philharmonic Hall to hear a recital by the Canadian violinist Hyman Bress. The program was made up of items that could be expected to demonstrate his prowess in a large variety of music, neglecting only the classical late-eighteenth-century style, which is

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the most revealing of all for violinists. There was Tartini's "Devil's Trill" Sonata, the Chaconne from Bach's unaccompanied Partita No. 2 in D Minor, Bartók's Sonata No. 1, Brahms' Sonata in D Minor, Opus 108, and Ravel's "Tzigane." Mr. Bress is such a good violinist that it is a shame he is not just a bit better. He has a left hand with an enormous stretch and firmly planted fingers; he is a brilliant technician with this hand, able to play the most difficult scale and arpeggio passages, and to play them with excellent intonation. His faults are all in matters of bowing, and since the bow is the source of all taste in violin playing, his taste was frequently questionable. From the Bartók sonata one could, as usual, tell nothing except that Mr. Bress has a fairly big tone and can whoosh around the fingerboard with alacrity. The crudity of Bartók's writing in this work is such that it actually constitutes an invitation to careless playing. It was the Tartini sonata, with its approximation of the Baroque style, that exposed Mr. Bress's weaknesses. There was no difficulty with the fireworks. They were well within his competence. The weaknesses showed in the legato passages. Here Mr. Bress disclosed several unconscious mannerisms that bedevil the playing of many second-rate violinists. One of them is pressing the bow so hard on the strings that the wooden part scrapes along them, breaking the beauty of tone. Another is the habit of removing the bow from the strings with a flourish, which always results in a final crescendo instead of the decrescendo that would normally finish a phrase. This is a truly vulgar mannerism, and I am sure that if Mr. Bress listens to himself carefully he can correct it. The Brahms sonata was distorted from time to time by this mannerism, and suffered elsewhere from bowing that was not entirely scrupulous. On the other hand, the Bach Chaconne was clearly set forth, with all its complicated chords in tune. I like Mr. Bress's reserved use of vibrato and the accuracy of his left hand. Charles Reiner provided excellent accompaniments at the piano.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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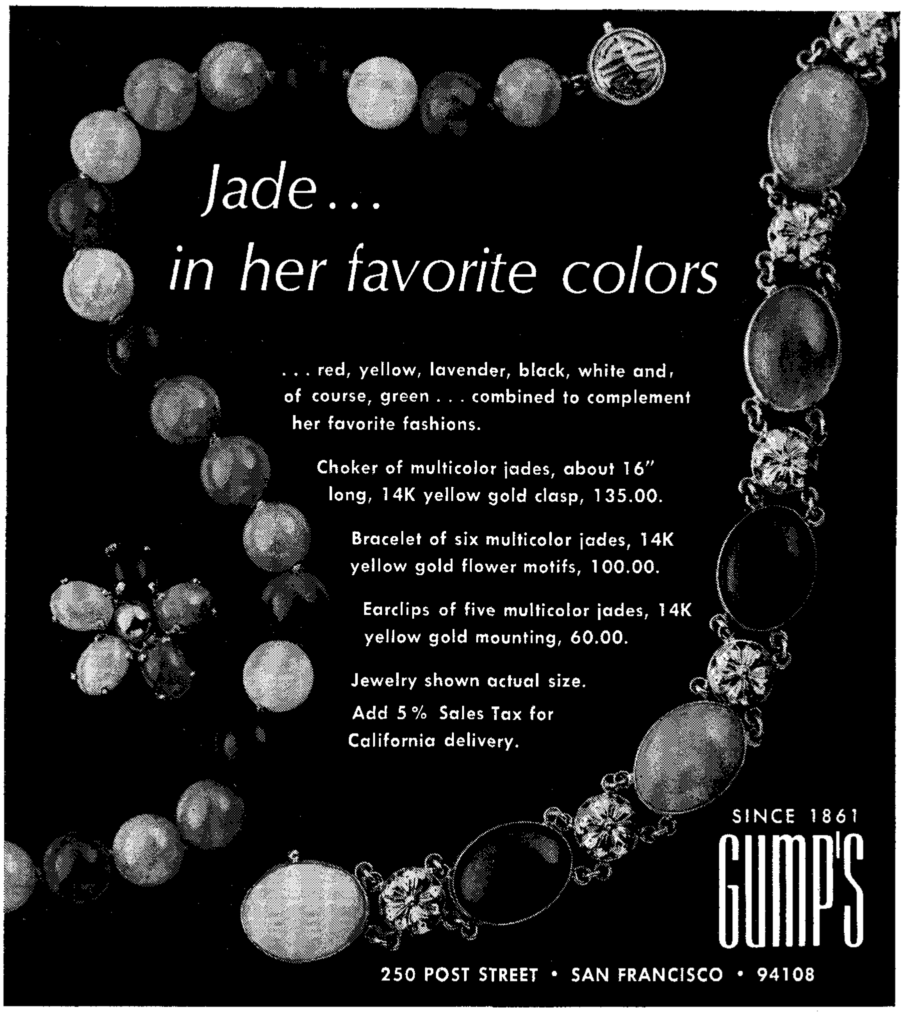
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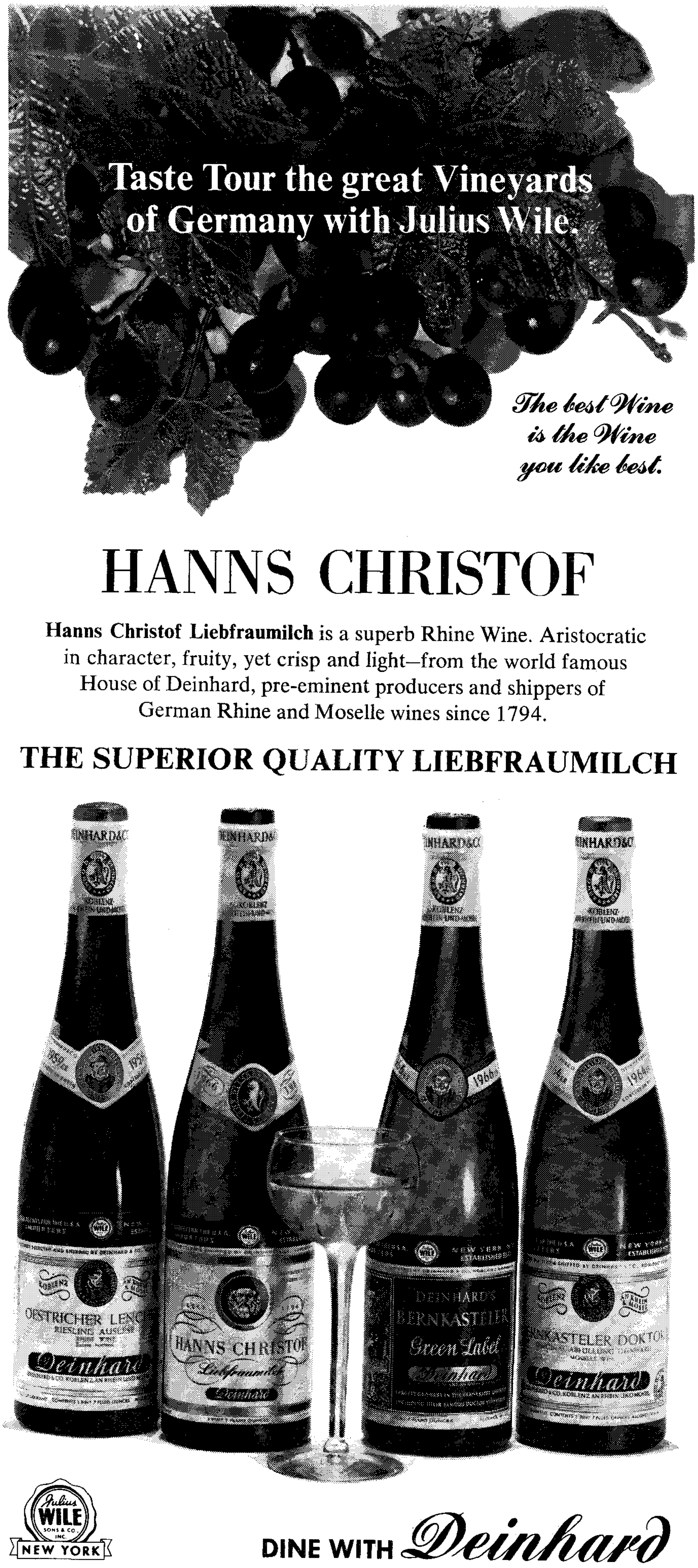
of the white scene—bohemians like Jimi Hendrix and Buddy Miles, or newly canonized folk heroes like B. B. King) remain largely unaffected by this phenomenon. Most soul albums still consist of one or two hits padded with enough undistinguished cuts to fill out a twelve-inch record—a logical extension, after all, of the traditional B side on a 45. Of course, there are exceptions, notably almost any album by Otis Redding or James Brown. But in general the singles orientation of the r.-&-b. labels (particularly Motown and the smaller companies; Atlantic, though it is No. 1, tries harder) is frustrating both for a reviewer and for anyone interested in accumulating a compact, representative record collection. To keep track of and evaluate the enormous number of r.-&-b. singles on the market is a full-time job in itself. Yet reviewing black albums too often means being depressingly and misleadingly negative.

Luckily, if an r.-&-b. performer is big enough, the company that records him will break down and issue a Greatest Hits album or its *de-facto* equivalent, a recording of the artist in concert. Aretha Franklin's current album, "Aretha in Paris" (Atlantic SD 8207), was cut live at the Olympia Theatre and contains all her most popular songs—"I Never Loved a Man," "Baby, I Love You," "Respect," "Dr. Feelgood," "Since You've Been Gone," "A Natural Woman," "Chain of Fools." Since her renaissance on Atlantic, her albums—especially "Lady Soul"—have been better than the average r.-&-b. product. But if I had to choose one to own, it would be "Aretha in Paris." For the most part, the performance as well as the material is excellent. I have never heard the gospel elements in Aretha's voice used to greater effect than in this particular rendition of "Dr. Feelgood"—a song that also exploits to the fullest her warm, non-*femme-fatale* sexuality. At times, out of insecurity, or perhaps boredom, she pushes too hard and makes the mistake of hoking up her delivery. Her speeded-up, breathless performance of "Respect" (she does it as a finale, and sounds as if she couldn't wait to get off the stage) desecrates a magnificent arrangement. I could also do without her interpretation of "Satisfaction;" like Otis Redding's, it is embarrassingly campy. The Rolling Stones may base their music on blues, but, make no mistake, they have a quintessentially white sensibility, and the post-Kinsey-adolescent lyrics of "Satisfaction" sound ridiculous coming from



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a mature black singer. Nor is Aretha's version a convincing feminine translation of an assertively masculine song. To make matters worse, as if she knew something was lacking, she does all sorts of fancy, tasteless things with her voice. Aside from those two cuts, my only complaint is the gentility of the audience, which provides a lot of disconcerting silences and polite applause where shouting and stomping are called for. Whether Parisian audiences always act that way or whether this was just an off night I don't know.

I WISH Atlantic would put out a Greatest Hits record by Sam and Dave. Except for James Brown, they are the most exciting soul act in existence. At last summer's "Soul Together" memorial for Martin Luther King in Madison Square Garden, they took the show away from Aretha Franklin, although she was brilliant. What makes their performance so distinctive is the tension between their immense exuberance, on the one hand, and their tight arrangements and beautifully choreographed dancing, on the other. This tension is much more difficult to project on records than James Brown's frenzy or Wilson Pickett's arrogant sexuality or Otis Redding's rough tenderness. It comes across best on their great single "Hold On, I'm Comin'," which was moderately successful; unfortunately, their biggest hit—the record the white audience knows them by—is the meretricious "Soul Man," one of the worst songs they've ever done. Their new album, "I Thank You" (Atlantic SD 8205), like the one before it, is disappointing. Not that it isn't pleasant to listen to; it just doesn't generate much electricity. Which is to say that none of the songs touch "Hold On" or "When Something Is Wrong with My Baby." The only cut that comes close is, predictably, the hit title song. Second best is "These Arms of Mine" (an Otis Redding song, so my emotion is probably suspect). The already converted should enjoy this album. As for the rest of you, save your money and go see Sam and Dave live; they are truly spectacular. I understand that they will be playing the Fillmore East sometime in December.

—ELLEN WILLIS

•

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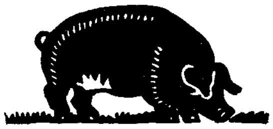

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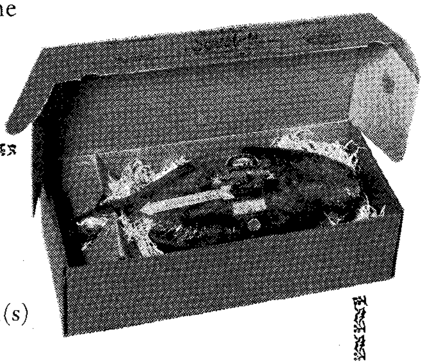

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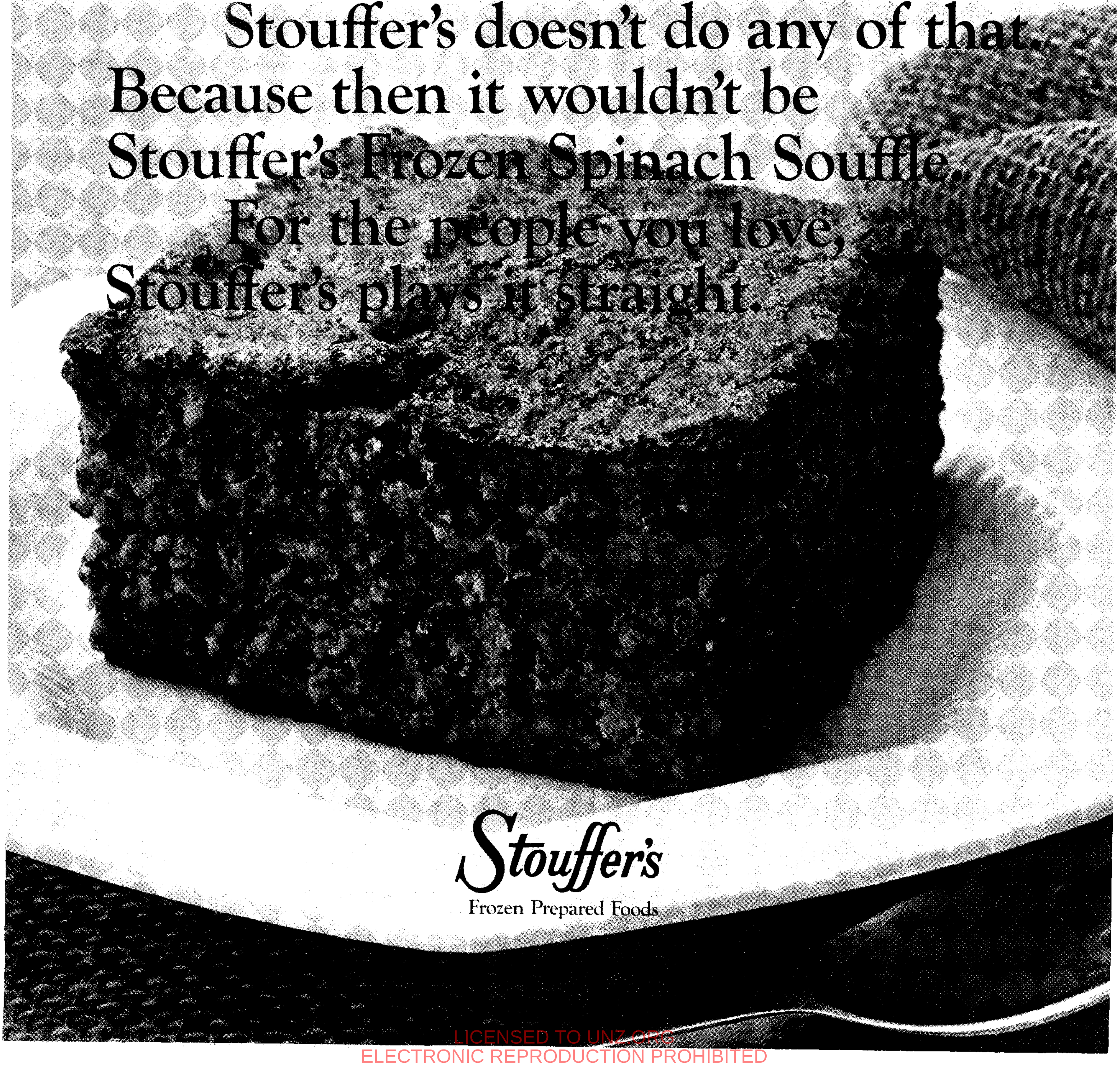

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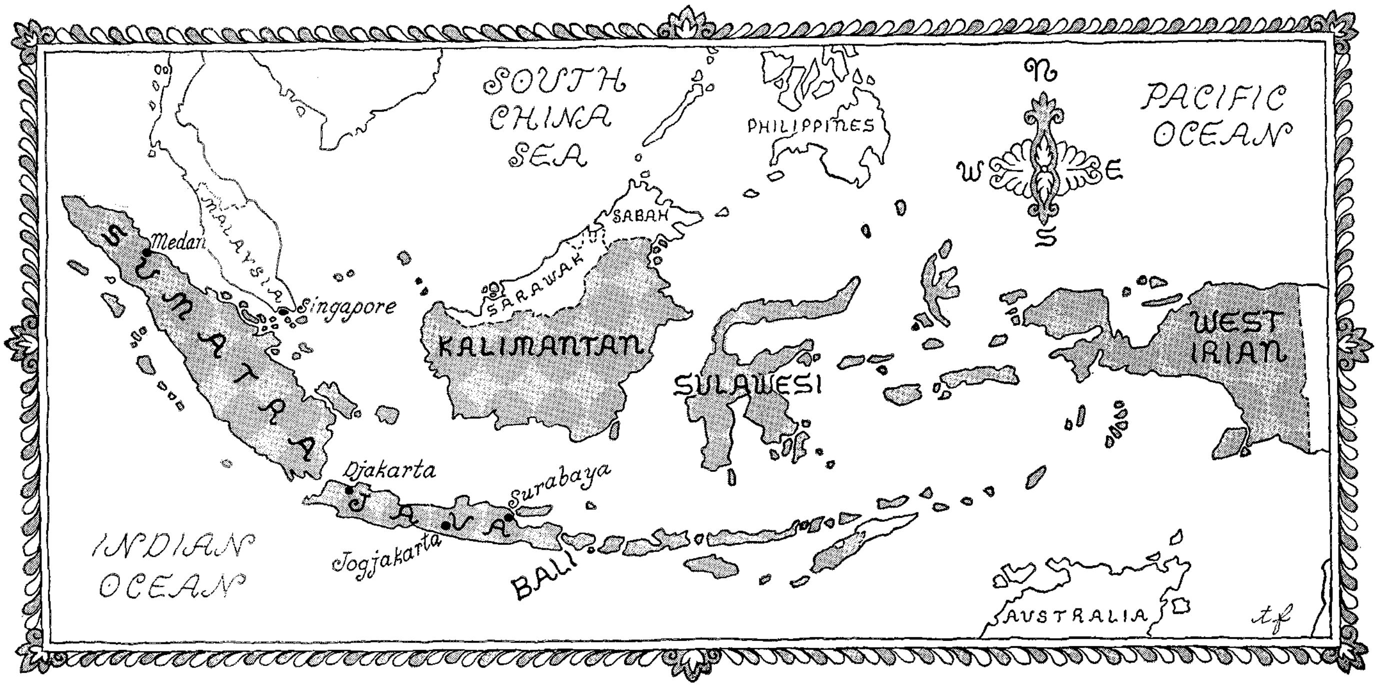
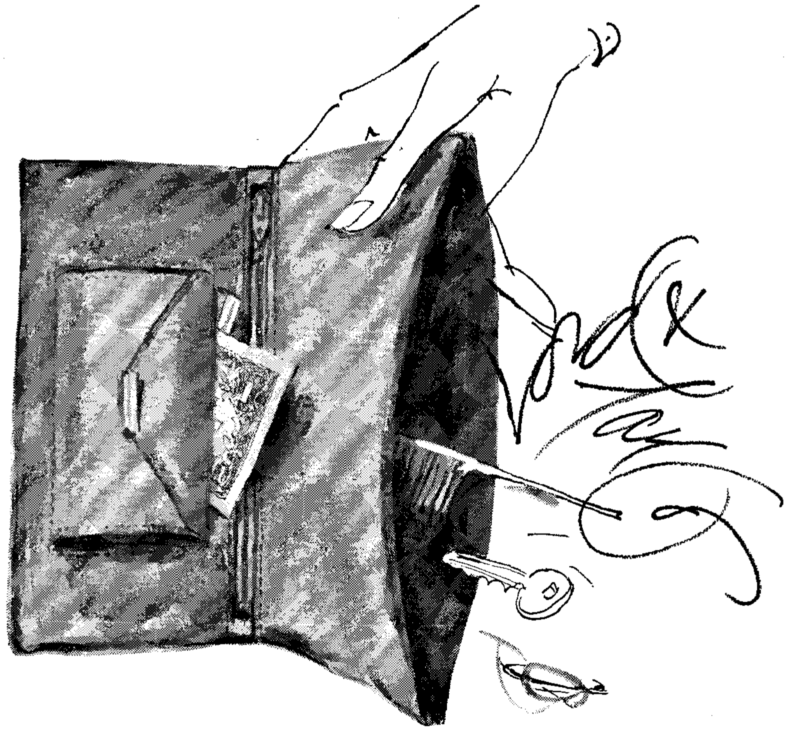
INDONESIA

I—AFTER AND BEFORE SUKARNO



OF the various revolutions that have taken place in Asia since the end of the Second World War, the revolution in Indonesia has been the longest-lasting. Only one other has been as shattering in its impact on human life, and that is China's, to which, until quite recently, the Indonesian struggle was most often compared. The comparison was based mainly on the fact that each of the two countries was large and of a widely variegated nature, and that both sought to forge unity out of unusual diversity. Up to a point, both Chairman Mao Tse-tung, in China, and President Sukarno, in Indonesia, succeeded in achieving their respective aims. Mao managed, as no Chinese dynastic ruler had in more than two thousand years, to utilize a large peasant army and a tightly organized, ubiquitous party bureaucracy to weld together the world's largest nation, and even to incorporate into it such outlying dependencies as Tibet. But Mao's achievement is threatened today by new ideological disputes and excesses, which have made the unity of Communist China subject to all sorts of fresh fissures; the end of this violent internal struggle, in which Mao himself is deeply, and perhaps mortally, involved, is by no means in sight, but the effects of the struggle are being felt in every part of Southeast Asia, including Indonesia. In contrast with Mao, who, though old and ill, is still fighting to preserve his revolution and to deify himself before his death, Sukarno, also old and ill, has lost his power, as a result of indulging in excesses himself, one of which was giving an excess of encouragement to the Peking-oriented Communists in his midst. The "unity in diversity" he sought to create out of a former Dutch colonial empire of more than a hundred million people living on an enormous archipelago of three thousand islands—the world's fifth nation in population—has thus been cast in doubt, along with the revolution he proclaimed as the means for creating it.

There are those who wonder if Indonesia, with its complex geography and its conflicting patterns of race, custom, and religion, will ever be effectively unified all the way from Sumatra to West Irian (West New Guinea), three thousand miles to the east. Indonesian unity, in many respects, has been from the start more conceptual than real; Sukarno's strong insistence on "diversity," moreover, tended to keep the revolution in a state of ferment—and, to a high degree, the perpetuation of the ferment was part of Sukarno's plan. For twenty years, he managed, by a combination of glamour and gall, to preserve the Indonesian revolution in his own image; whenever it threatened to disintegrate he relied on sheer bravado or improvisation to piece it together. Beginning his Presidential career as titular leader of a new country in revolt against the Dutch in 1945, he ended it as a left-leaning autocrat presiding over a huge ramshackle bureaucracy and an even more ramshackle economy. The nonstop momentum he provided, though it was often reminiscent of an interlocutor's in an old-time minstrel show, was his unique contribution to Indonesia's coming of age, and he never seemed to tire of his own performance. To embrace wild causes, to make a daring use of thrust and counterthrust, to employ adventurist strategies and tactics that made it possible to escape the harsh realities of gradual nation-building—these were more than methods with Sukarno; they were upwellings of his tremendous ego that became part of his lifeblood, as necessary to him in his dramatic public life as women were to him in his private life. When issues didn't exist, he invented them. Because he thrived on crisis, he let crises permeate his being until they made a caricature of his political personality, which in earlier years had been as effective as that of any modern revolutionary figure. But Sukarno (like many Indonesians, he uses only one name), who, long before "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung" became scripture in China, ordered that his "Under the Banner of the Revolution" be disseminated throughout Indonesia, was never, like Mao, an original thinker or theoretician. He deserves some credit for dram-



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atizing the theory of a non-aligned Third Force in the world and that of the revolutionary struggle between the poor and the rich nations, but he was essentially an adapter, a borrower and clever synthesizer of other people's ideas. What finally undid him was his extravagant penchant for experimentation.

It seems no accident that the Indonesian Communist Party (the Partai Kommunis Indonesia, or P.K.I.), which Sukarno sanctioned and nurtured, and which at the end he apparently regarded as his legitimate heir, was the instrument of his undoing. His slow eclipse in the year and a half that followed the failure of a Communist-guided coup attempt on September 30th and October 1st of 1965 was tragicomic and bathetic. Bit by bit, the straw came out of the man, as it had come out of Benito Mussolini, whom he considerably resembled. But, unlike Mussolini, who died quickly, if ignominiously, Sukarno was destined to linger on and witness his own slow political demise, and the awful violence that accompanied it. The mass killings that occurred after the attempted coup and took between a hundred and fifty thousand and four hundred thousand lives—no one will ever know the exact figure—may be judged as the outburst of a nation whose demons and furies had been so long repressed that sooner or later they were bound to produce some such cataclysm. The murders naturally had a sobering effect, though this was less than the rest of the world might have supposed, because the Indonesians were able to explain them to their own satisfaction in ancient terms of catharsis and eradication of evil. But the failure of the coup, its brutal aftermath, and the succeeding political reëvaluations combined to wreck Sukarno's private perpetual-motion machine, and thus to make Indonesia at last turn its attention in upon itself and begin a belated search for its national soul.

Like a man who has suffered a severe nervous and physical breakdown, the country is still engaged in a painful process of self-analysis. Since 1966, under the guidance of a group of Army officers led by the former Commander of the Strategic Forces, General Suharto, who is now President, it has survived the initial period of therapy, which was the most difficult—requiring as it did a separation from Sukarno, if not from Sukarnoism altogether. But to say that Indonesia is on the way to recovery would be extremely premature. Most thoughtful Indonesians feel that Suharto and his

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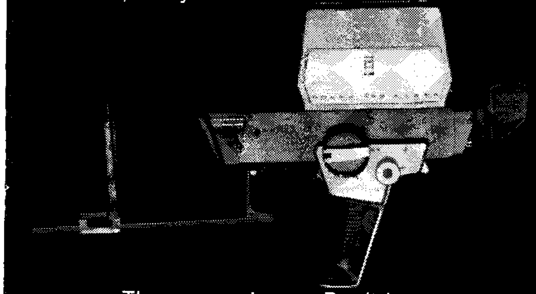

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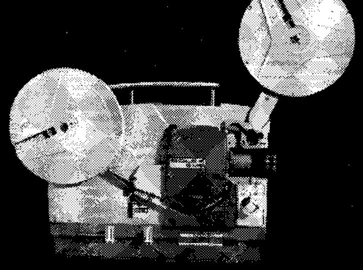

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cohorts have so far failed to deal boldly and realistically with the heritage of Sukarnoism. In the words of Mochtar Lubis, an outspoken anti-Communist and anti-Sukarno journalist, who was jailed for nine years during the Sukarno period, "The New Order is moving ahead to the beat of a slow foxtrot." Although there has been some revival of traditional libertarian political and economic institutions under the benign eyes of Suharto and the Army, the country, as a result of Sukarno's long mismanagement, is still virtually bankrupt, and for at least several years to come will be dependent on foreign aid. The task of keeping a still rising inflation within any bounds at all while also balancing the budget is a monumental one, especially since the population has an annual per-capita income of only about seventy dollars and is increasing at an annual rate of two and a half million. To keep pace with this rise, the economy as a whole must grow at the rate of two and a half per cent a year, and there must be a growth of at least four per cent in food production. All this will require a much higher capital-investment rate than heretofore, and a particular concentration on stepping up the production of rice, which since 1960 has increased no more than one and six-tenths per cent a year. The long-term economic prospect would be bleak but for the fact that Indonesia has a tremendous store of undeveloped and underdeveloped resources, which, after years of antagonism toward Western investors, the Indonesians are now eager to have foreign companies tap on a profit-sharing basis.

POLITICALLY, the country has been in a vacuum since the fall of Sukarno and the defeat of the P.K.I. The Army, under Suharto, has moved into the vacuum as a political force in its own right—a situation that is causing increasing discontent among older political forces, many of which are seeking to return Indonesia as soon as possible to parliamentary rule, ineffectual though the former parliamentary parties were. Actually, the present opportunity to move ahead can be grasped only if there is strong and imaginative leadership not just at the top but down through all the echelons of government. Suharto last March persuaded the Provisional People's Consultative Congress (M.P.R.S.), a quasi-legislative body that had served as a rubber stamp for Sukarno until its final repudiation of him in 1967, to appoint him President and to postpone elections

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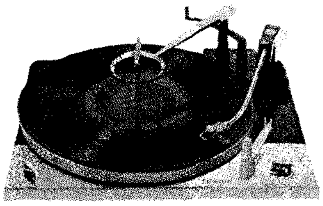

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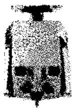

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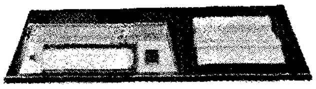

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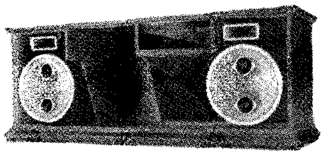

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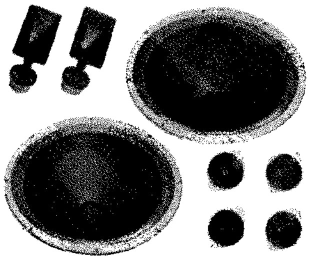

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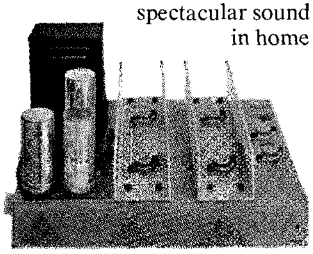

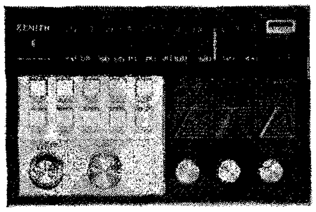

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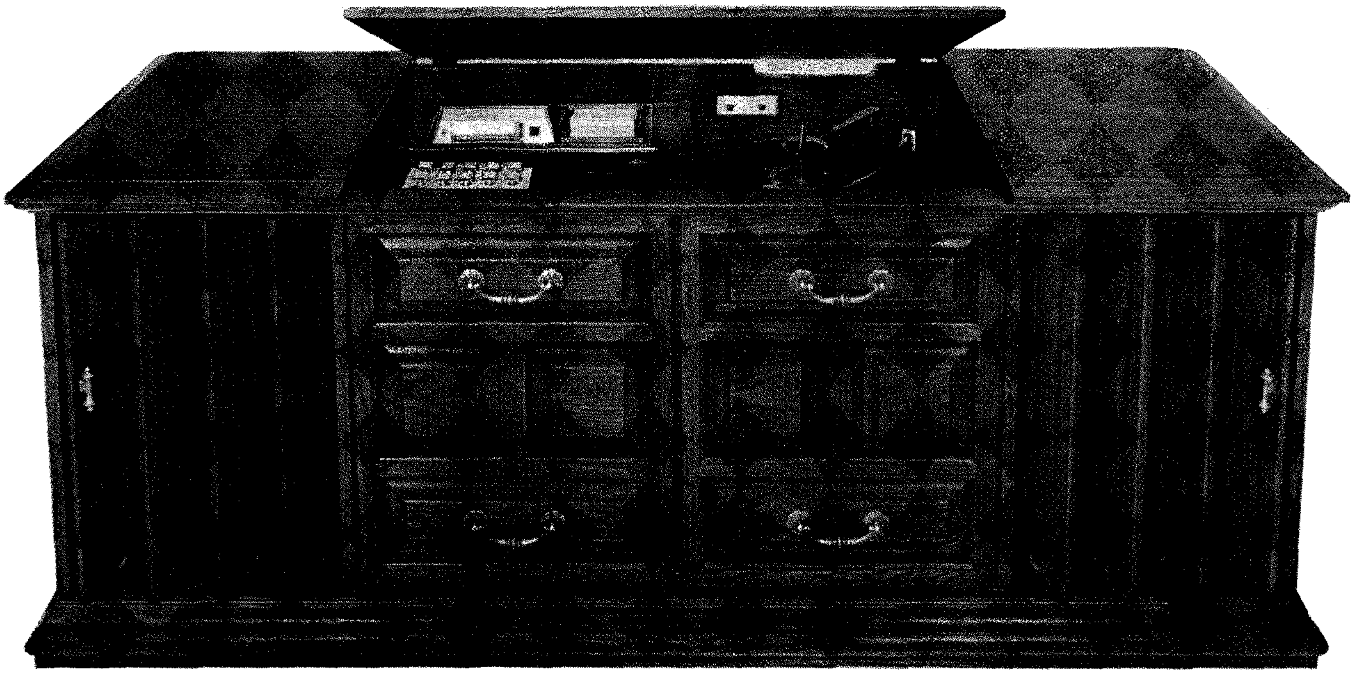

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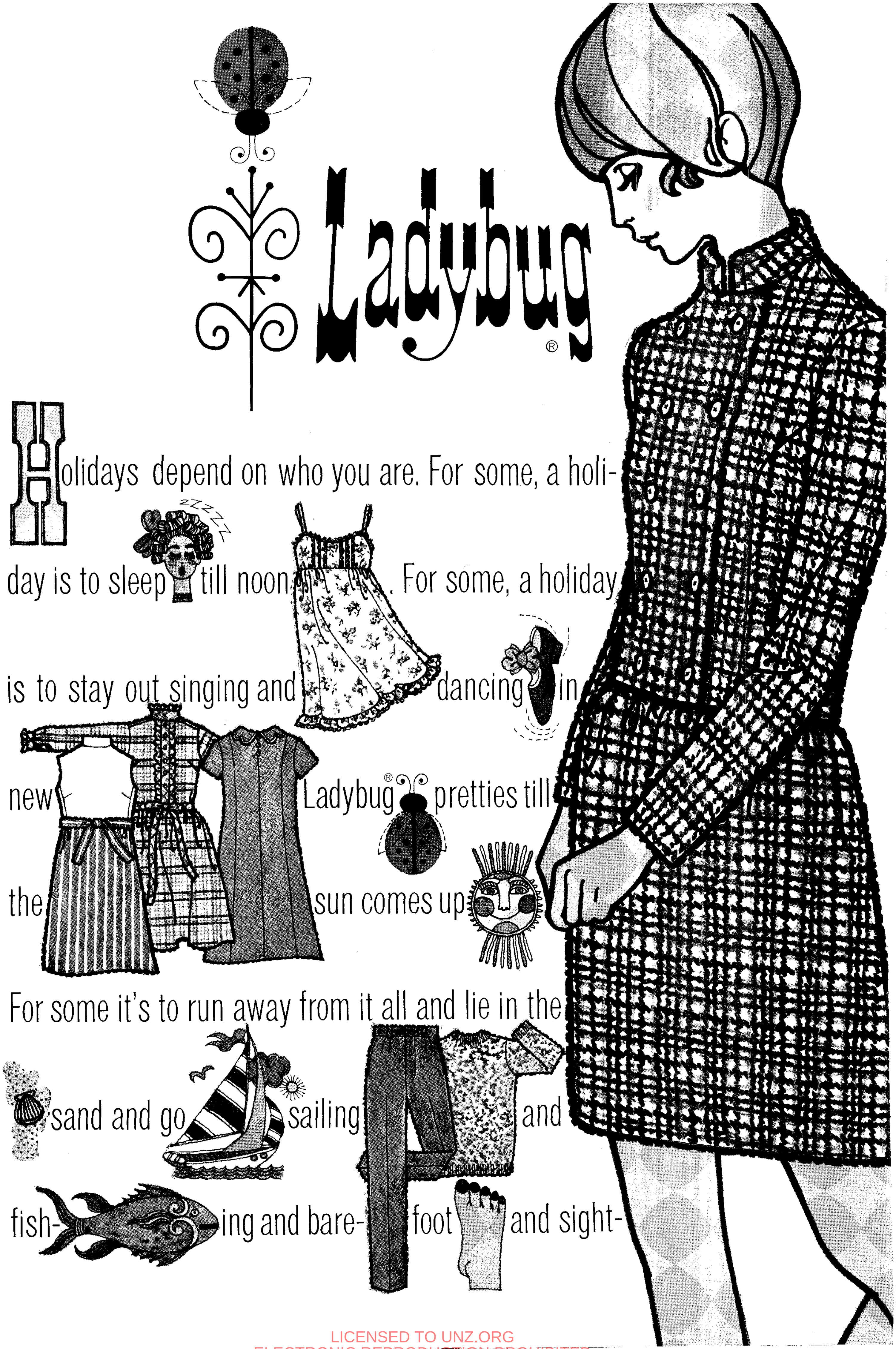

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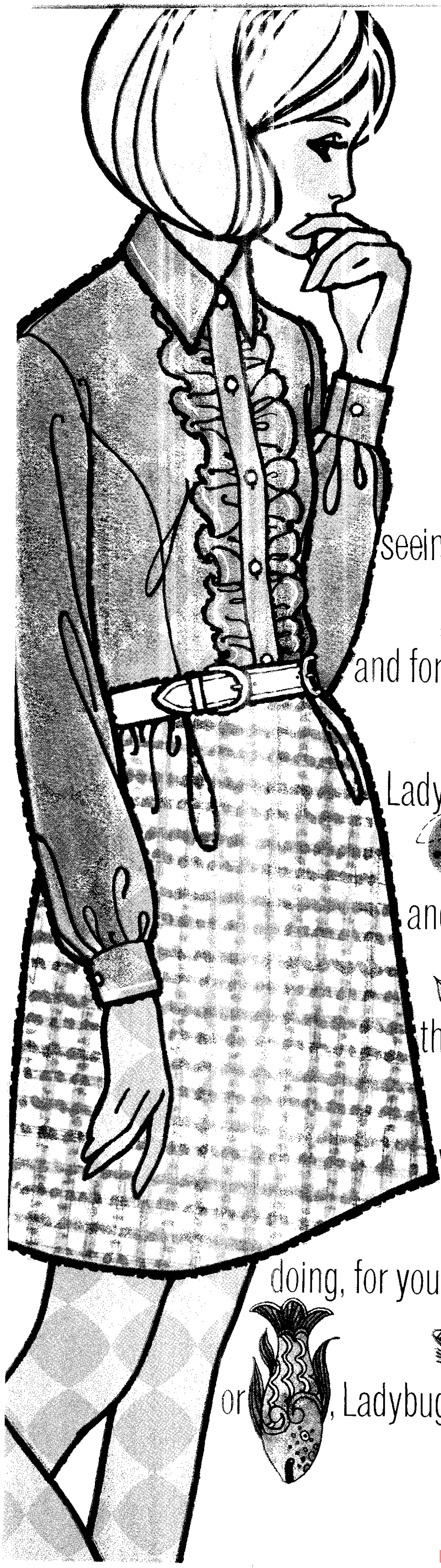

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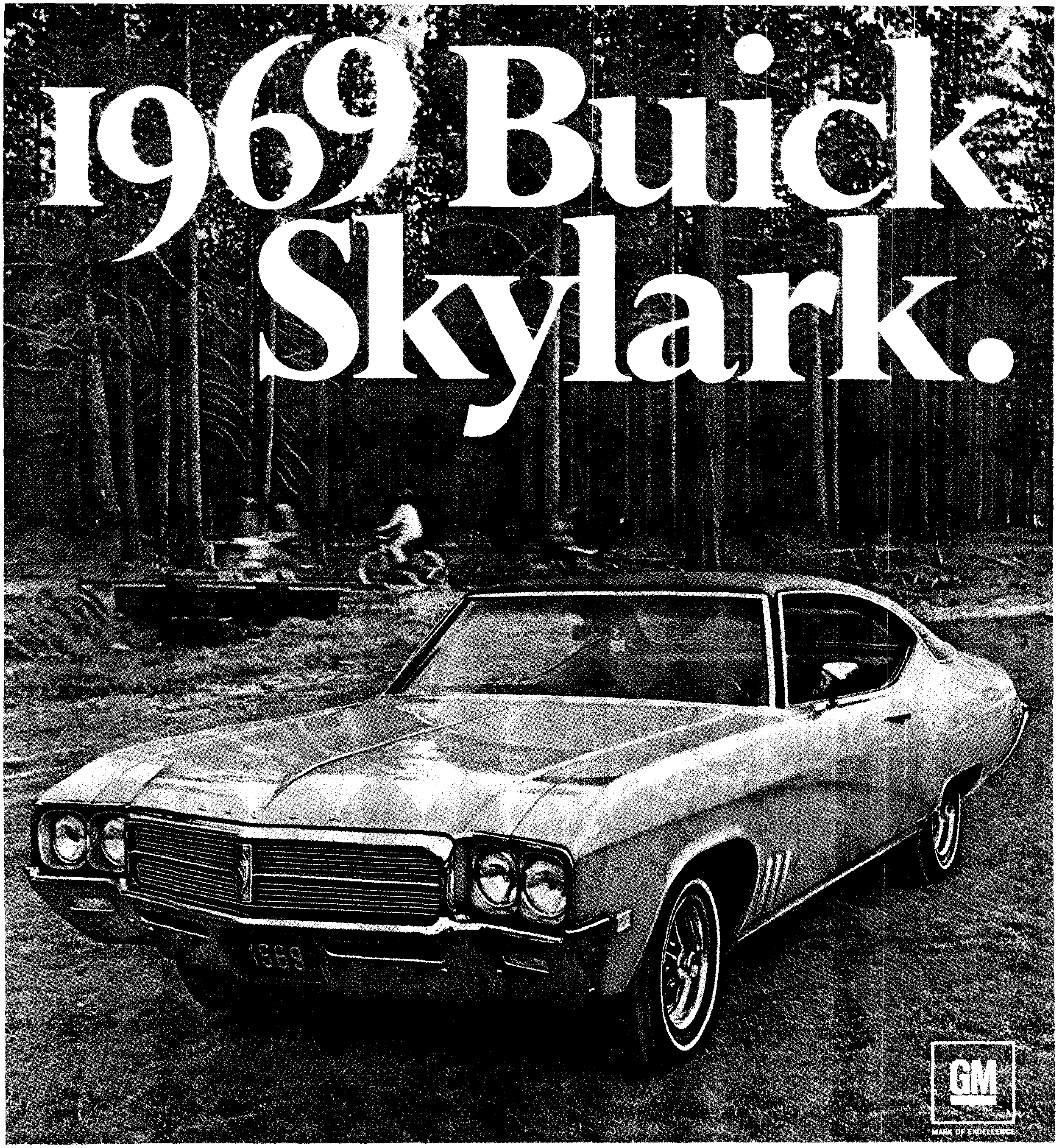

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scheduled for this year until 1971. For these moves, he was able to obtain the support of most of the liberal intellectuals and the students, who are even more determined than he is to work for a new and more effective system of parliamentary government. Although these groups approve of Suharto himself, they and a number of other thoughtful civilians are unenthusiastic about the many military men in important posts throughout the country. There have been some signs recently that new political forces are emerging in Djakarta and in the provinces to offset the military, although, with the postponement of elections, more traditional religious and nationalist groups still dominate Indonesia's peculiar legislative structure, made up of a four-hundred-and-fourteen-member elected house—the Parliament—and the M.P.R.S., which is composed of the members of Parliament plus an equal number of members appointed by the President. The groups include the Indonesian Muslim Party (the Partai Muslim Indonesia, or P.M.I.), a "modernist" Islamic group, which will compete for the large but amorphous Muslim vote with the old-line Muslim Scholars' Party (the Nahdatul Ulama, or N.U.). A new Socialist-nationalist group calls itself the Development Movement (Pembangunan). Its leaders hope that it will eventually replace the old-line Indonesian Nationalist Party (the Partai Nasional Indonesia, or P.N.I.); however, they are waiting for the political dust to settle before launching it officially.

Many observers of the complicated Indonesian scene feel that Suharto delayed too long before giving these groups the go-ahead, and thereby lost an opportunity to create for himself a new, dynamic basis of support. By concentrating his attention on economic reforms and failing to encourage concomitant political ones, especially among the discontented Muslims, he may have denied himself future adherents from new elements in Indonesian society. He may badly need such support in the event that continued delays in economic progress evoke a mass protest, as could easily happen around the beginning of 1969. So far, the country is continuing to suffer from a sort of national hangover, which is reflected in a mood of cynicism, a sense of lassitude, and a lack of self-confidence. For this, Sukarno, languishing in almost complete neglect—for him the worst punishment of all—in Bogor, near Djakarta, must bear the chief responsibility. With his gradual downfall, the revolution of

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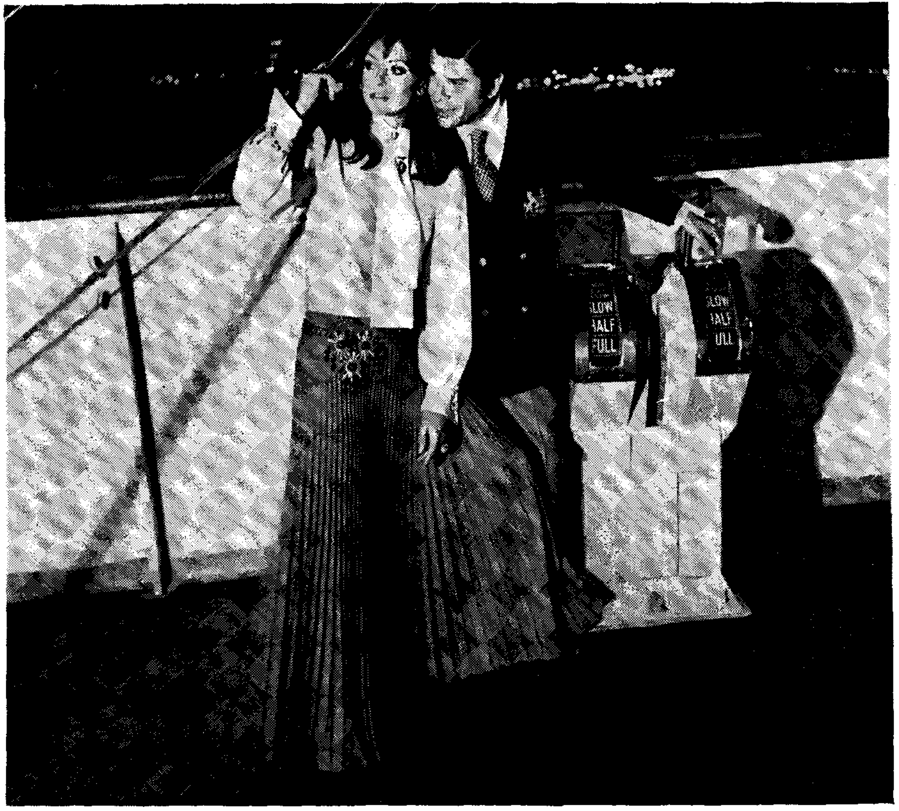

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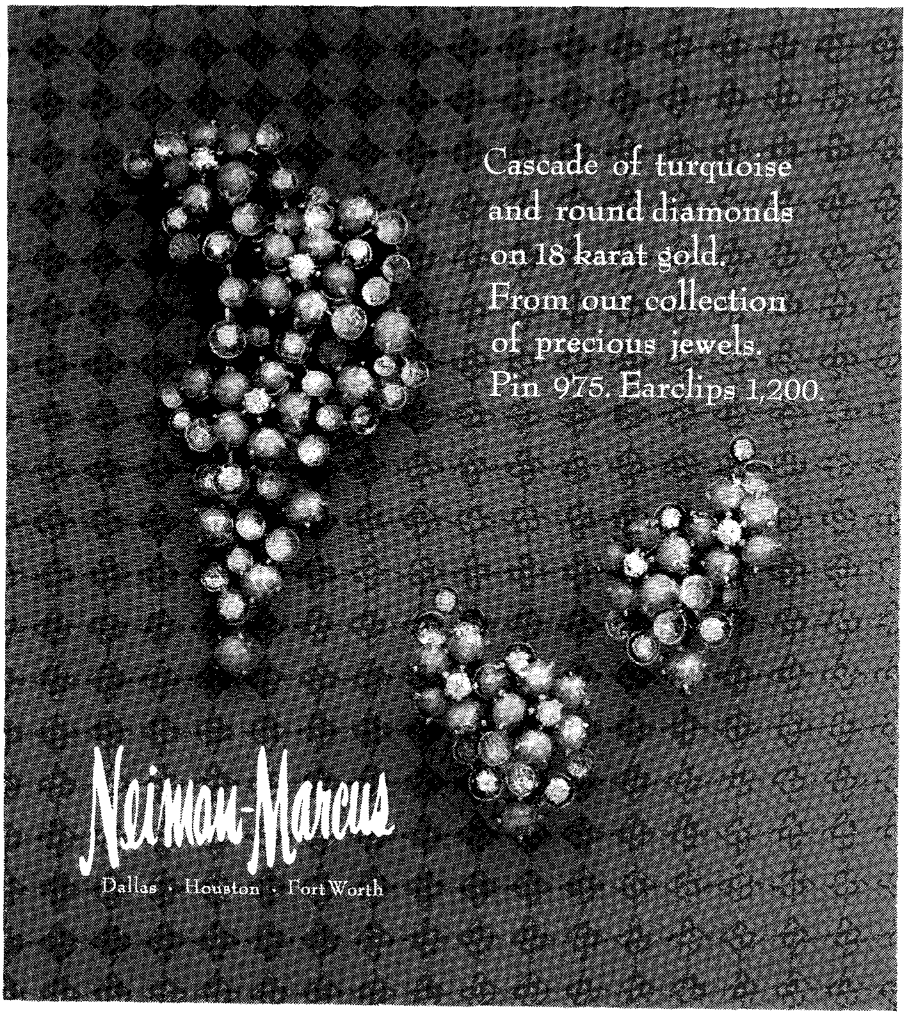

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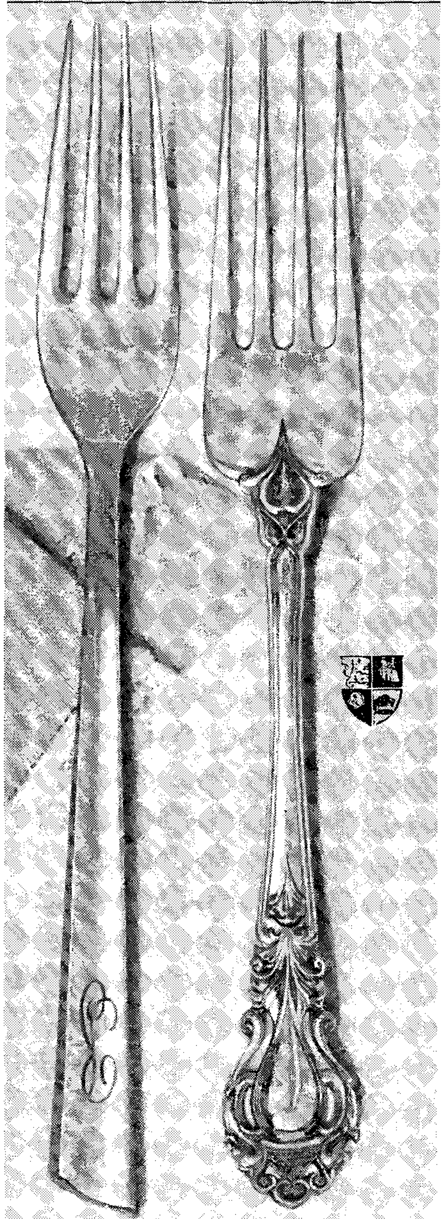

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which he was so proud threatened to become permanently stalled, in full and squalid public view, on the roadside of history, like one of the thousands of abandoned vehicles for which there are no spare parts and whose remnants are still to be seen everywhere along the potholed roads of the sprawling archipelago. The old revolutionary engine shows signs of life as Suharto and his men try to crank it, but recharging the battery will obviously take time.

The question of how long it will take to get the country going again is rendered all but unanswerable by the fact that President Suharto and those around him are not yet really sure what direction they want it to take. They are fully aware that if in the next months the national economy does not improve fast enough to satisfy the essential needs of the population—and particularly to provide jobs for the three million unemployed and thirteen million underemployed—and if nothing substantial is done about corruption, which is still rampant, their political future will be bleak. In a new climate of discontent, there could well be a resurgence of the Communist Party, which at the height of its power claimed three million members and sixteen million sympathizers and supporters. The P.K.I. was badly shattered as a result of the 1965 coup attempt, but it did maintain an underground organization, and in the last year a number of shadow groups have been active, especially in East Java and Kalimantan (Borneo), so the possibility that it will establish a new power base cannot be discounted. To counter this threat, Suharto and the military leaders have taken firm action, but in other respects Suharto is as inherently cautious as Sukarno was bold. On the one hand, he and his aides talk about moving ahead, but, on the other, they talk about going back and starting all over again with a redefinition of the ideals and objectives set forth in the 1945 constitution, issued just after Indonesia proclaimed its independence from the Dutch, and in the Pantja Sila, or Five Principles, which made up Sukarno's official state philosophy. This harking back to the revolutionary past emphasizes the good intentions of the new government—or, as some of its members (who are apparently unaware of Hitler's old slogans) like to call it, the New Order. The best elements of the Army—typified by Suharto himself—recognize the military's responsibilities as guardian of the original revolution, for which it furnished the shock troops, but the use of this sort of terminology also illustrates an ingrained Indonesian

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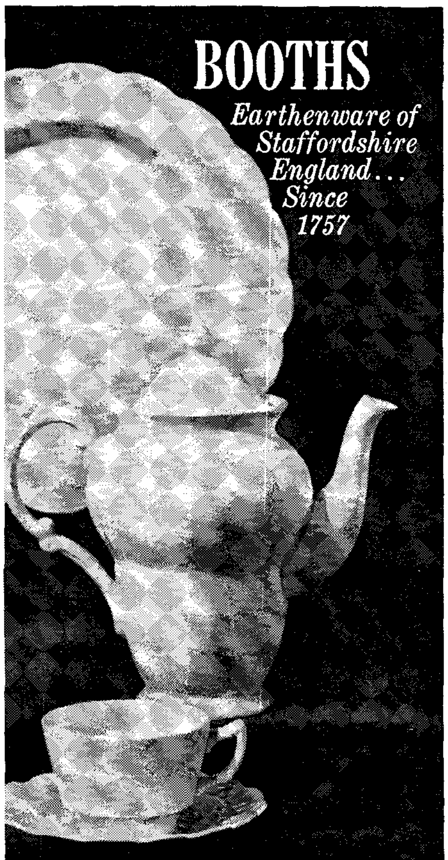

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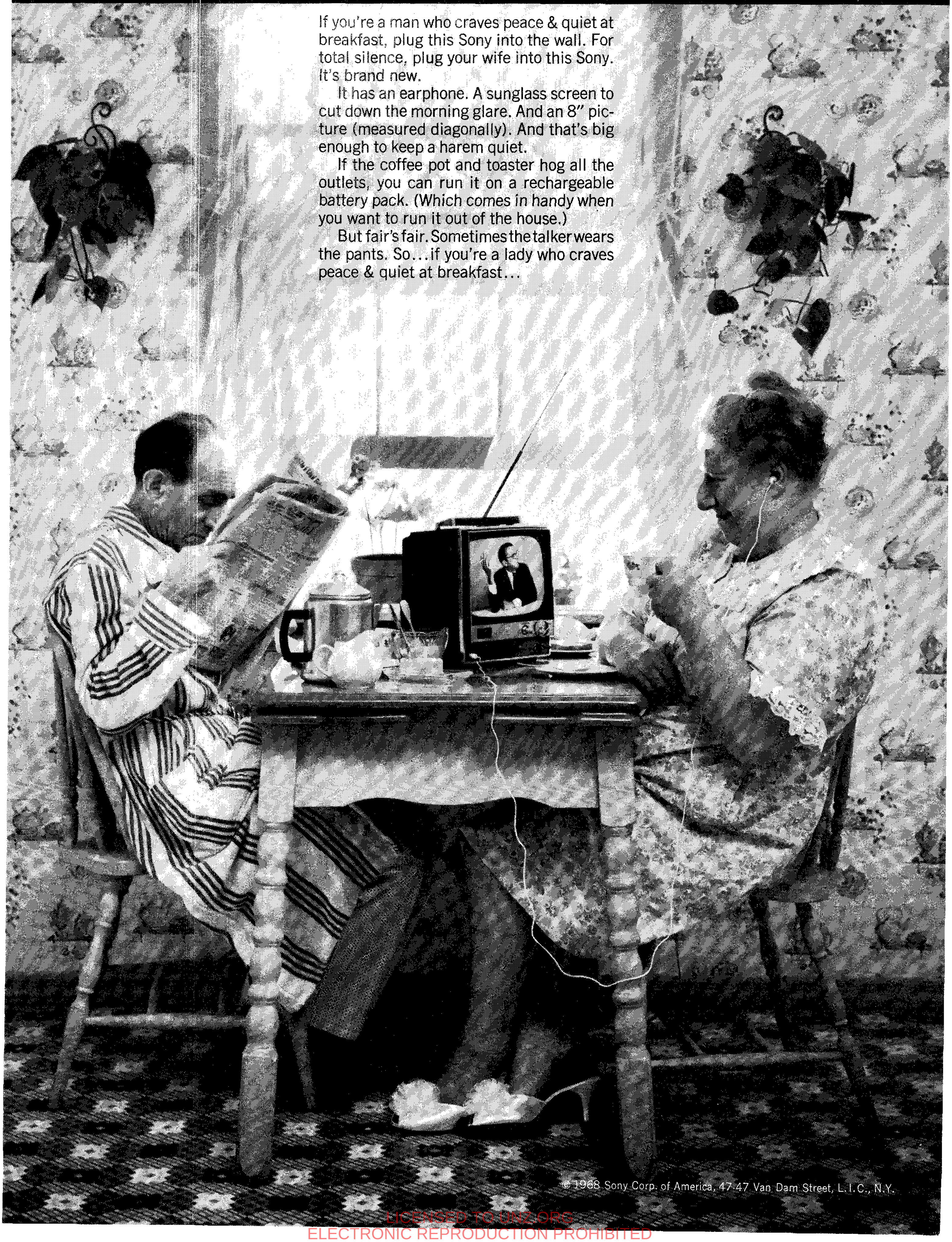

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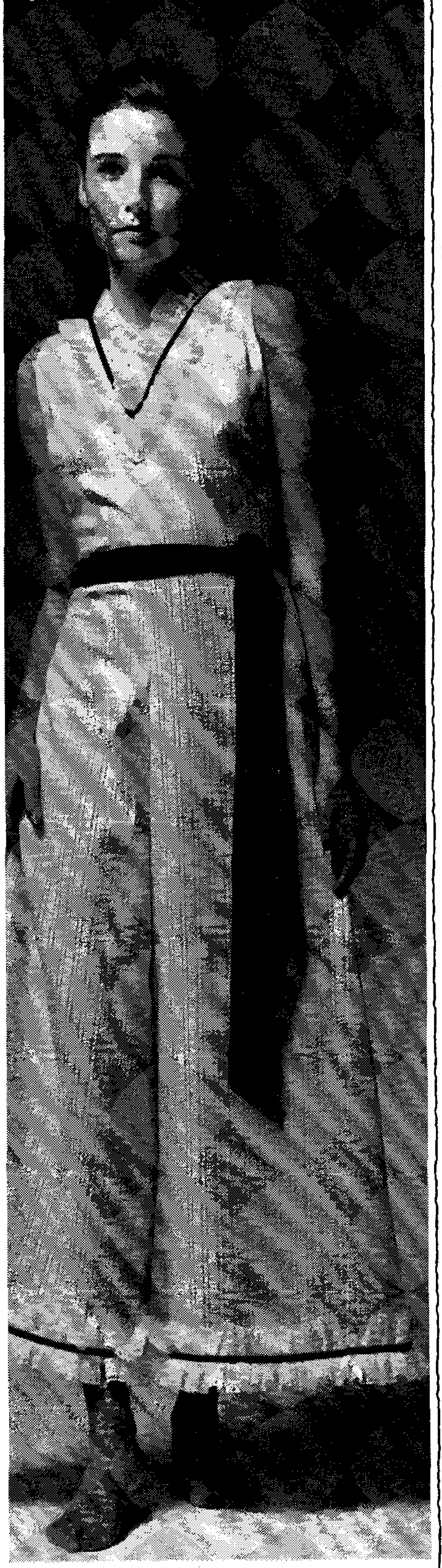

habit of relying on catchwords and slogans (there is a particular mania for tricky acronyms), as Sukarno and his followers of the Old Order did for so long. All political parties and other large organizations, including labor unions, peasant groups, and cultural institutions, pay lip service to the constitution and the Pantja Sila, but no one can, or will, define what meaning these documents hold for the contemporary world, or suggest how their trite words and phrases can be made to apply to the manifold problems of getting the country on its feet. This is not to say that nobody in Indonesia is making any pragmatic attempt to come to grips with the nation's problems. Notably, there is a handful of civilian economists—chiefly professors from the University of Indonesia, headed by Dr. Sumitro Djojohadi Kusumo, the Minister of Trade and Commerce—who are trying to institute a new program of economic and financial austerity while simultaneously building up the nation's agricultural and industrial base, stimulating foreign trade, and encouraging foreign investment. And there is Adam Malik, Suharto's very able Foreign Minister, who has slowly brought Indonesia back into the family of nations, first by helping the country's economic and financial experts to negotiate some six hundred million dollars' worth of foreign loans during the last two years from a nine-nation consortium headed by the United States and Japan, and then by rescheduling the country's staggering foreign debts, which total two and a half billion dollars. Indonesia, despite a past history of wasting what it has been lent or given and a habit of insulting, and even dispossessing, its benefactors, has been able to draw almost miraculous sympathy and support from many nations, Communist and non-Communist, and some of these, especially in the West, are prepared to give or lend Indonesia several hundred million dollars more in the next few years if there are real signs of effort and progress. So far, however, such signs have been exceptionally hard to gauge and interpret.

At this point, the country is a Rip Van Winkle emerged from twenty dormant years into an unrecognizable world. Readjustment is naturally painful. The dozens of acronyms that made up Sukarno's glossary of Orwellian Newspeak have been dropped, and the buildings and monuments that Sukarno erected or began and never finished stand in mute contrast with the beautiful old ruins that

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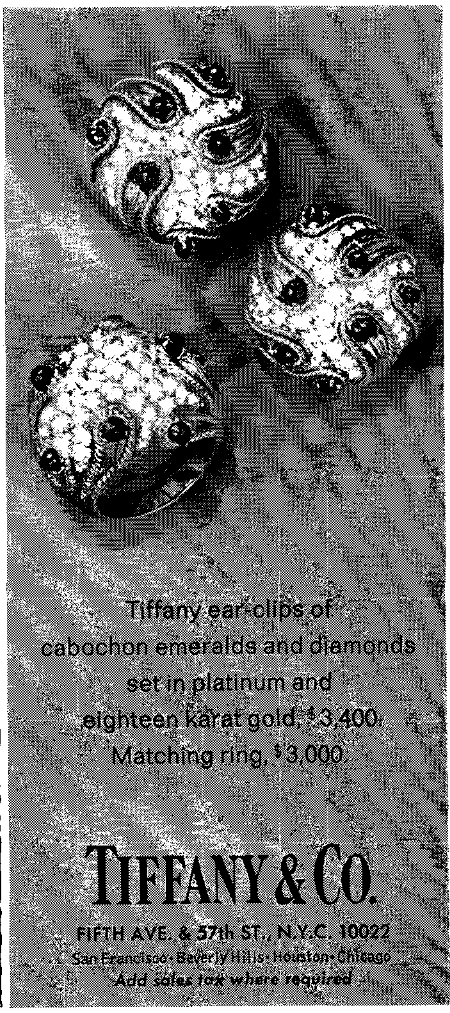

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proclaim the greatness of earlier empires. Yet the legacy of Sukarnoism is more than merely physical. The memory of the last Sukarno years is still fresh, and the shock of awakening to the disaster he caused has not yet worn off; nor is it apt to do so soon. The new recognition of reality has not reached many people, particularly among the revolutionary generation of a couple of decades ago; they still find it hard to believe that Sukarno has been stripped of his power, and they seek consolation in the fact that unofficially he can still be called the Father of His Country, although he has had to scrap the title of President for Life, plus a dozen others he claimed. Father knew best—or said he did—for so long that now that his voice has ceased its strident shouting there is a curious emptiness and silence. No one, least of all President Suharto, pretends to offer a substitute for Sukarno's bluster and oratory. Suharto is slowly acquiring an identity of his own, but he will never fill the demagogic void that Sukarno left, and it may be that Indonesia requires someone like Sukarno to galvanize it.

The sense of groping and uncertainty is reinforced because a number of interrelated factors—social, psychological, and political—are in conflict with traditional tensions and restraints, including ritual elements of Javanese mysticism. Although the inhibiting factors sometimes lead to violence, as they did in October, 1965, they more often tend to hold back reform and postpone what seem to be practical steps. Thus, everyone in Indonesia knows that the armed forces, which now number some four hundred thousand men, are too large, and that the bureaucracy of a million and a half civil servants is, too—as it has grown it has become steadily less, rather than more, efficient—and everyone knows that this combined officialdom places an intolerable financial burden on a government that is already all but insolvent. These vast numbers of soldiers and administrative employees are another heritage from the Sukarno regime; they all belonged to what he liked to call his "national family," and all ostensibly worked together under a system he called *gotong-royong*, meaning, roughly, "mutual help," which was supposed to apply to everything from agricultural enterprise in the villages to the conduct of the legislature and the formulation of economic plans. Sukarno himself defined *gotong-royong*, in a famous speech he delivered on August 17, 1959—the fourteenth anniversary of

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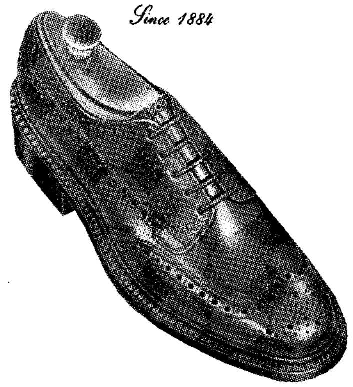

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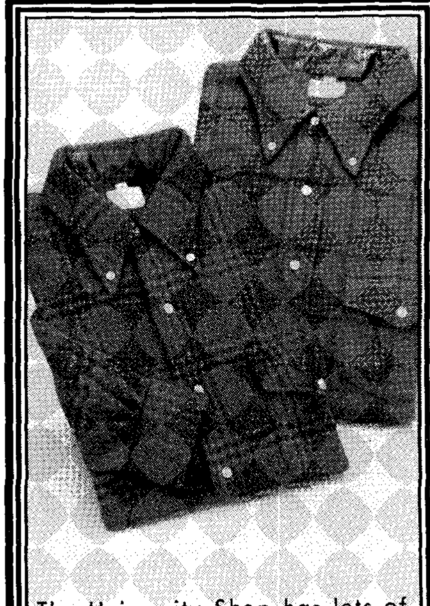

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Indonesian independence, and the beginning of the period in which he moved toward complete dictatorship, or so-called Guided Democracy—as "one irresistible wave of heave-ho-and-pull-together." This mystique served to fire people up but scarcely to make them work harder or longer—or, for that matter, together. As his unwieldy bureaucracy, in the absence of scientific and practical guidance, ground to a halt and the economy collapsed, he simply printed more money and manipulated the country's political life as he wished, turning *gotong-royong* into nothing more than a smokescreen for confusion.

Now the government would like to reëvaluate the *gotong-royong* principle, retaining its original purpose but eliminating the effects of its misapplication, and it would like to begin by sizably reducing the ranks of the bureaucracy. The question is: How? With so many of the nation's citizens out of work or without enough work to lift them above the mere subsistence level, Suharto's economic experts are naturally leery about demobilizing thousands of soldiers and laying off tens or hundreds of thousands of civil servants. A system of providing a dole for those dismissed and paying higher wages to those retained is unfeasible because of a lack of funds, and anyway it would be incompatible with the idea of *gotong-royong*. As it happens, government salaries have risen in the last two years to try to keep pace with the rise in prices, and the spiral is continuing. Eventually, of course, work may be found for ex-soldiers and retired civil servants in a newly stimulated industrial economy, but that solution seems a long way off in this shell-shocked nation, where both the roads and the railroads fell into total disrepair during the Sukarno era and now need complete overhauling, as do such other basic services as water and electrical systems. A carefully conceived Five-Year Economic Plan, to begin in 1969 and concentrating at first on stimulating agricultural production and improving the shattered transportation and communication facilities, is expected to offer new employment opportunities before new industries are started.

Another factor in the present unrest is one that is thoroughly familiar to Westerners—the generation gap. Indonesian students contributed a great deal to the overthrow of Sukarno by staging big demonstrations before and during the meeting of the M.P.R.S., in March, 1967, that formally stripped

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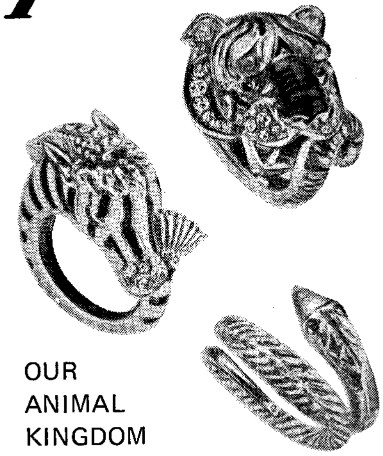

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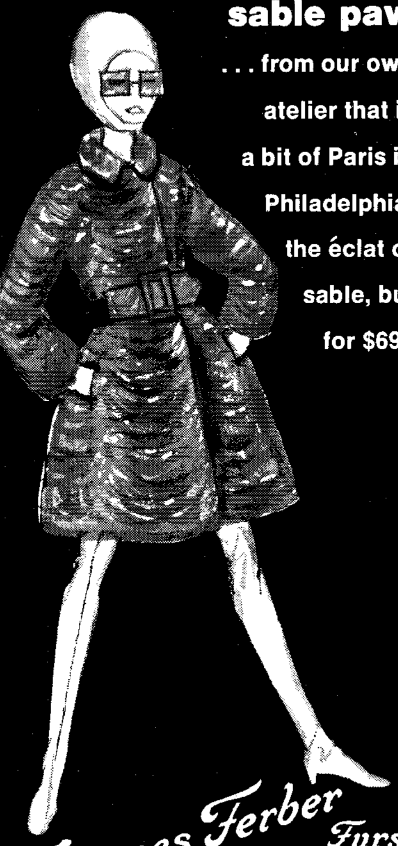

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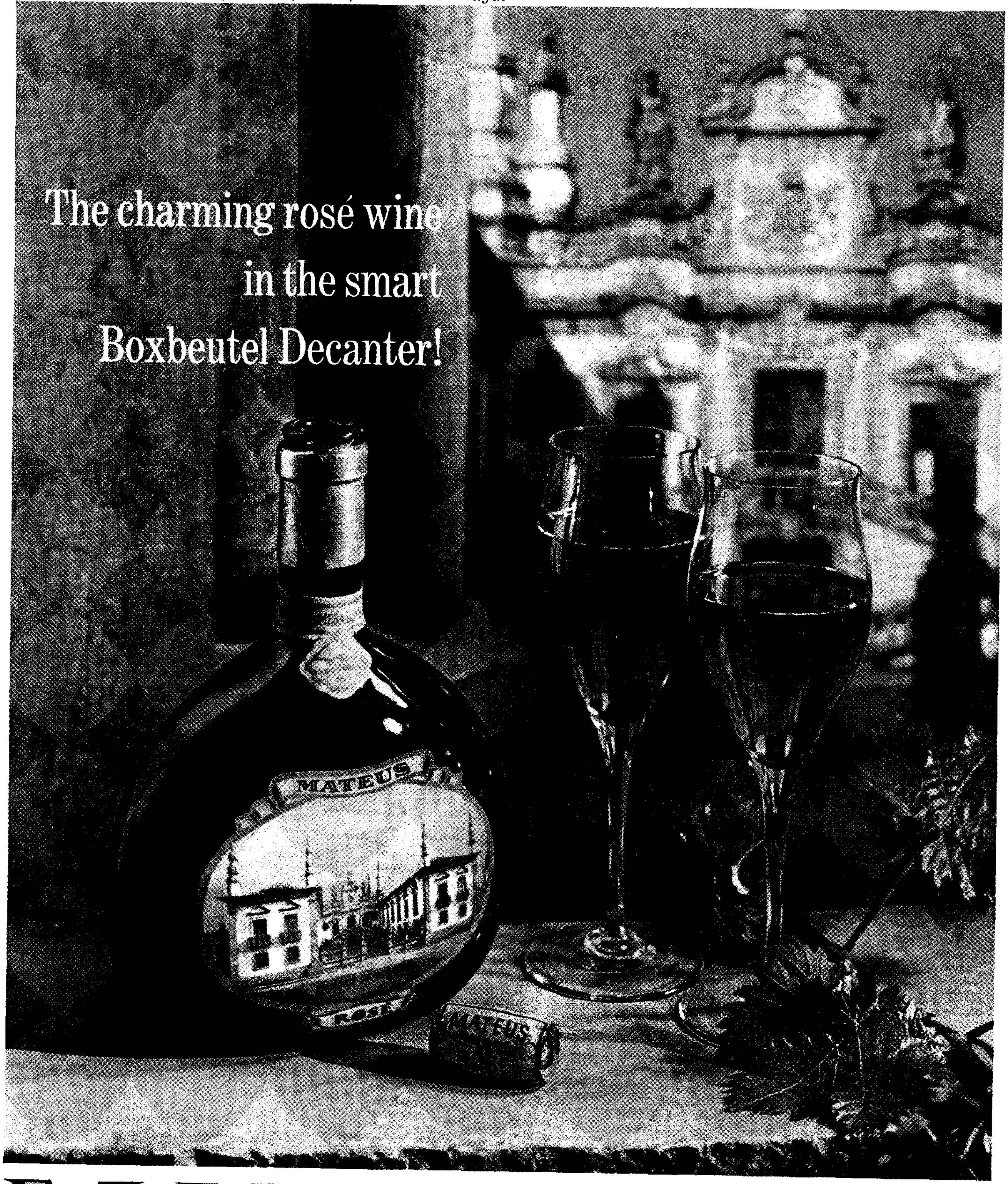
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him of his remaining titles and named Suharto Acting President—a title he held until the M.P.R.S. made him President. However, demographic considerations alone would have made the younger men and women of the country—about seven hundred thousand high-school and college students and recent graduates, who had been organized into student groups by Sukarno—an important new force in Indonesian life. These young people, who refer to themselves as the Generation of 1966, often stand in open defiance of their parents' generation, with its residual Sukarnoist sympathies. Many of the older people, some of whom were officially organized by Sukarno's henchmen into something known as the Generation of 1945, suffer from a sense of guilt because they abetted Sukarno's megalomaniacal schemes and in many cases profited from them, and because, in some cases, they are still profiting and still secretly supporting Sukarno. The students are organized in various so-called action fronts, most of which were inspired by political parties, but during 1966 and 1967 they increasingly adopted independent positions both within the M.P.R.S.—where they have a sizable representation—and outside it, and they have kept impatiently prodding the older political leaders and the military to take firmer measures to eradicate the remnants of Sukarnoism. One of the most ardent of the college leaders remarked to me, "Why should we feel pity for Sukarno? If he were an old man under a bridge, trying to survive in the cold, perhaps we would pity him. But, as it is, he has done too many bad things. I don't owe him anything. I wasn't around when he started out, and history, which is corrupt in itself, has been further corrupted by him."

It is not yet clear what political role the students and their movements will be allowed to play in the New Order,

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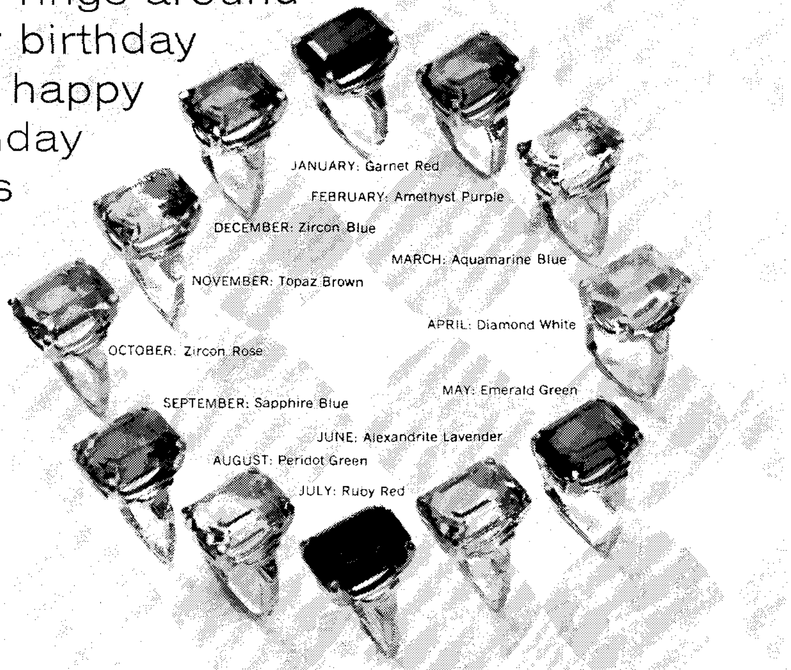

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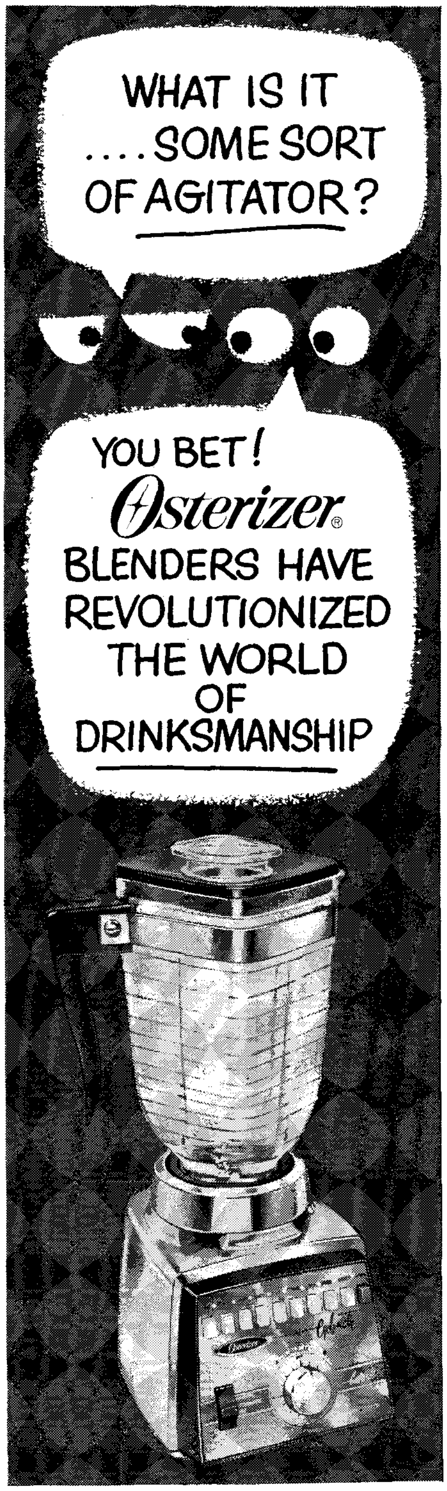
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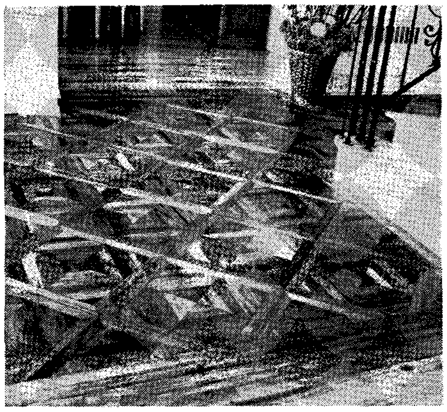
but they appear determined to retain their leverage. Although they oppose the revival of the political parties in their old forms, they also oppose the presence of a politically unchallenged military force, even if the Army men cannot yet be said to represent an oligarchic threat. In fact, given the current weakness of the civilian leadership, the students, perhaps even more than the politicians, recognize the military regime as a necessity for the time being. The students ultimately could stimulate some much needed fresh political action, but, unfortunately, they themselves lack leadership and a sound program, to say nothing of an ideology. Nearly twenty thousand have graduated from universities this year—twice as many as in 1967—and they are looking for jobs that don't exist. Unless the economic situation soon improves, they could become involved in some sort of demagogic mass movement. If that happens, and the students again take to the barricades, as they did to help unseat Sukarno, there could be a full-scale confrontation between them and the Army. There have already been instances of the Army's cracking down on student demonstrations against continued high prices and the slowness of reform, but so far both sides have been careful not to create a permanent impasse.

THE harsh demographic and economic imbalances among Indonesia's major islands and regions have caused more than one observer to doubt whether the nation can hold together at all, at least without the adoption of some system of confederation. A loosening of the central government's hold—especially its fiscal hold—over the far-flung islands is currently being discussed, but the present scheme has nothing in common with the purposeful policy of Balkanization that the Dutch sought to introduce at the end of the Second World War, as a means of heading off the independence movement. The Dutch policy, known as "federalism," aimed at the creation of a series of puppet states, most of which would pay homage to, and would be tied economically to, the Netherlands—an arrangement that would have rendered the new Republic of Indonesia powerless. The Dutch formula naturally failed, but so, in time, did an experiment in parliamentary democracy, as, of course, did Sukarno's Guided Democracy. Although nationalism and national unity are dominant themes of the present government, the elimination of Sukarno has promoted a new



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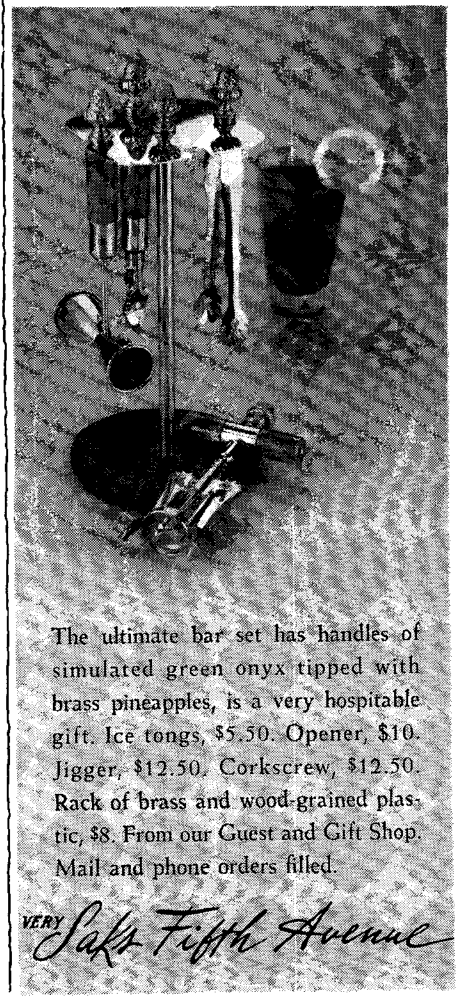

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spirit of independence in several important regions—especially Sumatra, the second largest in area after Kalimantan and the second largest in population after Java. Sumatra, which has a population of only about twenty million, compared to some seventy million for Java, has long generated almost two-thirds of Indonesia's export income, and has long felt deprived of its fair share of the returns, both economically and politically. Java, which has only eight per cent of the land surface of Indonesia, is seriously overpopulated, and its agricultural economy is thoroughly fragmented—the average holding is less than two acres—but politically it still rules the roost, as it did under Sukarno, and there remain today latent Sukarnoist and Communist threats, especially in East Java, that frighten the people of other islands. These "outer islands," as the Javanese call them, are in varying stages of development and have varying degrees of influence. West Irian and Kalimantan, for example, are in many ways still in the Stone Age; Sulawesi (Celebes), a medium-sized island lying northeast of Java and southeast of Kalimantan, is emerging rapidly as a trading center and is asserting itself more in political affairs as well; Bali, the lovely island just east of Java, is such a tourist attraction that it is in danger of succumbing to commercialism of a sort that may ultimately be more ruinous to its native charm than the intermittent volcanic and political eruptions combined.

Djakarta, the capital of Indonesia, is in West Java—the area that is at the same time the most modern and the most steeped in ancient tradition—but it is virtually an island in itself. A far cry from the quiet colonial city of Batavia (the Dutch name for it), Djakarta is today a noisy, dirty metropolis of three and a half million, the most chaotic and least charming capital in Southeast Asia, and, especially considering that it is a melting pot for people from all over Indonesia, an oddly uncosmopolitan city. In certain respects, it suggests the capital of a territory in the developing American West, a busy terminus of wagon trains (its wildly miscellaneous collection of dilapidated trucks and other vehicles reinforces the comparison). It is a place to which everyone has to come to do business, to make deals and contrive intrigues, and to talk politics, but it represents Indonesia even less than New York or Washington represents America. Though Djakarta holds the strings of power for the entire country, it gives the impression itself of being

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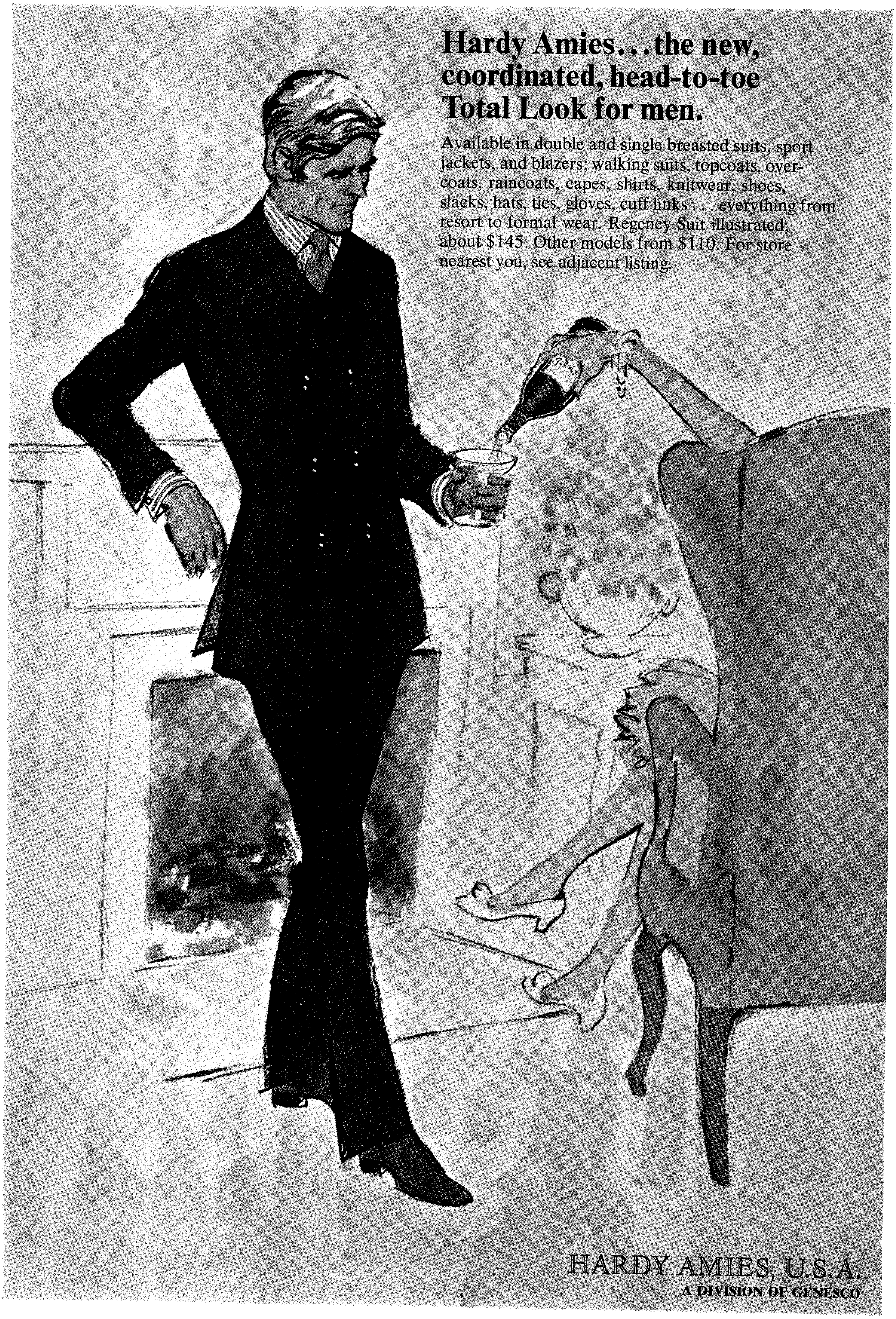

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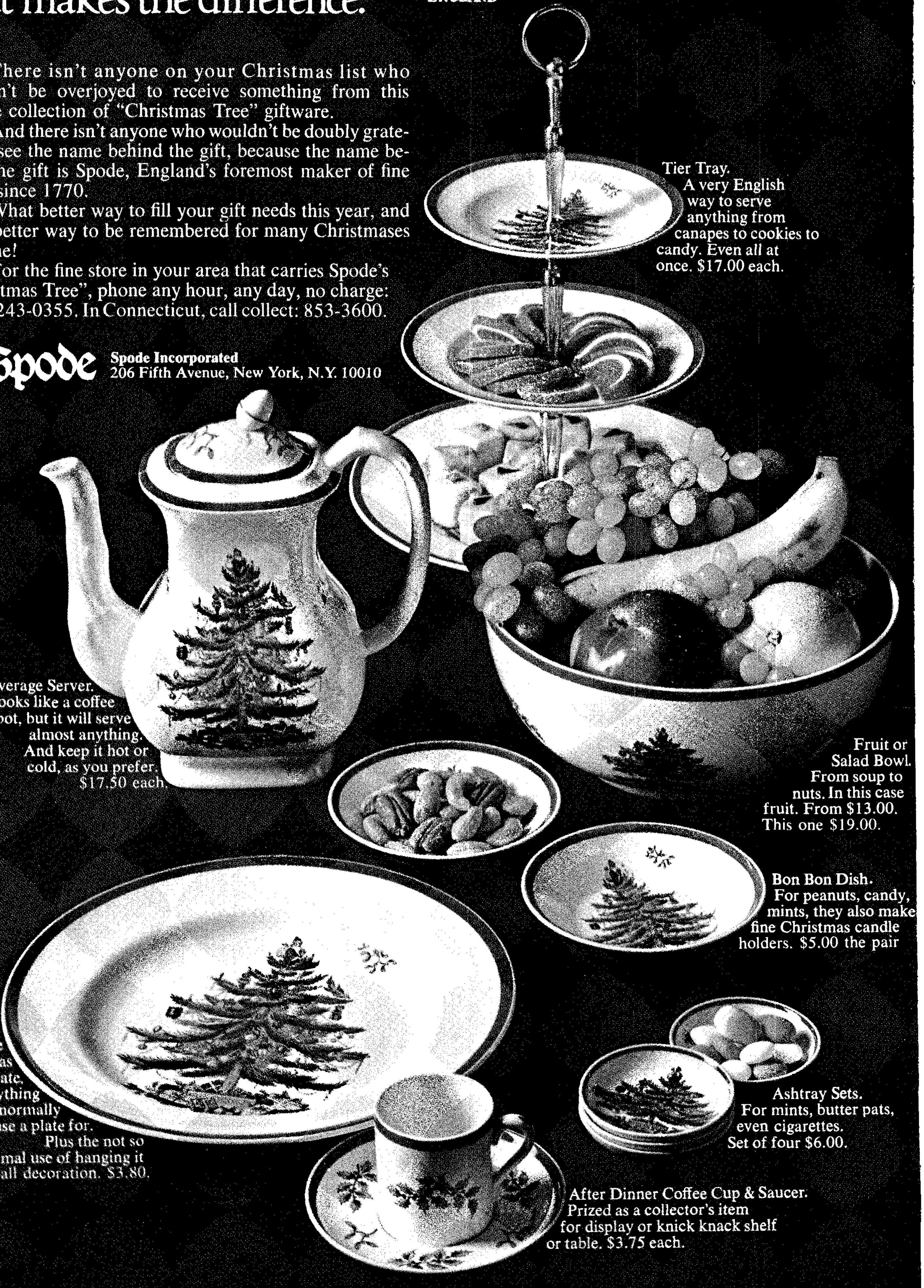

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loosely held together by string, which, one feels, could unravel at any moment. Djakarta is a historical aberration, whose importance can easily be underrated or overrated, depending on which of its aspects one happens to be acquainted with, and on what one thinks of the rest of Indonesia.

Any judgment of the state of mind of contemporary Indonesians must begin with an understanding of the dominant influence of Java. This influence is more than merely demographic, though the fact that Java has more than two-thirds of the nation's population creates a natural imbalance, which is reflected in the way Javanese dominate the civil service and other important fields, including the military, and which leads the people of the outer islands to feel not only outer but outcast. The key factors in Java's influence, though, are spiritual, ethnic, and social—factors that have affected much of the country's politics and commerce, and have created as much disunity as unity. Behind the tradition of Javanese superiority is the Javanese system of belief, which is a synthesis of native animism and assimilated foreign religions, fashioned by the Javanese into a harmonious philosophical interpretation of nature and society. The belief system seems simplistic in its application, yet to anyone but a Javanese its multifarious formulations look forbiddingly intricate. The system is dominated by a galaxy of natural and supernatural forces and beings, among them religious and mythological figures who are believed to have ruled the ancient court societies of Java. Ritual acts that are regarded as magical keep the belief system alive among the rural common people, who have traditionally lived in a hermetically closed, humdrum world. Within that world, far removed from the commercial influences that have affected some of the outer islands and parts of Java itself, particularly the towns, the belief system offers all the explanations and all the rewards a Javanese desires, whether he is a peasant cultivating his terraced ancestral rice fields or an agent of the ruling classes. This hermetic Javanese world contains in neatly integrated form all the occult ingredients of successive religions that have been brought in from the outside, including several Hindu cults, Buddhism, and Islam. This amalgam is not nearly as dogmatic in its tenets as such formal religions as orthodox Islam and Christianity are; instead, it is permissive, pantheistic, humanistic, even humor-

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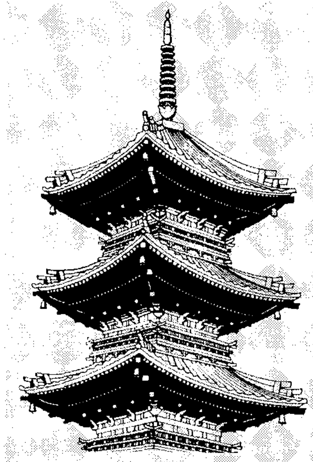

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ous. These qualities infuse the traditional Javanese *wayang*—shadow-play performances employing leather or wooden puppets, whose sharply etched shadows are thrown against walls or screens. *Wayang* is still performed all over Java, though nowadays most families cannot afford to follow the tradition of presenting *wayang* at weddings and on other special occasions. Also, the plays, which used to last seven or eight hours, now tend to be much shorter. Their influence has nevertheless grown, for their dialogues are regularly performed on the radio. Even the peasants today have transistor radios, and though in the radio versions the puppets and screens are missing, the plays are so well known that the listeners can imagine what is happening, or even project shadows for themselves, as the performers' words are wafted through the warm Javanese night.

The importance of *wayang* has been well explained in a monograph by Benedict R. O'G. Anderson, a professor of government at Cornell. According to him, it lies in the adaptation of ancient themes to modern patterns of social conduct and morality, with explanations, in mythological terms, of the relevance of the old themes to contemporary Javanese life. In thus furnishing a guide to conduct, Anderson says, *wayang*, "like any other metaphysical and ethical 'system,' is concerned to explain the universe, [and man's] relationships to the natural and supernatural order, to his fellow-men—and to himself." He adds, "In contrast to the great religions of the Near East, however, the religion of *wayang* has no prophet, no message, no Bible, and no Redeemer. . . . It does not offer the ecstasies of the Christian apocalypse, merely the inexorable flux." Though reflecting "the teeming multiplicity" of Javanese life, Anderson says, *wayang* is permeated with "the ancient Southeast Asian conception of the God-King, by which the temporal ruler represented divine power incarnate and the King's subjects partook of this power in exact proportion to their proximity to the throne. . . ." Although Java has never had a rigid caste system, Anderson explains, "implicit in an unequal hierarchial social order is the idea that each rank or level has its own peculiar functions within the social structure." He continues, "Each order is dependent on all the others. If one fails to function, all the others suffer the consequences. Thus, the King communicates with the supernatural powers and secures their benevolence; the *brahmana* [the class

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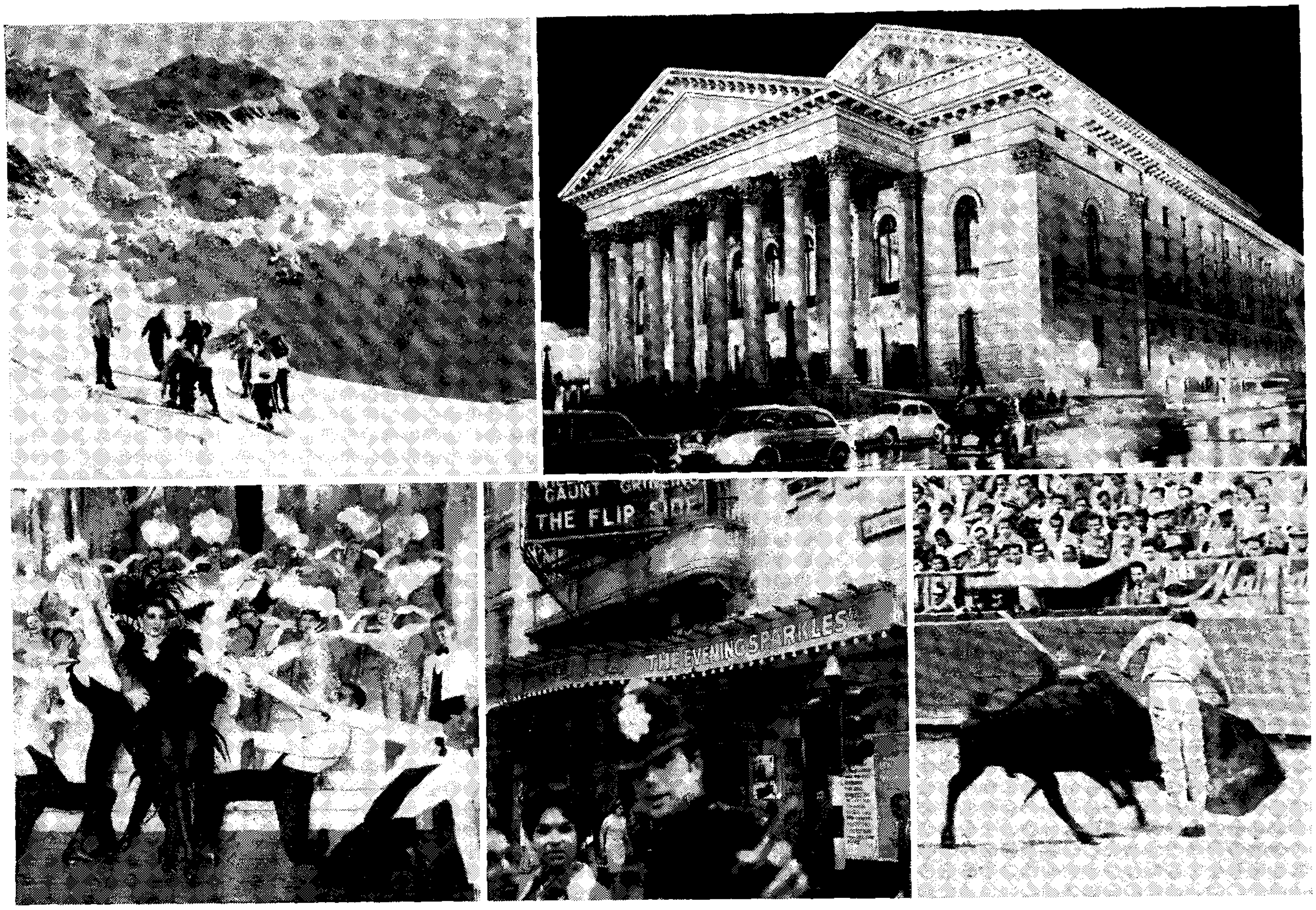

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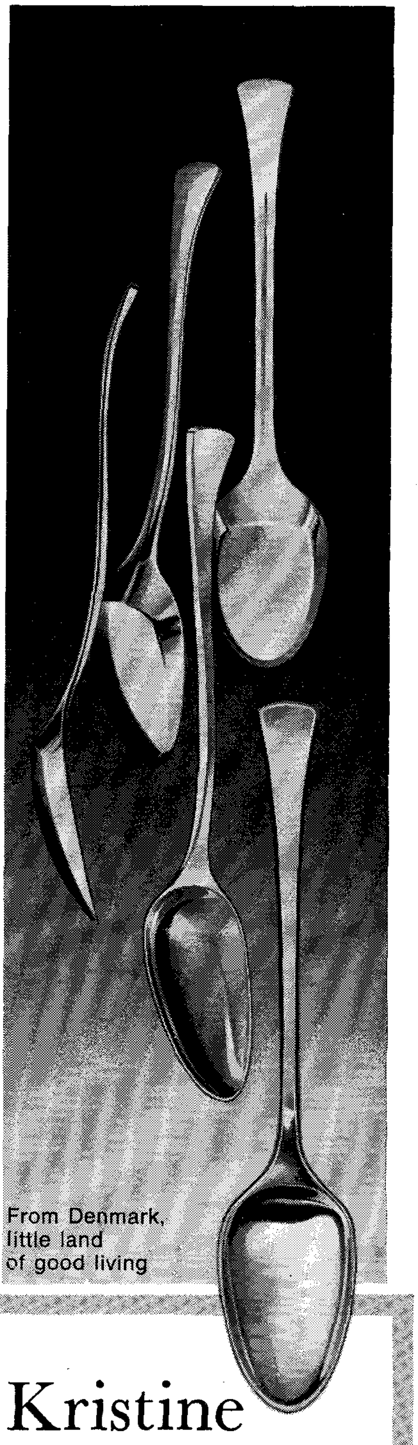

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of priests] perform the rituals of state and transmit the culture of the community to the next generation; the *satrya* [the upper class of administrators] have the duty of administering the government and protecting the state from external attack; the traders maintain economic prosperity, while the artisans construct the material apparatus of the civilization. Out of the concept of function there now emerges the idea of morality. Precisely because all functions are interrelated, and because each order is essential to all the others, social approval for individuals within each order depends on how adequately they fulfill their order's functions." Since the characters of the *wayang* world are thus regarded as appropriate models for daily living, Anderson adds, children grow up playing *wayang* games, in which they pretend to be various heroes and heroines.

Soedjatmoko, the current Indonesian ambassador to the United States, is perhaps the nation's foremost sociopolitical historian, and in a series of lectures he recently delivered in Australia he summed up the impact of the *wayang* tradition on contemporary Indonesian society:

> As social hierarchy is seen as a reflection of the cosmic order, one's place in the hierarchy reflects the degree of inner perfection and power one has achieved. At the apex of this hierarchy stands the ruler, who rules by divine sanction and whose state of inner development is reflected in the condition of his realm. In this view, territory is not the essential aspect of the state, but the court and the capital are. More than anything else, they stand for the state itself.
>
> Project these ideas and attitudes onto the modern state and its mode of operation, and several features of contemporary Indonesian society become comprehensible: the tendency towards paternalistic authoritarianism, the inclination to seek employment in the civil service, the preoccupation with prestige and status rather than function and performance, the unquestioning obedience to authority, the almost exclusive concentration of politics in the capital, and the emphasis on strengthening the national will through indoctrination and revolutionary fervor rather than the solving of practical problems. Moreover, part of this outlook on life is the inclination to view the unfolding of history not as a continuous process in which the present is conditioned by the past and the future shaped by the present but as a succession of not necessarily interrelated but self-contained situations, periods, or times . . . each with its own characteristics, demands, and problems to which one should adjust, and opportunities which one should utilize. The perfect state and the perfect society—a constant theme in traditional culture as well as in modern political thought in Indonesia—is therefore not a goal to be achieved through hard work and rational planning but—

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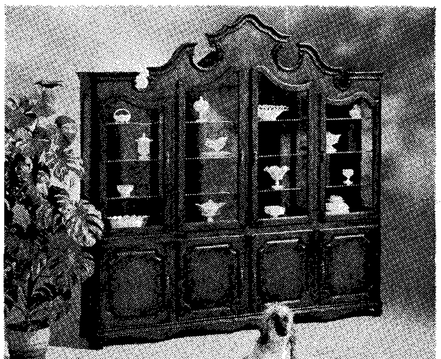

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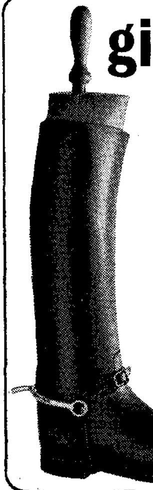

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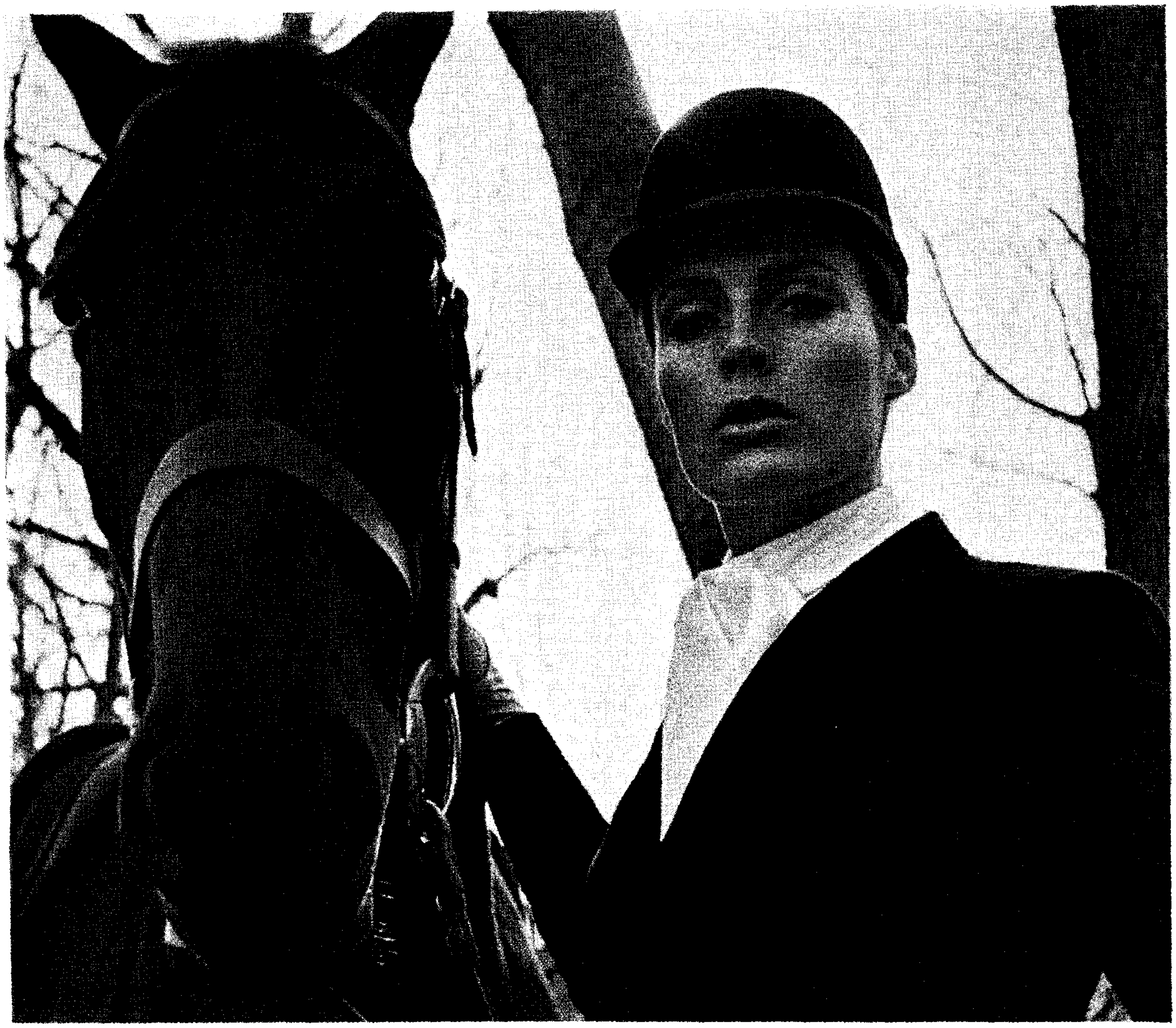

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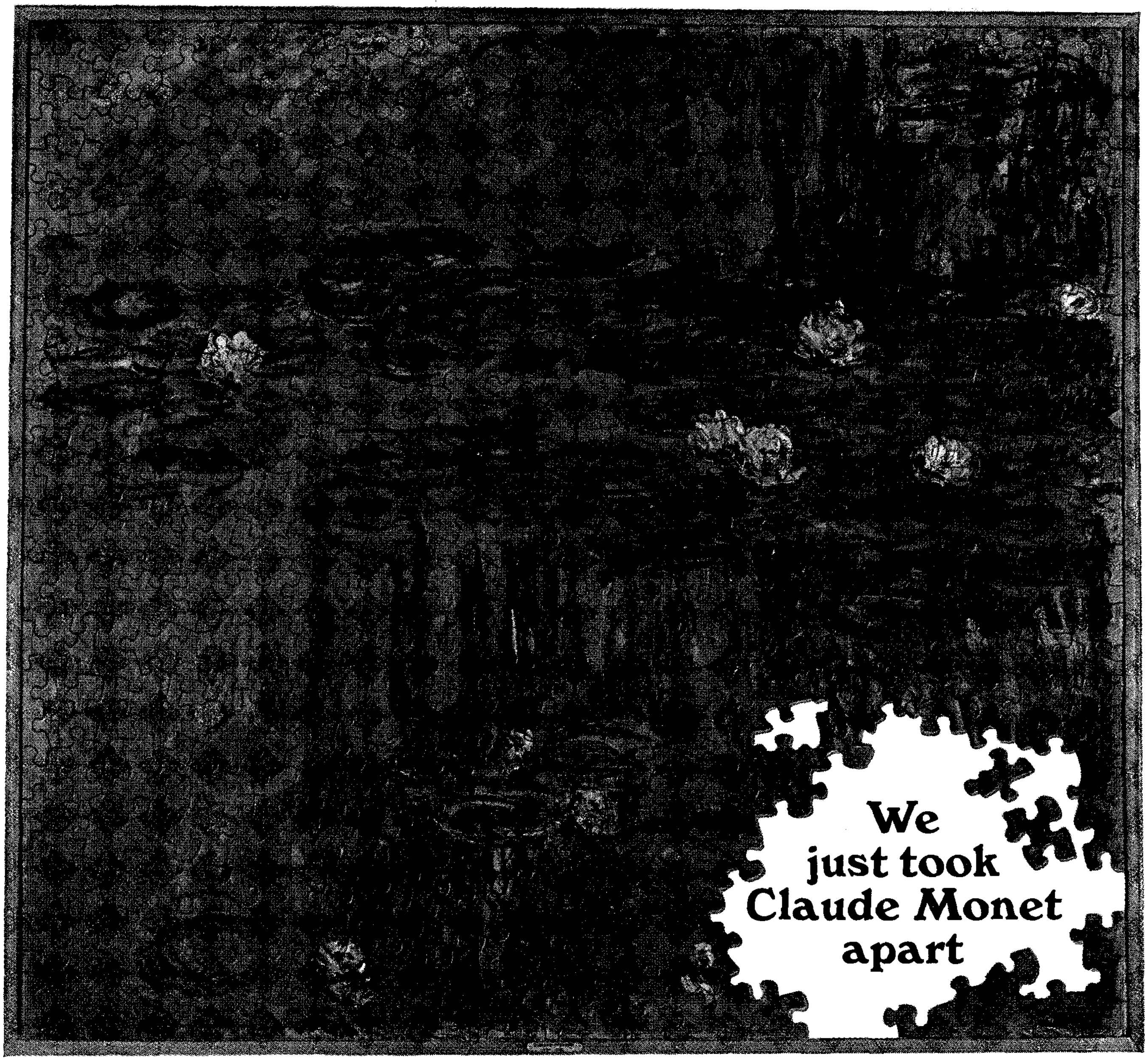

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The political importance of the Javanese system of belief can be gathered by the fact that it is directly involved in the government's decision-making process. Sukarno constantly consulted his gurus and his *dukun*—spiritual advisers and soothsayers—who were believed to be in touch with the natural forces. Suharto, who is even more Javanese in many ways than Sukarno, does likewise, maintaining a major guru in Jogjakarta, in south-central Java, and assistant gurus in Djakarta and Semarang; all his major decisions and actions have been taken after assurances from his spiritual advisers that what he was about to do was in conformity with the incontrovertible laws of nature. In some instances, the advisers have given him what have amounted to instructions. Dr. Willard A. Hanna, a longtime student of Indonesian affairs, has told of the lengths to which Suharto went to reinforce his magical powers in his long-drawn-out efforts to oust Sukarno. One of Suharto's *dukun* told him that Sukarno had acquired a mystical total of nine *kris*—magical daggers that are thought to be in touch with the natural powers—and urged him to counteract their effect by obtaining the mask of Gadjah Madah, a warrior leader of the Indonesian Madjapahit Empire (1295-1525 A.D.). The mask was in a temple in a Balinese village, and in the summer of 1966 Suharto sent a group of his top aides to get it. The aides demanded it too brusquely, and the Balinese priests turned them down, so Suharto sent out

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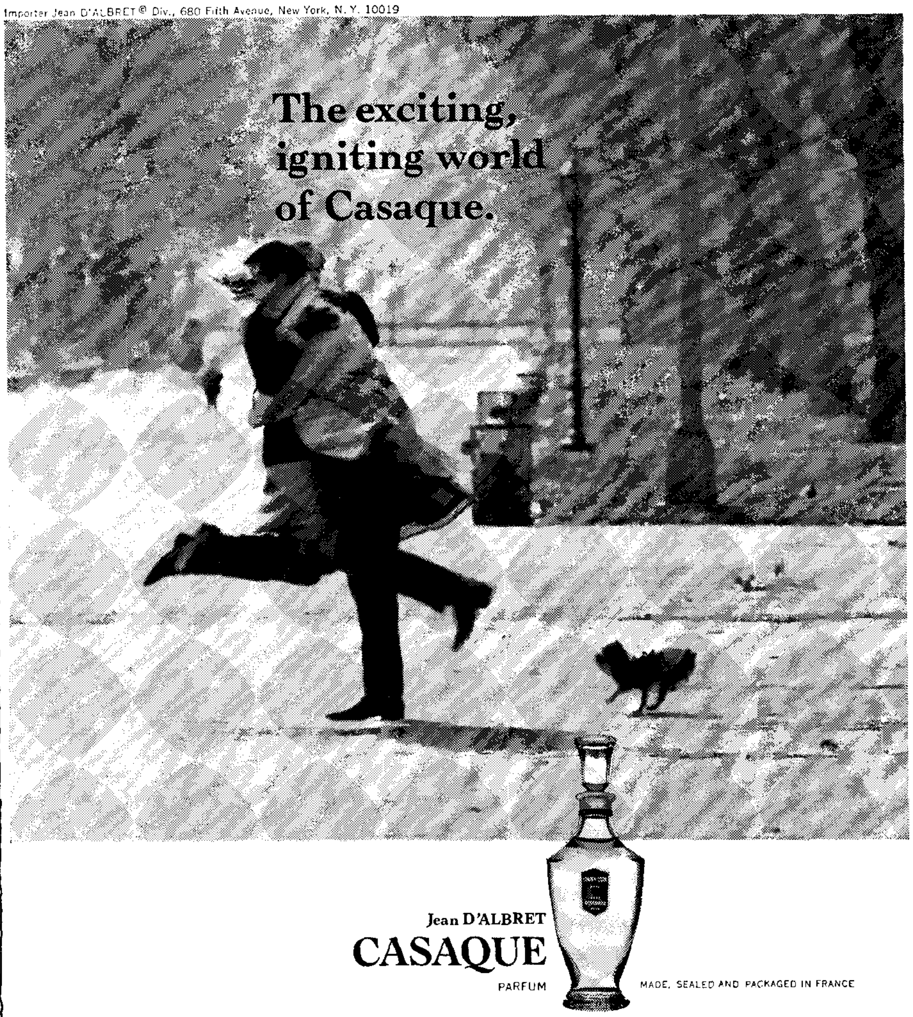
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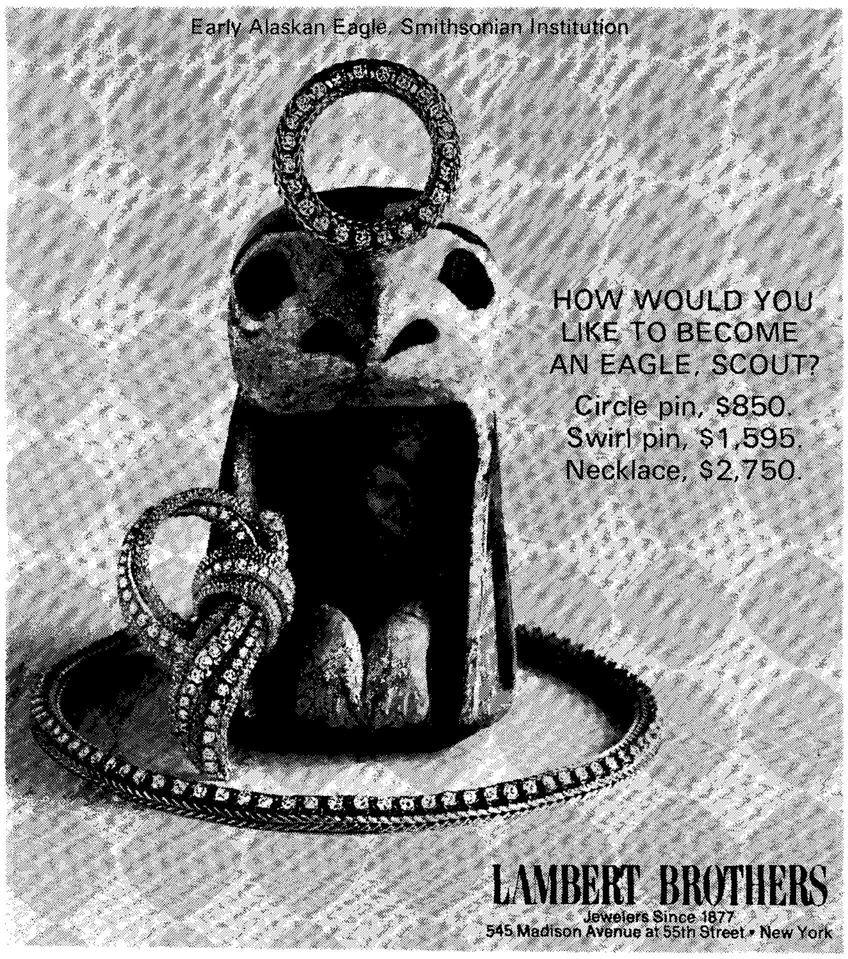
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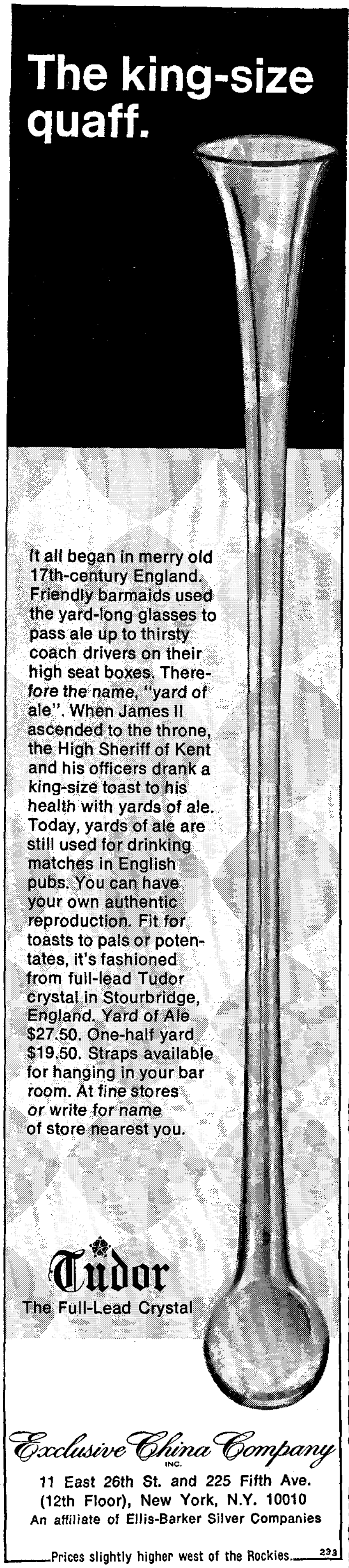
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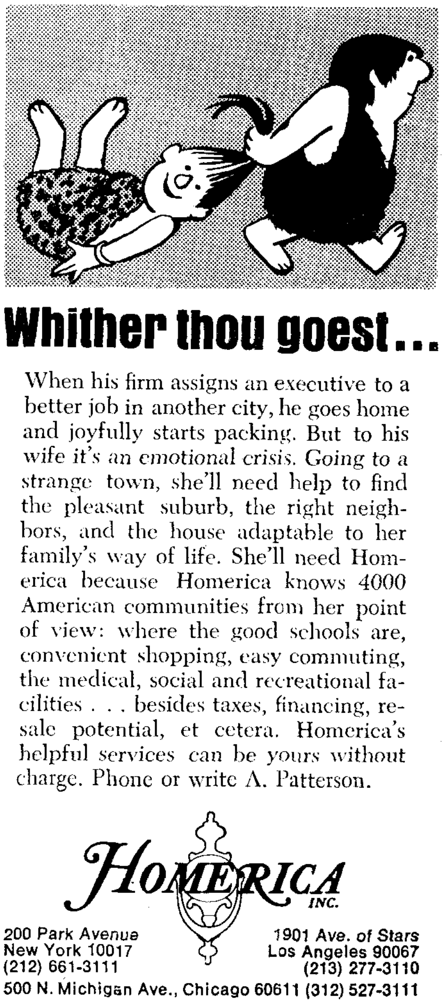
a second mission, which was more polite. The priests consented to give up the mask, and some of them accompanied it back to Djakarta, where Suharto received them in traditional Javanese costume, sitting cross-legged on the floor. He promised to safeguard the mask for a thousand days, the period the *dukun* had prescribed, and the priests turned it over to him—though one of them remained in Djakarta to sprinkle holy water on it and otherwise provide it with ceremonial care. Suharto immediately began paying regular homage to the mask, and soon he was demonstrating a new self-assurance in handling the problem of Sukarno. Thereafter, he obeyed his *dukun* in other important matters; for instance, he reduced the Cabinet from a hundred ministers to twenty-four because several of his soothsayers suggested that six times four was a propitious number. (His present Cabinet has twenty-three members, but there is no indication that this reduction of one was ordered by the *dukun*, so it may be that Suharto has acquired enough self-assurance to start operating on his own.)

Even Javanese who have been trained in modern Western intellectual disciplines retain their gurus. Selo Soemardjan, who is on the faculty of the University of Indonesia and also assists the Sultan of Jogjakarta, Hamengku Buwono IX—the modern-minded and politically sophisticated holder of an ancient title—in supervising economic affairs under the New Order, told me that until he was well into middle age he did not accept the Javanese system of belief. Not until he was studying at Cornell, in the late nineteen-fifties, he said, did he become a true believer. "It had caused a great frustration on me until I decided that I *had* to believe in it," he said. "There was no logic to it—it simply could not be avoided any longer." Soemardjan, one of the gentlest of men, comes from a family whose eldest son has traditionally served the Sultan. "The Sultan is a special person, who needs no guru, since he himself is a king," Soemardjan explained to me. "As such, he can communicate with the cosmological powers, directly or indirectly—through his *kris*, for example—whereas a guru can only mediate and interpret." Although the Sultan prefers to regard himself not as a king but as a common man, and expects the sultanate to die with him, he still performs his kingly religious role, because his sense of duty forbids him to do otherwise. Once a year, for instance, he leads a procession to the sea near Jogjakarta and leaves offer-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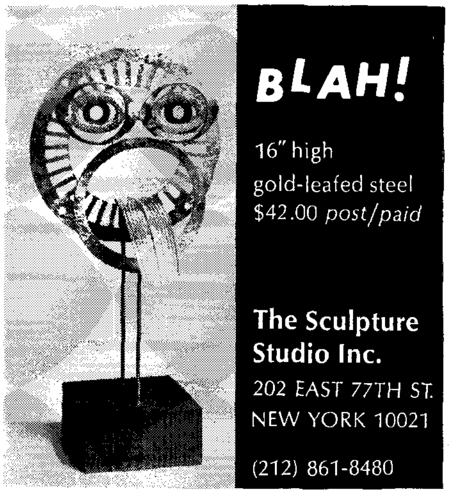
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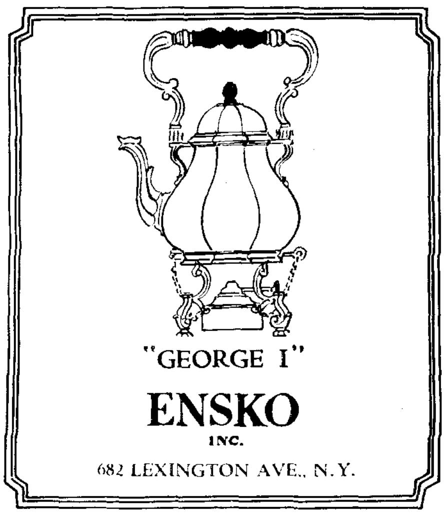
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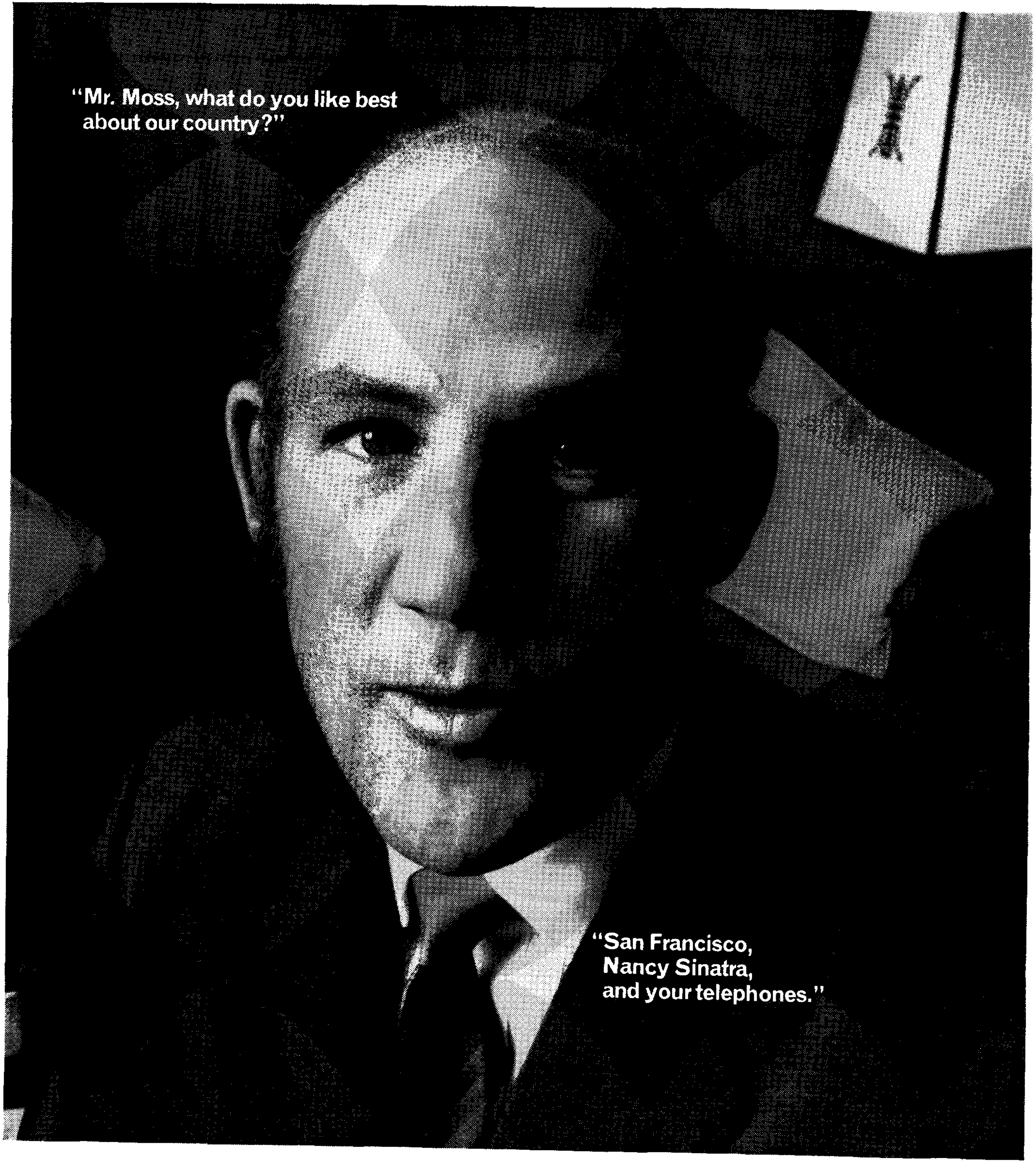
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THOUGH it is easy to exaggerate the influence of Javanese culture on the rest of Indonesia, the fact remains that it is considerable. However, the Javanese domination exists not so much in the form of direct cultural and religious sway as in a number of ethnic, linguistic, geographical, and political circumstances. Indonesia's size and geographical diversity alone would inevitably have led to cultural fragmentation, and these factors have been supplemented by the uneven distribution of its population, as a result of a long series of migrations from the Asian mainland beginning as far back as 2500 B.C. Sociologists and anthropologists have listed more than a hundred ethnic groups and subgroups in the archipelago, of which about a dozen are major ones, each with its own language and customs. For instance, Java and Bali have long practiced a distinctive form of agriculture; because both have rich volcanic soil and a heavy rainfall, they long ago devised irrigation systems and built terraced rice fields, which they plant intensively. In contrast, most of the other islands, notably the big and less densely populated Kalimantan and Sumatra, have followed the system of clearing and planting successive patches of jungle, except for large estates producing rubber and spices. Trade and commerce have represented another major influence, especially in the outer islands. In the words of J. D. Legge, an Australian historian:

> One of [the dominant themes of Indonesian history] is the interplay between land and sea—between agricultural societies and commercial societies, between kings and merchants, between Java and the outer islands. The fertility and the consequent intensive agriculture of Java has provided the foundation for the preeminent role of that island in the past. . . . Such agriculture required coöperation for the maintenance of the irrigation system on which a series of villages depended. It thus called for some sort of unit to overarch the individual communities. Hence the growth of principalities, supported by agricultural tribute and supplying in return a necessary bureaucratic service. Hence the growth of an ordered society, in which rank was important and where it was accompanied by the appropriate material appurtenances, a society in which the court of the prince was not merely a center of government but also of civilization. . . . In the ebb and flow of Indonesian history, principalities became kingdoms and kingdoms empires, exercis-

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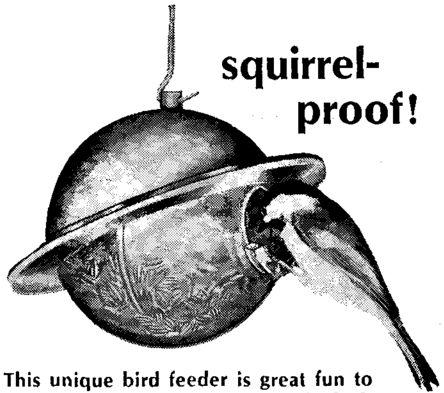

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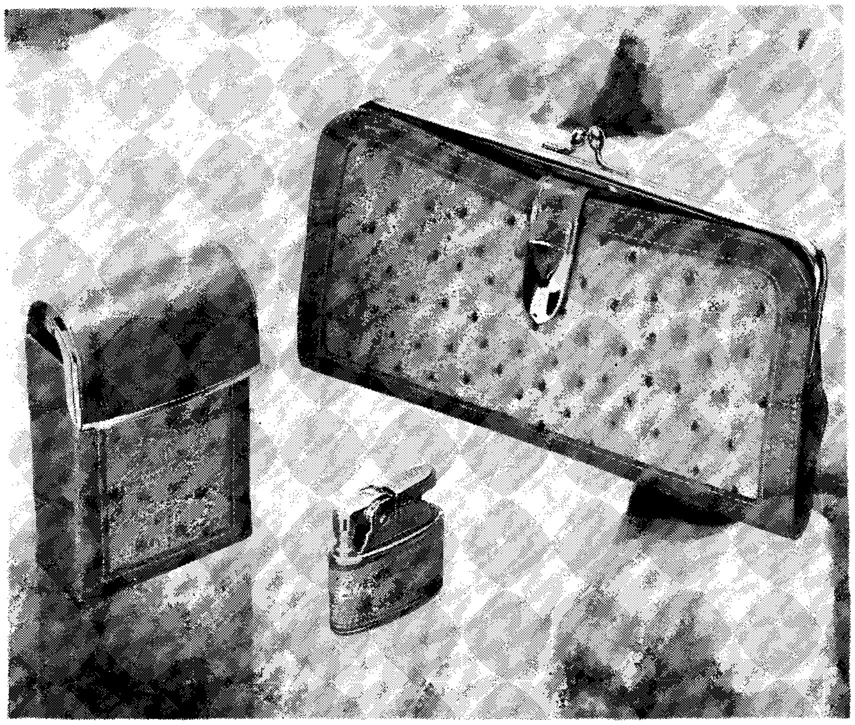
From time to time, as Legge and other historians have pointed out, the various Javanese kingdoms faced commercial threats from some of the other islands, under outside influences, mostly East Asian and Arab. The most successful non-Javan state was the Srivijaya Empire, in southern Sumatra, which dominated Indonesia from the seventh century to the thirteenth. But, beginning as far back as the eighth century, with the Hindu kingdom of Mataram, the Javanese kingdoms maintained a separate hegemony, and by the eleventh century, when the Srivijaya Empire started to decline, the island of Java, Legge says, "acquired an importance it was never to lose." It reached the apex of its early power with the supremacy of the Hindu Javanese Empire of Madjapahit, which in the fourteenth century controlled virtually the whole archipelago and became a commercial as well as agricultural empire. A century earlier, however, the influence of Islam had begun to be felt in small trading centers established by Arabs along the coasts of Sumatra and Java, and by the end of the sixteenth century what had become the Muslim states of Mataram and Bantam controlled large parts of Java. There evolved during this period Indonesia's most sharply defined and self-contained form of aristocratic rule, in which the *abangan*, or nominal Muslim villager, paid temporal tribute and homage to the *priyayi*, or aristocratic class, and in the religious sphere deferred to the *ulama*, or Muslim teachers, and to the *santri*, who were the devout class of Muslims.

Javanese supremacy was challenged not only by the thrust of Islam but by the new, cosmopolitan commercial states. One such state was Malacca, on the Malay Peninsula, which extended its influence to the Moluccas, Celebes, and the bustling ports of Sumatra, and then to Java. The growing rivalry between these new commercial centers and the old principalities, mainly in the interior of Java, contributed much to the diversity of the archipelago. As the Muslim migration spread and the older Hindu kingdoms declined, Islam established a strong military as well as religious foothold in the interior of Java. The process of social and cultural interaction, however, was slow and subtle. Islam proved astonishingly adaptable to Indonesian mores and traditions, and easily absorbed Javanese animism and mysticism—probably because the Islamic migration reached the



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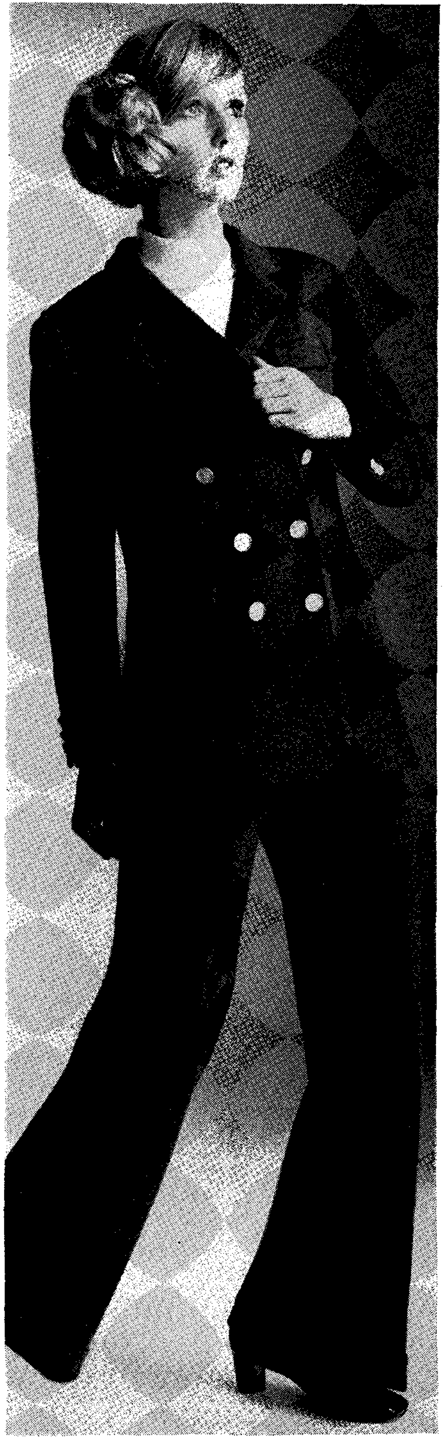

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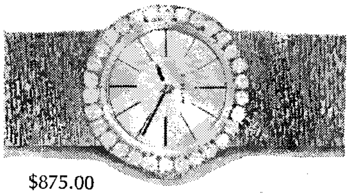
Far East from Persia via India, where it acquired various Hindu-mystic trimmings before moving on. As a result, the less devout *abangan*—literally, the name means "the red ones," or those bound to the earth—blended naturally and easily into the Javanese cultural landscape even as they continued to observe the essential Islamic rituals. While they listened to their *ulama* and their *kijai*—the village teachers, or "white-robed ones"—they were ready to accept such native Javanese customs as the system of *adat*, or customary law, and to embrace Hindu-mystic rituals and beliefs, and they found no difficulty in blending their obligations as nominally monotheistic Muslims with the animistic and pantheistic local ways and habits. Indeed, they enjoyed the best of both worlds.

Largely because of the uneven nature of the Islamic penetration, there arose two distinct and often competitive political cultures, which another Australian historian, Herbert Feith, has defined as "Javanese-aristocratic" and "Islamic-entrepreneurial." On top of the growing Islamic tensions, Dutch colonialism imposed fresh conflicts. In time, the aristocratic *priyayi*, who were the administrators under the Dutch colonial dispensation, incurred the hostility of the Islamic *santri* and *ulama* elements, who felt their positions threatened. Consequently, some of the earliest rebellions against Dutch rule, in the first half of the nineteenth century, were Islamic revolts, representing attempts to maintain Muslim identity at least as much as to define a nationalist cause. Later, there were sharper conflicts between reformist Muslim groups—who came to Indonesia in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries and soon became the propulsive force behind a broad, modern nationalist movement—and the conservative Muslim elements, which continued to speak of holy wars and the creation of an Islamic state. In the developing revolutionary struggle, the reformist Muslims fostered the Masjumi Party, the conservative Muslims turned to the N.U. (the Muslim Scholars' Party), and many of the nominally Muslim *abangan* joined the P.N.I. (the Nationalist Party), the P.S.I. (the Socialist Party), or, particularly in Java, the Communist P.K.I. In Java, the Masjumi was most active along the coast, in some eastern and central inland trading centers, and in western areas where an entrepreneurial class had grown up, while the conservatives of the N.U. held sway over many of Java's rural villages. It was these con-



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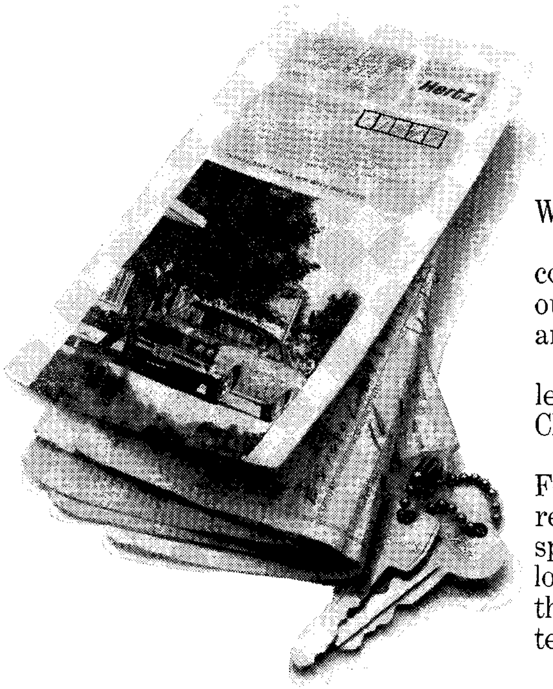

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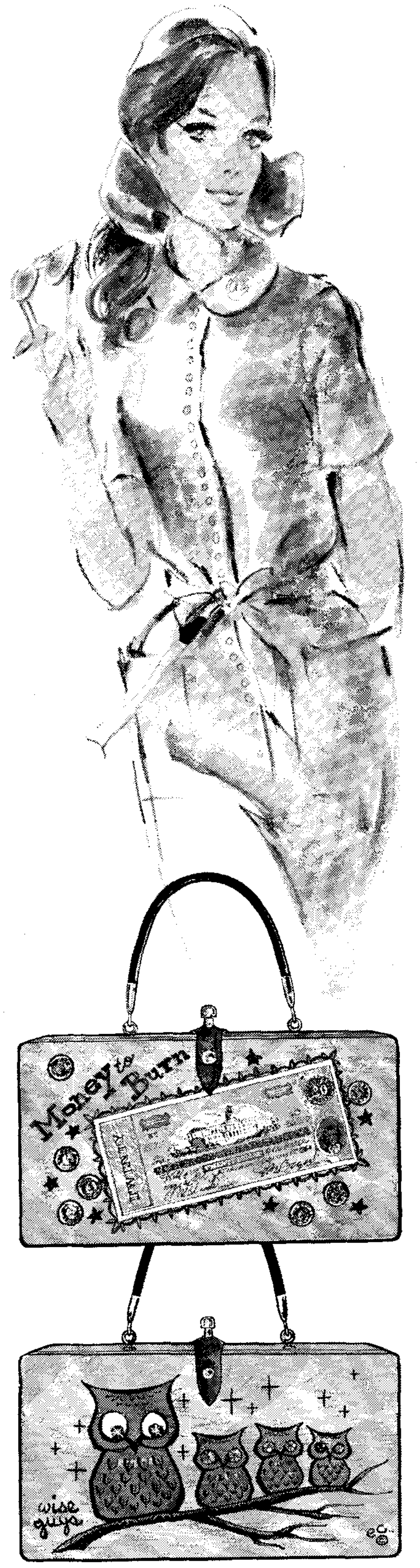

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servatives who, more than any other group, came into bitter conflict with the Sukarnoist P.N.I. and the P.K.I. in the periods before and after the attempted 1965 coup.

THESE conflicts still hold much significance for the Indonesians in the amorphous post-Sukarno period, and to understand them fully it is necessary to review the archipelago's twentieth-century political history in relation to the Dutch occupation and the brief Japanese occupation that followed it. As the Dutch consolidated and broadened their eastern empire in the latter part of the nineteenth century, siphoning off vast fortunes in rubber, tin, and copra to supplement the profits they had been making all along from agricultural products, they suffered pangs of conscience over what they were doing, or not doing, to the Indonesian social fabric, particularly at the rural level. Their spiritual stocktaking resulted in what was called the Ethical Policy, which Queen Wilhelmina enunciated in 1901 and which envisioned nothing less than the eventual creation of a new "East Indian society" that would be a happy amalgam of Eastern and Western values and traditions. Although this benevolent concept had a certain missionary tinge, it was founded partly on the self-interest of those Dutch settlers who had come to regard Indonesia as their permanent home and, looking ahead to their retirement, thought of building a vaguely autonomous interracial partnership, a sort of post-colonial nirvana that would forever check any move toward Indonesian independence. If their hope was naïve, it did at least betoken an affection for their colonial dependents that had few parallels elsewhere at the time. To carry out the Ethical Policy, the Dutch expanded their efforts to improve health and agriculture in the villages, and began a new program of public works, but, instead of laying the groundwork for self-government among the Indonesians by offering them broad educational opportunities, they concentrated on training a limited number of them for the colonial administrative service. Subsequently, an even smaller and more carefully selected group of intellectuals and technicians was allowed to go to Europe—usually to the Netherlands—for study, but these Western-trained scholars were never accepted in the higher echelons of the colonial administration, and ultimately, as what one observer called "emotionally displaced persons," they found a cure for

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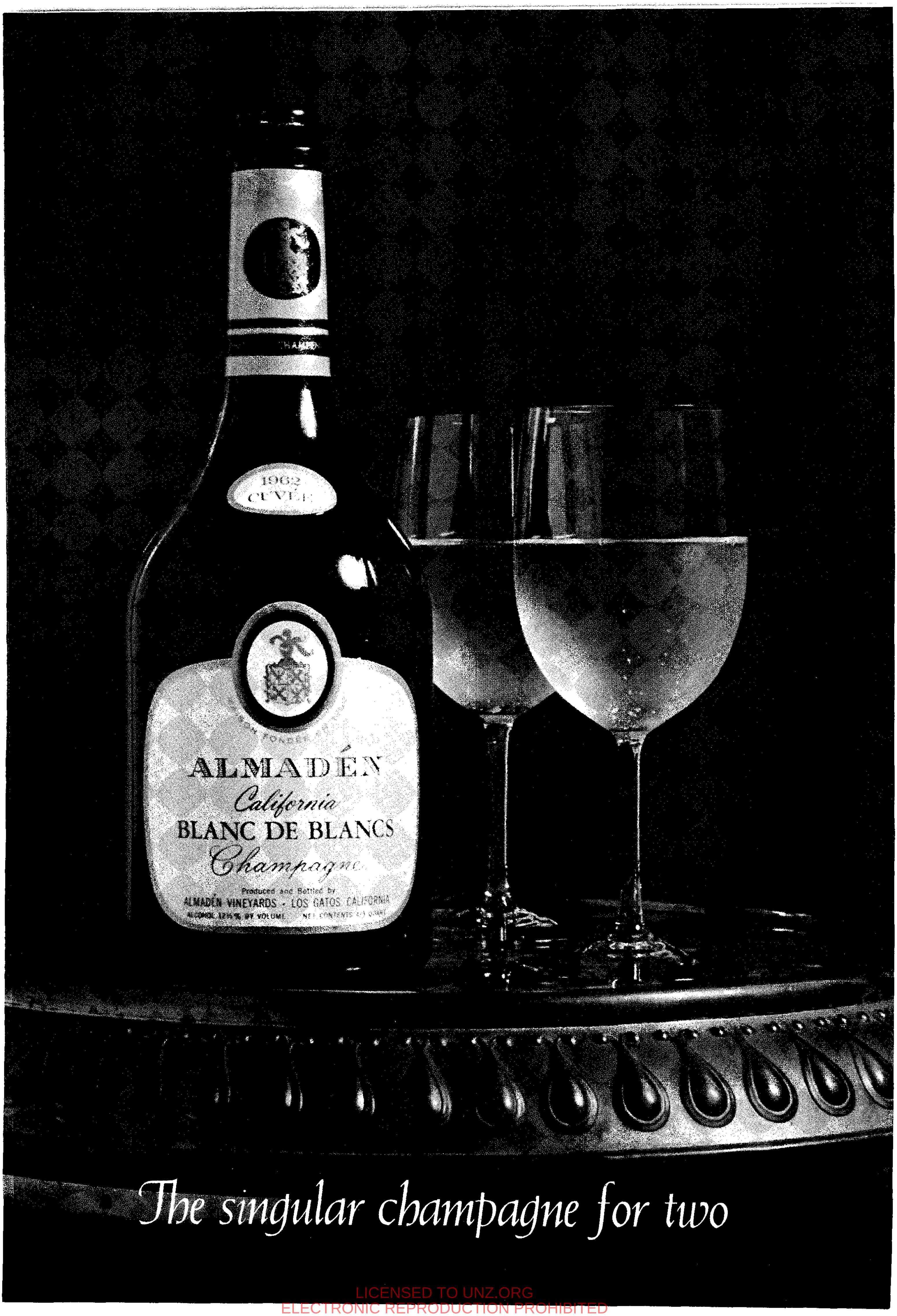
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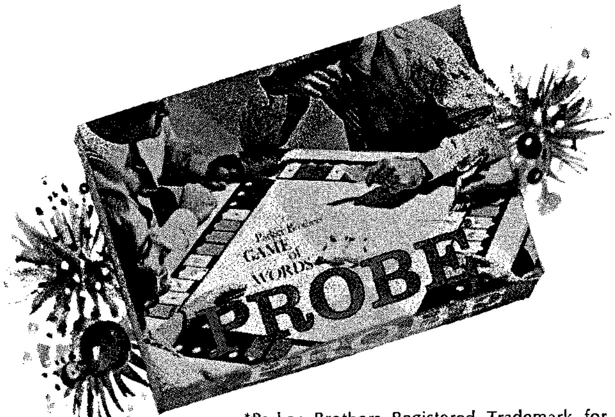

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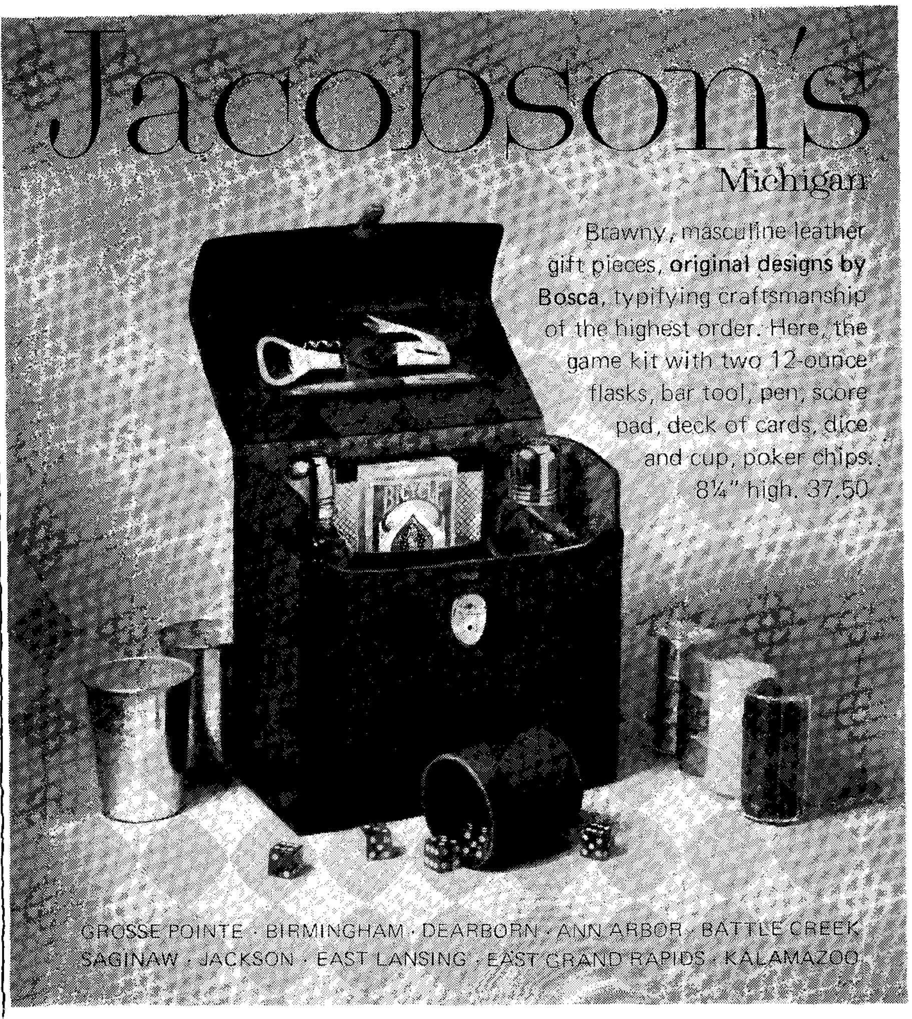
Amid the cultural and religious tensions and the urban-rural cleavages that marked the early years of this century, nationalism was bound to grow only spasmodically in the absence of any mass base or systematic group alliances. (The Communists alone—and then after several false starts—eventually succeeded in establishing such a base, but they did so only in Java, and, in the end, neither their mass strength nor their control over their own organization proved to be as



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effective as they thought it was.) Thus, one might say that Sukarnoism, or something like it, was unavoidable—that some sort of revolutionary phenomenon based mainly on slogans and proclaiming a unity that did not exist was bound to be invented in the effort to weld Indonesia together, and, by the same token, was bound to degenerate into political charlatanism.

From the outset, Indonesian nationalism lacked sustained conceptual leadership such as characterized nationalist movements in Europe or, nearer by, in India and Indo-China. The history of modern Indonesian nationalism can be said to date from 1908, when a small group of Muslim medical students in Java formed a society named Boedi Oetomo (High Endeavor) to promote cultural ideas and encourage educational reforms. In the same year, the Dutch created the first locally elected advisory councils, so it seems evident that Boedi Oetomo's rapid growth—it had ten thousand members soon after it was founded—was stimulated partly by the colonial administration's first overt encouragement of political discussion. Among the reasons for the Dutch step was that, after thirty-five years of intermittent fighting, the so-called Atjeh Rebellion, in Sumatra, had finally come to an end. This was the last of an almost century-long series of sporadic anti-Dutch actions, which began with the Java War of 1825-30. Essentially, the Java War and the subsequent outbreaks throughout the archipelago were Islamic-led efforts to assert religious authority, but they all had in common a bitter opposition to the worst features of Dutch colonialism—most notably what was called the Culture System, which provided for compulsory cultivation of crops by means of forced labor and forced deliveries. The rebellions were costly to the Dutch, in terms of both men and money lost, and the local reforms introduced in 1908, reinforcing the Ethical Policy, indicated that the colonial administration recognized the necessity for some sort of concrete ameliorative measures. The Indonesian response to the new Dutch policy was hesitant at first. Supplementing Boedi Oetomo, a group called Sarekat Dagang Islam (Society of Muslim Traders) was formed in 1911, to stimulate Islamic spirit and to protect Muslims in the batik business against growing incursions by the Chinese. To some extent, Sarekat Islam (Muslim Society), the name the group took the following year, invoked traditional Javanese beliefs, and based its appeal on as-

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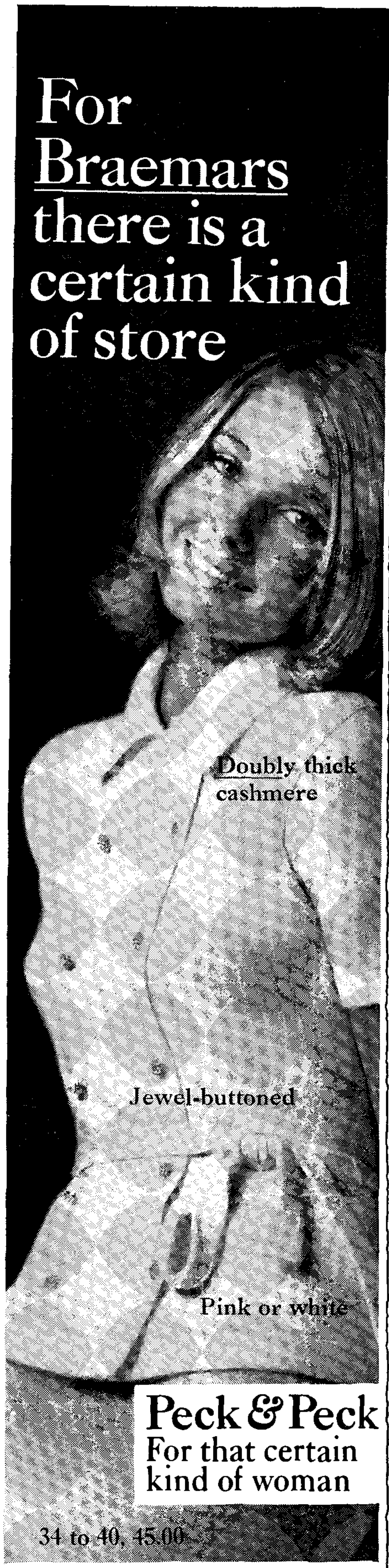

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sociating its political goals with the advent of a *mahdi*, or messiah—known in Javanese as Ratu Adil, or the Just King—who would establish a rule of peace, justice, and prosperity. There emerged a third Muslim group in 1912, the Muhammadijah, which was also dedicated to social and educational reforms and to the spread of Islamic thought, and which was to become the most important of the three. The Muhammadijah is still in existence, and since the fall of Sukarno it has become more and more active politically—so active, in fact, that it may ultimately provide the base for a new reformist Muslim political party. In those early years, though, the most politically oriented groups were Sarekat Islam and a small one called the Indische Partai (Indies Party), with which it coöperated. By 1914, the leaders of Sarekat Islam—notably O. S. Tjokroaminoto, a Western-educated *priyayi*, who was perhaps the first important Indonesian political activist—were telling its members to seek their rights. Some of the members later joined the new, Marxist-oriented Social Democratic Association, which was the forerunner of the Indonesian Communist Party. The Communists, notably including a Hollander named Hendrik Sneevliet, who later played an important role in China as the representative there of the Moscow-based Comintern, and a European-educated schoolteacher from Sumatra named Tan Malaka, lost no time in moving in to take over Sarekat Islam, whose leader, Tjokroaminoto, had already attacked "sinful capitalism." The Communists also moved in on the trade unions, which had just been formed, and of which the largest was the railway workers' and the strongest, oddly, the pawnbrokers'. In 1920, the Marxists in Sarekat Islam joined the Comintern, bringing differences between the religious-minded members of the original group and the left-wing activists out into the open. The result was that in 1923 the Communists, led by Tan Malaka, withdrew from Sarekat Islam, which survived for a time but, amid the increasing fragmentation of the young nationalist movement, never really recovered. The process of fragmentation was hastened by the defeat of the first Communist coup to be attempted in Indonesia, in November of 1926, which consisted of an attack on the prison and on the telephone exchange in the capital city. The effort was badly planned and organized—an effect of the recent split between Stalin and Trotsky in Russia, which had pro-

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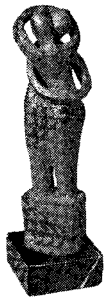

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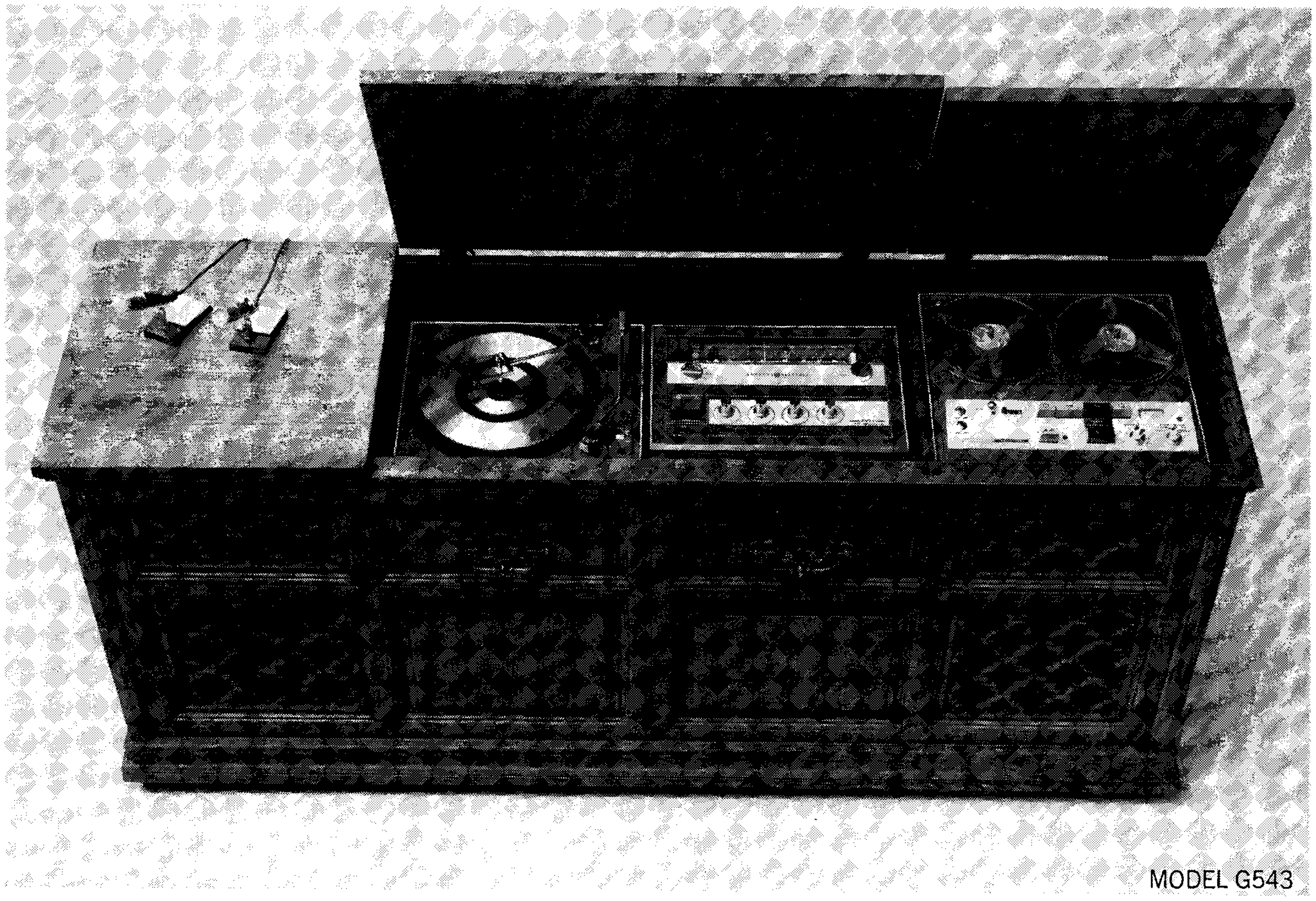

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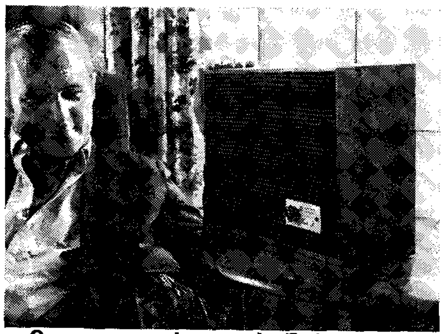

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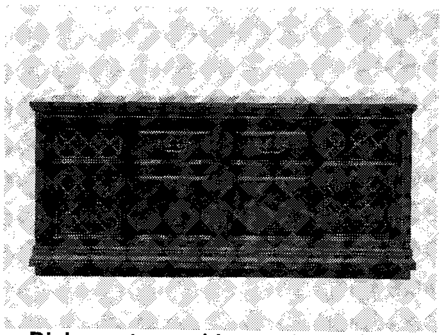

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duced violent factional quarrels among the Indonesian Communist leaders (Tan Malaka, for one, opposed the coup and left the Party)—and was defeated in a fortnight. Over the next few months, thirteen thousand people were arrested, and almost half of them were sent to jail or to concentration camps.

The strong reprisals taken against the Communists reflected the attitude of a new and more conservative government in the Netherlands and also of a new group of investors in the islands, especially in Sumatra, who thought more about short-range profits than about settling down permanently among the Indonesians. The proponents of the Ethical Policy now found themselves in the minority, and the various nationalist movements had to struggle for survival. After the decline of Sarekat Islam, numbers of study clubs and other student groups were formed, one of which, at the technical college in Bandung, was headed by a young East Javanese civil engineer named Sukarno. At the age of fourteen, Sukarno had been sent to live as a foster son in the home of Tjokroaminoto, from whom he acquired many nationalist ideas. (Tjokroaminoto's daughter later became one of his wives.) It was these ideas that prompted him to become an activist during his student days in Bandung. In 1927, when he was twenty-six, he helped found the Indonesian Nationalist Party. He failed in efforts to rally other nationalist groups and organizations, however, and after two years the party was banned and Sukarno was arrested. He served two years of a three-year sentence, and in 1933 he was arrested again and exiled from Java. Around this time, hundreds of other nationalists, including Sjahrir and Muhammad Hatta, who was later to become Sukarno's Vice-President, were also imprisoned, and the various nationalist parties and organizations foundered, while the Dutch policy of repression continued. Louis Fischer notes in his book "The Story of Indonesia," "It is Indonesia's tragedy that none of this prepared either side for the future," and because the situation "made understanding and trust, even contact, impossible, Holland lost the Indonesian friends who might have been her bridge to the people's heart." In 1941, on the eve of the Japanese invasion, the Indonesian nationalist movements that were still functioning—they included a number of small secular organizations and such Muslim groups as the Muhammadijah and the Nahdatul Ulama—did manage

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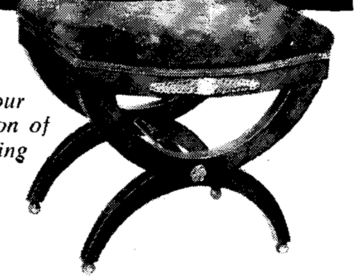
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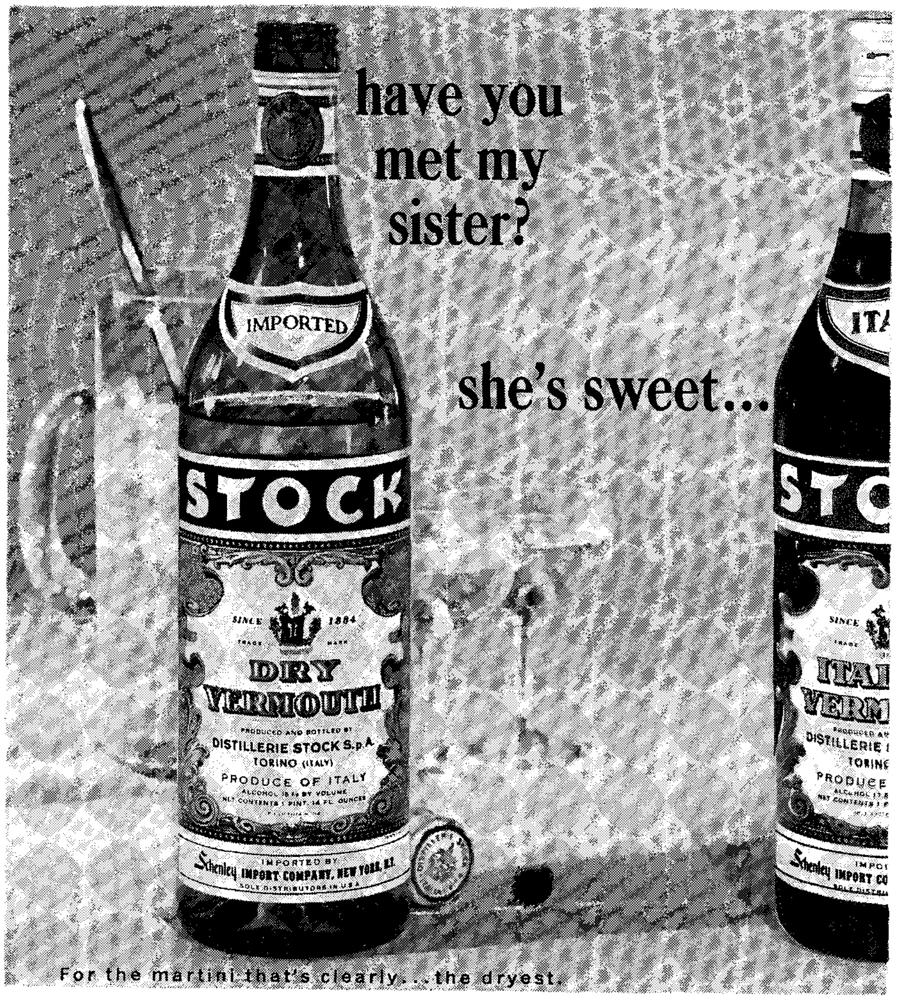
to come together and form a loose Council of the Indonesian People, which demanded the establishment of a parliament and the adoption of a national language, anthem, and flag.

IT was the Japanese, in their doomed quest for a Far Eastern empire, who finally brought about Indonesian independence, in a manner whose ironic aspects included confused Japanese intentions and a complete misinterpretation by the Japanese of what was taking place in Indonesia. In order to bolster their military rule after they occupied the islands, in 1942, the Japanese turned to three groups: the Indonesian civil servants, whom they thought they could keep under firm control; the *santri* class of Muslims, whom they hoped to use both as collaborators against the Western enemy and as instruments against the nationalists; and the nationalists themselves, whom they expected to be able to turn actively against the West. None of their plans worked out, owing to a combination of authoritarian harshness and erroneous judgment, and also to the cleverness of the Indonesian leaders, who took full advantage of their new opportunities for maneuver. There has been debate among historians about the degree to which some of the nationalist leaders did or did not collaborate, but it is agreed that they used the Japanese far more successfully than the Japanese used them. The key Indonesian figures at the start were Hatta and Sjahrir, both Sumatrans, who were freed from prison soon after the start of the occupation. Hatta worked in seeming coöperation with the occupation officials, pretending to help them in their campaign to win support among the Indonesians, but actually he was serving as the eyes and ears of the underground movement, led by Sjahrir, who looked like a mere boy but was in fact the more intellectual of the two. Sjahrir, who was living at his sister's house in Tjipanas, near the capital, ran a secret radio network that kept him in touch with his own nationalist agents all over the islands; now and then he also travelled around to maintain personal contact with them.

One of Hatta's first moves was to persuade the Japanese to release Sukarno from jail, and when they did Sukarno became the third key figure among the nationalists. Since he had qualities of leadership that the two other men lacked, he soon emerged as the most important of the three. In March, 1943, the Japanese established a party called Putera (Center of People's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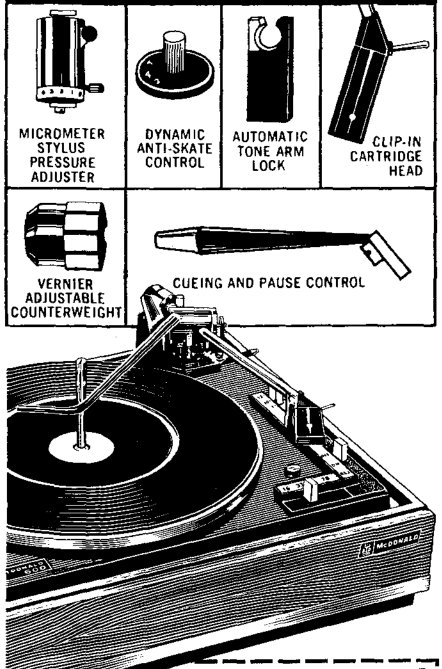
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Power), with Sukarno as its Chairman and Hatta as its Vice-Chairman, and six months later the Japanese set up a volunteer army, called Peta, which eventually grew to a force of a hundred and twenty thousand and became the forerunner of the Indonesian Republican Army. Putera proved too independent-minded for the Japanese, and they replaced it with a party called Hokokai—a Japanese word meaning People's Loyalty Organization—but this didn't prove much more amenable to their control than its predecessor. In a similar fashion, Japanese efforts to create a single, easily managed Muslim movement simply paved the way for united Muslim political activity, though the Japanese did succeed in creating a certain amount of dissension between the religious and secular nationalists.

As it became more and more apparent that the Japanese were losing the war, they grew desperate, and began making firmer promises of independence to the Indonesians. Sjahrir felt that the Indonesians should not wait to be handed their freedom by the Japanese but should proclaim it themselves. Sukarno and Hatta were more cautious. They met with Marshal Terauchi, the Japanese Southeast Asia Commander, in Saigon on August 11, 1945, and accepted his promise to grant Indonesia independence on August 24th, by which time a newly created Independence Preparatory Committee would have completed the draft of a constitution. Sjahrir, however, kept pushing his two compatriots, and had almost persuaded Sukarno to proclaim independence on his own when, on August 15th, the war suddenly ended. While Sukarno was hesitating over what step to take next, a group of militant students, perhaps acting with Sjahrir's knowledge, kidnapped Sukarno and Hatta. Within a few hours, the Japanese found out where the two men were and had them brought back to the city, and on August 17th, after conferring with Japanese authorities and getting them to admit that Japan was no longer in a position to sponsor a declaration of independence, Sukarno declared unilaterally that Indonesia was a free republic.

In actuality, Indonesia was as yet neither free nor a republic. Its revolution was only beginning. The next four years saw a nightmare of violence that not only delayed the process of creating an independent state but set Indonesians against each other and aggravated the social imbalances and dislocations in the archipelago. To a considerable extent, the British were the unfortunate

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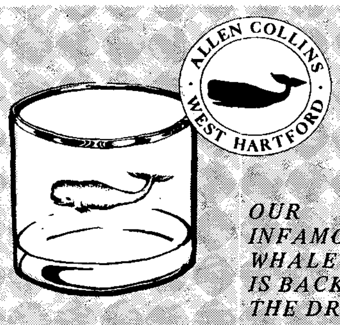

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and reluctant instigators of disorder, as they also were in the southern part of what is now Vietnam. In both places, British troops were assigned the difficult task of initial occupation until the former colonial masters could return and attempt to reassert their authority. The allocation of such initial occupation forces was decided on by Roosevelt and Churchill before the Pacific war ended, and the two leaders gave the job of taking Indonesia back from the Japanese to Lord Louis Mountbatten's British Southeast Asia Command, instead of to General Douglas MacArthur's American Far East Command. Many Indonesians today feel that if the Americans, who had more troops available than the British and were more popular at the time, had taken over, the ensuing four-year tragedy might have been averted.

The first British paratroopers were dropped into Djakarta on September 8, 1945, by which time a constitution had been promulgated by the Indonesians and Sukarno had been installed as President, with Hatta as Vice-President. The constitution provided for a Cabinet answerable to the President, and for a representative council elected by popular suffrage; however, to serve until these could come into being, Sukarno appointed a Central Indonesian National Committee (the Komite Nasional Indonesia Pusat, or K.N.I.P.), which, in various forms, was to function for the next ten years. That autumn, Sjahrir and his associates, who had been the strongest anti-collaborationists during the war, insisted that a multi-party system be instituted at once, and in November, Sukarno and Hatta accepted Sjahrir as Prime Minister. By then, fighting had broken out in Java, Sumatra, and Bali between Indonesians and the forces trying to restore the prewar system of colonial government. Mountbatten's paratroopers had been augmented by returning Dutch units and released Dutch prisoners of war, but the British were still short of troops and, to preserve order, had to call on Japanese troops that were waiting to be repatriated. Most of the Japanese forces still in the country now undertook a good part of the fighting against Indonesian paramilitary youth units, the new Republican Army formed from the Japanese Peta, and a new territorial home guard. The British, though they were already being accused of bad faith by both the Dutch and the Indonesians, succeeded in getting some negotiations started. The need to compromise was recognized most clearly by Sjahrir, who saw

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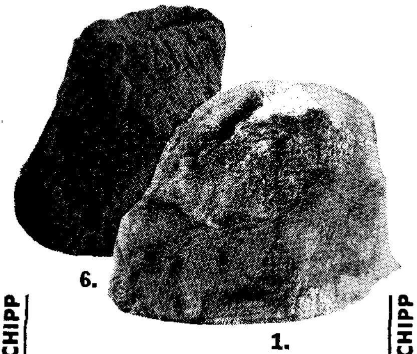

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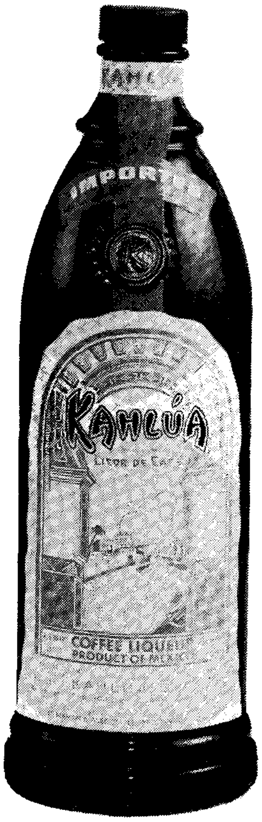

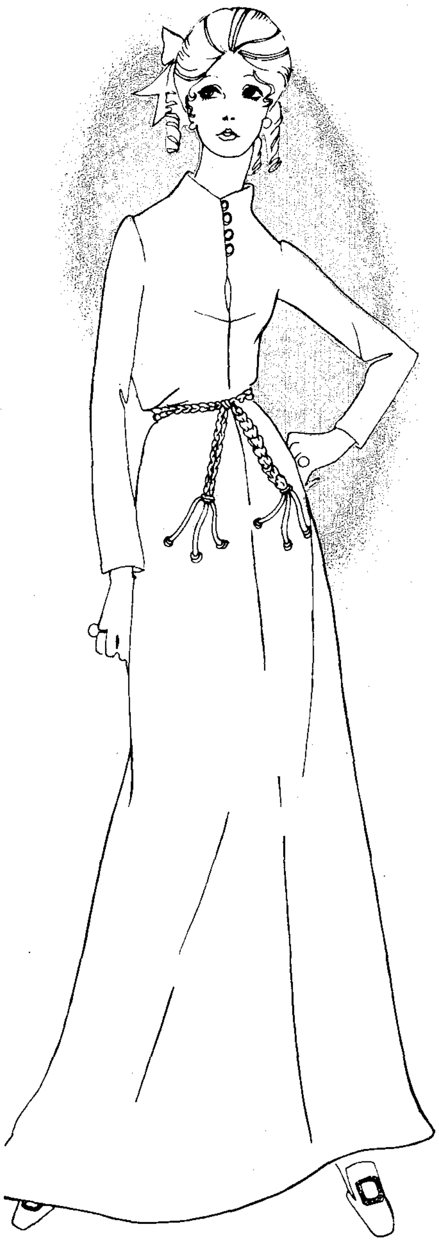

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that the new republic, which really controlled only parts of Java and Sumatra, was facing a twofold internal threat. He saw it confronted on one side by what he later described as elements of "feudalism and supernationalism"—by which he meant terrorists and rabble elements who had "sold themselves and their honor to Japanese Fascism"—and, as a moderate Socialist, he saw on the other side the danger that militant revolutionary groups, such as the paramilitary youth formations, might be infiltrated by opportunistic rivals of the new Indonesian government, especially the Communists. Sjahrir's fears were justified. In March, 1946, the organizers of a new National Front, who were opposed to any compromise with the Dutch, met in Madiun, in central Java, and, under the leadership of Tan Malaka, the former Communist, who had now established his own radical party, planned a coup d'état. The coup attempt failed, and thus the left-wing movement fell apart, and Tan Malaka and a number of his aides were arrested.

Still negotiations dragged on, amid increasingly heated charges of bad faith, but eventually, in March, 1947, at Linggadjati, a hill station in northeastern Java, an agreement was signed under which the Dutch and the Indonesians agreed "to coöperate in the rapid formation of a sovereign state on a federal basis to be called the United States of Indonesia." The Dutch recognized the Republic's *de-facto* control of Java, Sumatra, and Madura, and agreed to a program of broad economic development throughout the islands. But the signing of the agreement had come too late—the Dutch had delayed for several months because of opposition in the Netherlands—and its chances of success were vitiated. The delay had also undermined Sjahrir's position politically. Some Dutch troops had begun going home, but those in Indonesia initiated a brief "police action" that weakened the control of the Republican forces in Java. This action was widely criticized abroad, and the United Nations entered the picture. The Security Council appointed a Committee of Good Offices, whose representatives, in December, 1947, engineered the signing, aboard the American naval vessel Renville, off Indonesia, of a second agreement establishing a federal government. Many Indonesians, however, opposed both the Linggadjati and the Renville agreements, because they felt that complete sovereignty had not been achieved, and this

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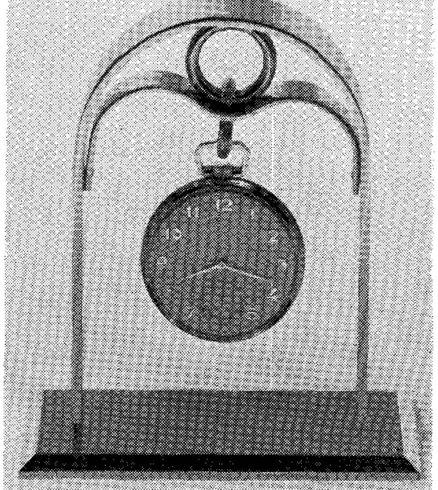

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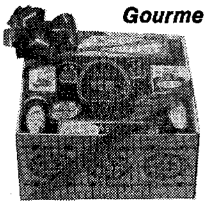

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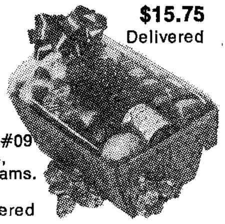

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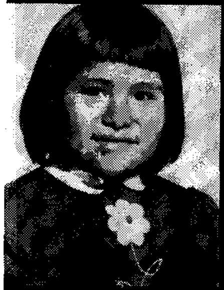

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

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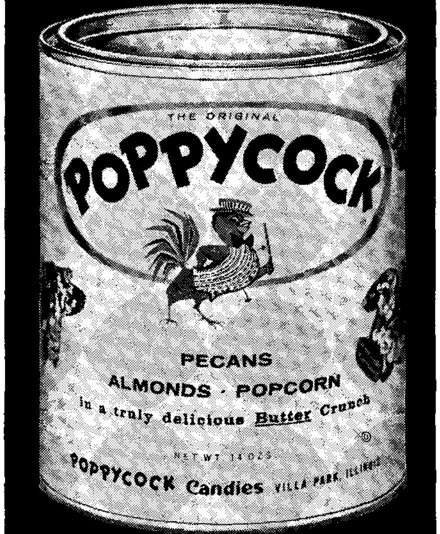
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opposition forced the resignation of Sjahrir as Prime Minister and then of his Socialist successor, Amir Sjarifuddin. An important political realignment followed. A coalition of the Muslim Masjumi Party and the Nationalist Party (the P.N.I.) took over, and switched from opposing the Renville agreement to supporting it. This hastened a developing split on the left; Sjahrir formed a new, moderate Indonesian Socialist Party (Partai Sosialis Indonesia, or P.S.I.), and Sjarifuddin created a new People's Democratic Front, which soon came to be dominated by the Communists. Elements of the Front and of the Indonesian armed forces engaged in repeated small clashes, which culminated, in September, 1948, in a full-scale effort by the Communists to capture Madiun. This second major Communist effort in Indonesia also failed, ending in the executions of Sjarifuddin and a top Indonesian Communist named Musso, who had returned from exile in the Soviet Union to head the uprising.

Two months after this, the Dutch undertook a second police action, occupying Jogjakarta, then the capital of the Republic, and interning Sukarno and other Republican leaders. Once again, world opinion—led by the United States, which put economic pressure on the Dutch—forced the Dutch to retreat. A new United Nations Commission for Indonesia supervised a lengthy Round Table Conference at The Hague, and in December, 1949, as a result, the Dutch were forced to surrender sovereignty over all of the Dutch East Indies to a new United States of Indonesia, of which the Republic was merely one of sixteen components. This new federation lasted less than a year, for it became apparent that, with the Dutch troops gone, the fifteen other federal states could not hold out against the Republican forces, which moved gradually into the outer islands and caused the collapse of one state after another, an exception being the South Moluccas, where there was a strong Christian element. In August, 1950, a "unitary" Republic of Indonesia was proclaimed, and the idea of federalism was cast aside. The long battle had sapped everyone's energies, so little or nothing had been done to improve social and economic conditions. The Dutch, in fact, still retained their economic holdings, and the masses of the people were as poor as ever. Politically, the fight had caused deep fissures, though a common revolutionary fervor and pride had helped provide at least a semblance of solidarity. With the support of the Western world, the Indonesians had finally defeated their colonial masters, but their internal revolution and their search for a national identity were only just beginning.

—Robert Shaplen

(This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in a forthcoming issue.)

• •

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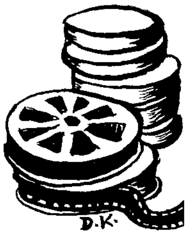
Muddling Through



AMERICAN educators are now concerned about making schoolchildren "cinematically literate," but most of the new American movies aren't cinematically literate. There was a while there when well-made movies were taken for granted—so much for granted that "well-made" became a put-down, suggesting *merely* well-made, or conventional and not really interesting. Now there are so many inexplicably badly made pictures that "well-made" could be high praise. Great motion pictures are generally made by men in their twenties and thirties—before they have learned what can't be done, and while they still have the energy and heroism to do what hasn't been done before—but good, entertaining commercial movies can be made by trained, experienced "professionals." The businessmen have crushed the great talents, and they are so lacking in foresight and so indifferent to the future of their own industry that they haven't provided the conditions for the development of professionals. With the blacklisting of left-wing directors and then the breaking up of the big studios and their stables—which included directors as well as stars, and young directors getting experience on B pictures—a few generations of directors were lost. American movies may never fully recover from that discontinuity. They are exposed by competition from young moviemakers all over the world. It's as if American literature had stopped with Erskine Caldwell, Pearl Buck, John O'Hara, Thornton Wilder, John Dos Passos, and Henry Miller, still writing as they did twenty years ago, and then, when they got too tired and rich to go on, a new generation had been expected to pick up and start writing just like them (and as if the rest of the world had also paused for twenty years). Our movies are beginning to look as if people had forgotten how to make them, or had never learned how. American movies used to excel in the Western, the gangster film, and the musical. These genres developed out of a common delight in certain forms of entertainment that were not native to the screen (they had theatrical roots in the Wild West show, in melodrama, and in vaudeville, and can surely be traced much farther back) but were ideally suited to it. Popular genres gave movie people a measure of flexibility inside the commercial system. Directors knew the limits within which they had to work, and could often improvise and experiment and do something good within them (and that was true of writers, cameramen, technicians, and actors, too). Some of the best American movies have been genre movies; this had not been the case in Europe, but in recent years Europeans have been lured to the American specialties by their exotic charm and what used to be their vitality. And they are now being lured by an audience demand for American-style movies that we are no longer supplying, and may no longer be capable of supplying. The Italians have taken over the Western, and the French and Italians have taken over the gangster picture. Which leaves us the musical—at least, until the French learn to dance.

Unable to distinguish talent from no-talent among the French and Italians (that would require going to see some movies), and fearful of trusting young Americans, the American movie companies, with their classic acumen, are turning to England for directors. They're hiring the mediocrities and the bunglers of England—when even its best are none too good. The English can write and they can act (or, at least, *speak* beautifully, which is enough to cripple us with admiration), but they can't direct movies. They never could, but they had good scripts and so many good actors that the fundamental lack of directorial energy and distinction—of any real directorial artistry—in their movies could pass unnoticed. With the exception of Alfred Hitchcock and Carol Reed, there is scarcely an English director whose style one can discuss without giggling.

And now here are Michael Anderson with "The Shoes of the Fisherman" and Gordon Flemyng with "The Split," when we haven't yet recovered from recent joyless encounters with the work of Ken Annakin, Roy Boulting, Peter Collinson, Basil Dearden, Clive Donner, Lewis Gilbert, Peter Glenville, Guy Green, David Greene, Val Guest, Guy Hamilton, Anthony Harvey, Kenneth Loach, Joseph McGrath, Ronald Neame, Eric Till, Michael Winner, and Terence Young. Compared with the motion-picture art of Sweden or Italy or Japan or France or pre-Nazi Germany,

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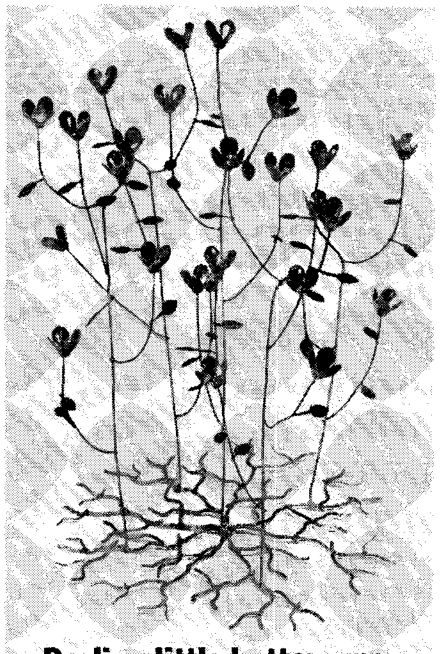
English films have always been a sad joke; now these enervated directors may finish off what, for want of a better term, we still call the American movie.

“THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN” is a movie made by people who don’t know how. It shouldn’t have taken very much talent to turn the novel into something reasonably acceptable; its idea is of an overpowering banality, but it’s the kind of banality that can be amusing in a movie. I think most of us are perfectly willing to go to a movie of a book we wouldn’t dream of reading. We don’t turn to movies and books for the same thing, and after a while we get a sense of how movies work, and we know that second- and third-rate novels often make better movies than first-rate novels, because they’re likely to be full of characters and action, while really good novels are dependent on the author’s style and his way of seeing. Movies are good at common fantasies, and “The Shoes of the Fisherman” is “If I Were Pope,” combining the fantasy of becoming Pope almost overnight with the fantasy of having it in one’s power to save the world. Who at some time hasn’t said (if only to himself) that the Pope is hardly in a position to make humane speeches about giving to the poor? Here a Christ-like Pope, played by Anthony Quinn, gives away all the riches of the Church to feed the hungry. The idea is as appealing a movie idea as going to an enchanted valley where one could live for hundreds of years, as in “Lost Horizon.” It wouldn’t require art to make it entertaining but only a fair amount of craftsmanship and ingenuity, and that not even on a very high level—just enough skill to turn out an old-fashioned, corny, pretentious movie (like “Lost Horizon,” which, of course, was old-fashioned at the time it came out). This movie cheats even on its own fantasy level, because although the audience knows that the Pope means to feed the starving Chinese and thus prevent World War III, he doesn’t mention this to the crowds who cheer his announcement about giving the wealth of the Church to the poor. One suspects that even the Italian Communists might not cheer the idea of sharing the wealth of the Church with Asia.

The fantasy of George Englund, the producer, and his crew is that they’re moviemakers. They don’t have the simple logic to tell a story effectively; they introduce elements that are not carried through, they load the



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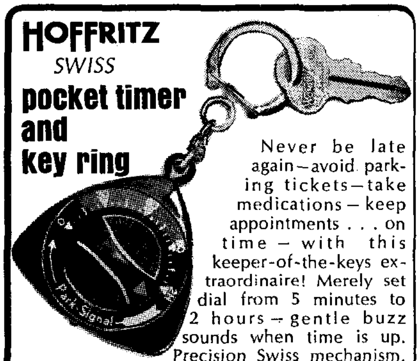

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movie with unnecessary explanations, and they forget to put in the revelations and climaxes. They reconstruct the Papal chambers and the Sistine Chapel in Cinecittà, but they don't know what to have the actors say or where to put the camera in their own specially built Vatican. (If the Church ever does divest itself of its property, who but moviemakers would want those gilded halls?) The acting, however, is not consistently bad. Quinn is too obviously trying hard for restraint and humility, but his attempt is an honest one, though his range is inadequate (particularly for the end). He manages to put on a Russian accent without too many slips; the dialogue coach is the only person on the crew who deserves a credit. The cast is what is usually called "distinguished;" it includes John Gielgud (being laid out as a corpse again), Frank Finlay, Oskar Werner (doing his doomed bit and looking more like William F. Buckley, Jr., than ever), and Laurence Olivier, who seems to be having a good time, which he shares with the audience. But, oh, so briefly. M-G-M probably won't have to worry about giving away the profits on this picture. It hardly seems worthwhile to analyze its faults; it's cleaner work just to summarize them. "The Shoes of the Fisherman" is the worst-written, worst-directed, worst-photographed, and worst-edited *big* picture of the year. It takes movie storytelling back to before "The Great Train Robbery" of 1903. It's the coup de grâce for 1968.

AFTER a run of spoof heists, robbery pictures are now coming out again without self-parody. "The Split" is of the same genre (but not the same quality) as Stanley Kubrick's "The Killing"—each is about a robbery planned to coincide with a sporting event (this time it's a professional football game)—and it has some similarity to "The Asphalt Jungle" and "Rififi." Indirectly, new crime movies are begotten by old ones; the pulp novels that the movie companies buy for this kind of picture are written by fast writers, who synthesize old movies for their plots and characters. New kinds of crime rarely appear in them; the authors generally don't know any more about crime than one can learn from old movies. Nor is it likely that the producers would take a chance on a crime script that didn't resemble earlier pictures, and so genre movies shrivel in interest. But even within the limited terrain of the straight robbery picture derived from other rob-

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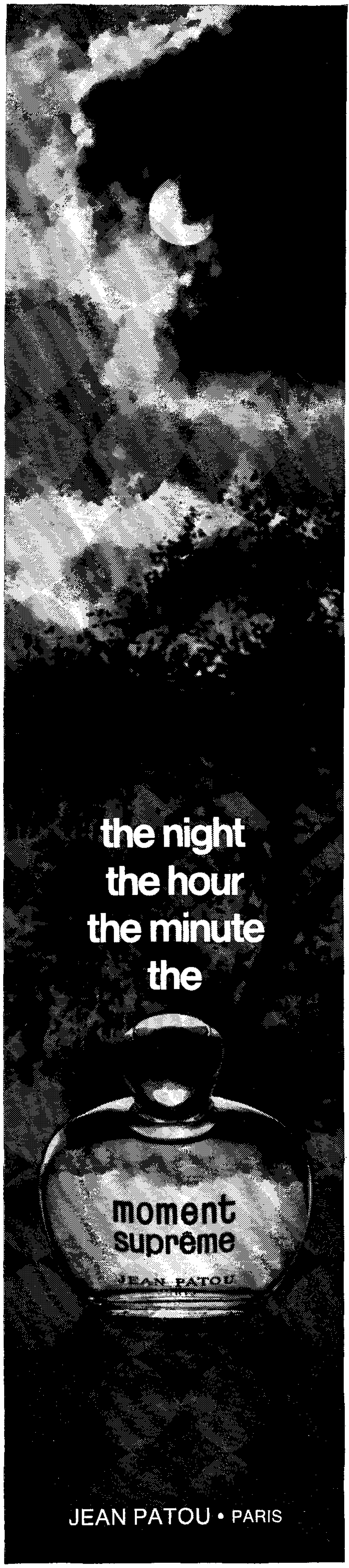
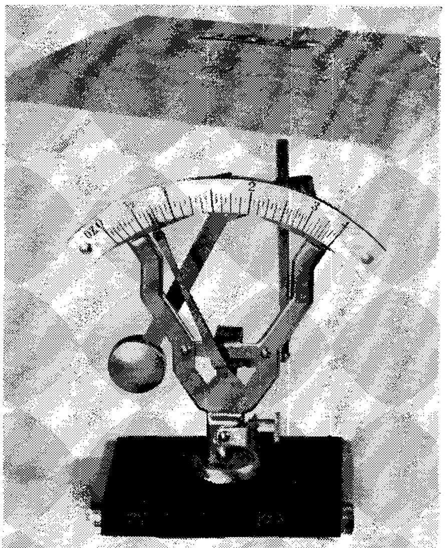


bery pictures it's possible to do a workmanlike job—to present the occupational details of crime accurately (or convincingly), to assemble the gang so that we get a sense of the kinds of people engaged in crime and what their professional and non-professional lives are like. A good crime movie generally has a sordid, semi-documentary authenticity about criminal activities—big ones and petty, queasy ones—plus the nervous excitement of what it might be like to rob and to tangle with the law. But "The Split" is no more authentic than the spoofs, and no more plausible.

In a good robbery picture, the chases and the violence are integral to the story; in a poor robbery picture they're just thrown in to relieve the boredom, and you may be grateful for them because you know that's all the excitement you're going to get. Jim Brown, as the leader of the gang, selects his men in a series of brutal tests—one act of mayhem after another—that are obviously designed merely to give the picture a big opening, since they have no relationship to the skills that are later required of the men. After the robbery, when the money is stolen from the men, they beat and torture Brown in another implausible sequence. They're not so stupid and unprofessional as to suppose he would have taken the money and waited around to be beaten; clearly, somebody thought it would be good for the box office to have the hero tortured. The action sequences in the James Bond films and in spoofs in general are not plausible, yet one doesn't mind, and, conceivably, action sequences in a "serious" heist film could be so well done that one wouldn't mind implausibility in them, either. But in "The Split" the director, Gordon Flemyng, tries a lot of flashy stuff that doesn't work. There's only one really good scene in the movie—a ghastly but effective one in which Diahann Carroll and James Whitmore say "Oh, please" to each other, hers meaning "Don't rape me" and his meaning "Say yes," and then the meaning of her "Oh, please" shifting to "Don't kill me." This movie is full of acts of violence that are prepared for but are still implausible; Whitmore's sudden appearance in the movie, on the other hand, is reasonably acceptable, because it is *conceived* as the unexpected turn of fortune that upsets plans.

For long stretches during "The Split," I mostly listened to the Quincy Jones music; that's not so much a tribute to Quincy Jones as a comment



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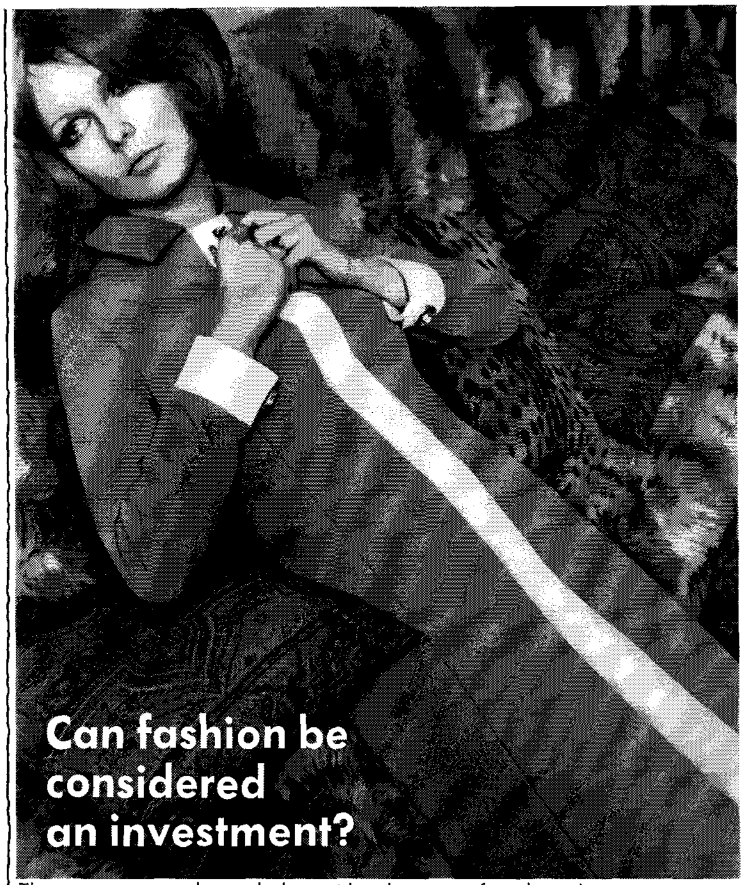
on Flemyng's handling of actors and staging of action. Standard movie music is naïve program music carried to absurdity—a dramatic supplement designed to make you swoon in the romantic scenes or to shock you to attention at some brutality, but never encouraging you just to listen. It's a relief to hear the Quincy Jones music, which goes along independently, at its own rhythm. But Flemyng's direction is so uninteresting that without the kind of music that makes points and emphasizes climaxes and intensifies the changes of mood one tends to forget about what is going on on the screen. The action up there doesn't seem to have any shape—it's like what one might see from a train window—and so some stretches of the movie are concerts.

Although "The Split" is like a square comic strip, this may be enough for commercial success, because people want action so badly that they don't necessarily mind if it's stupid and patched together out of irrelevant, jarring camera angles. And, because in the movie business the producers look not at a man's work but at the grosses of his pictures, Gordon Flemyng will go on to bigger messes. Good gangster-action movies don't always score at the box office. Carlo Lizzani's "The Violent Four" went by earlier this year without much attention, and when "The Killing" came out it was a financial failure. They weren't crude and garish sideshows, like "The Split," and they didn't have Jim Brown. As a hood, Jim Brown is handsome and stiff—the essence of straight. He looks like an Indian, and he acts like a wooden one; he's totally unconvincing. (For a comparison, one needs to go back to Charles Starrett.) But each time he comes on the screen the kids in the theatre yell as if he had just scored a touchdown, and an actor who has the public on his side like this is almost sure to loosen up; when you're cheered for a performance like Brown's in "The Split," you have no need to be anxious and stiff. Brown may become the first Negro matinée idol of the screen. Poitier made it to the top by acting; Brown is the equivalent of the old Arrow-collar-ad idols, and he may be the new Robert Taylor or Gregory Peck. Is there a phrase along the lines of "Ontogeny repeats phylogeny" for blacks' recapitulating whites' mistakes?

ONLY fourteen years have elapsed since "It Should Happen to You," in which Judy Holliday, as Gladys Glover, a nobody who wanted to be a somebody, thought the answer would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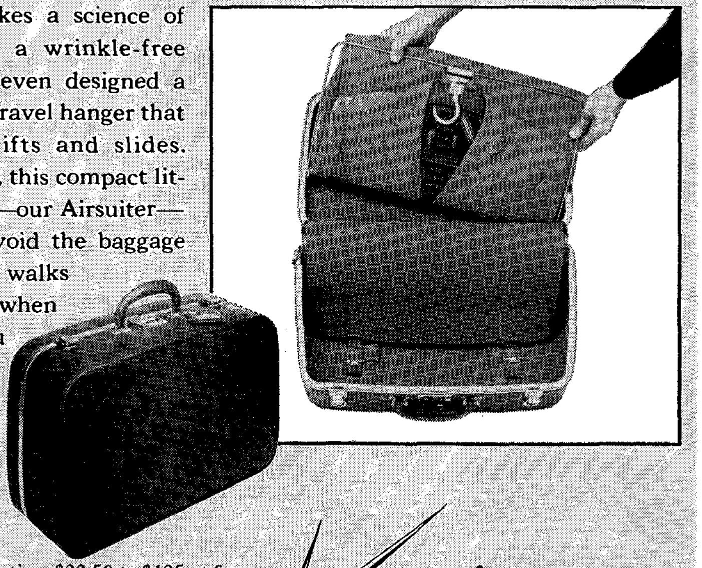

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be to have her name on a billboard—a solution that the movie presented satirically. But our notions of celebrity have changed, and John Brockman, a young mixed-media promoter who has put his face in the television and newspaper ads for "Head," has probably made himself a somebody. Brockman has made himself the star of "Head," though he doesn't even appear in the movie. The depressing possibilities that he has thus opened are sure to be seized on.

The advertising campaign for "Head" suggests some sort of turned-on movie about the drug scene, but the movie itself is designed for the subteens. The only novelty is in the selling—in convincing kids that they are visually sophisticated when they buy old jokes and blackout routines as mind-blowing, psychedelic, McLuhanite collages. "Head" is an attempt to do for the Monkees what the Richard Lester films did for the Beatles, but it borrows as much from Abbott and Costello as from Lester. (Will somebody try to sell the old Abbott and Costello films as marijuana visions, too? And "Hellzapoppin," and the Three Stooges?) This is the kind of material, taken from all over, that the Monkees have already worn out on television, only much worse. The movie might have worked for bored kids at kiddie matinées, but the filmmakers got ambitious. The by now standard stuff of girls squealing as pop idols perform is not even convincing when they're squealing for the Monkees, and when this is intercut with documentary footage of the suffering and horror of war, as if to comment on the shallowness of what the filmmakers are manufacturing and packaging and desperately trying to sell, the doubling up of greed and pretensions to depth is enough to make even a pinhead walk out. So when the boys started to sing "Open your eyes, there's so much to do in the sunlight"... —PAULINE KAEL

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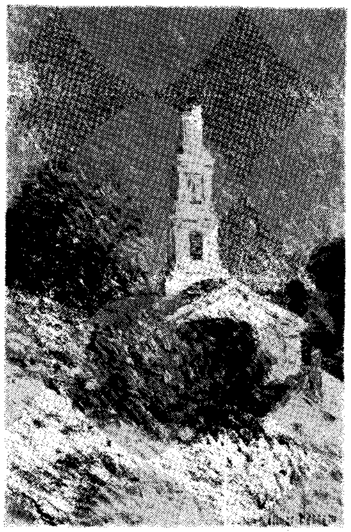
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Reading (Pa.) Times*]

The only Pole to become a millionaire since the war has entered politics.



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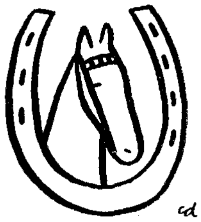
THE RACE TRACK

Champ

IT'S pretty generally agreed that Raymond Guest's Sir Ivor, winner of the Derby Stakes last May, is the best three-year-old in England. In my book, he's also the best over here. After watching him run in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel in Maryland on Veterans Day and seeing him win in spite of hindrances that appeared too great to overcome, I'd say he's one hell of a horse. On the rail for most of the mile and a half—at one point he was last of the eight runners—he popped through a narrow opening less than a furlong from home and won going away by nearly a length from Czar Alexander and Fort Marcy, who passed the post noses apart. It was as dramatic a finish as I've seen in any International—and there have been some good ones.



So that everyone who wasn't busy betting could see them, the horses were saddled in the infield across from the grandstand instead of in the old roundhouse in the paddock. From my vantage point on the roof of the stand, I could see that Sir Ivor, though he looked a picture, was full of himself. He kicked off his blanket and scattered the crowd around him. At the post, he must have delayed things at least five minutes, absolutely refusing to go into the starting gate. It finally took four assistant starters to ease him into his stall. (Several of the leading horses in England do have an aversion to the machine.) Piggott, who has ridden him in most of his races, said later that what really bothered Sir Ivor was the announcements over the loudspeaker. Once in his place, however, he settled down, and was off and running when Starter Ed Blind, resplendently dressed for the occasion, homburg hat and all, pressed the button. Takeshiba-O, a colt from Japan, was quickest away, and led as long as his speed lasted. He gave way to Czar Alexander and Fort Marcy, who fought it out head and head until Sir Ivor swept past them.

I can't think for the life of me why Piggott took Sir Ivor to the inside rail. Of course, he saved ground that way, but the going was heavier there, and there was also the danger of getting into too close quarters. I've seldom seen a field as closely bunched as this one was for more than a mile. Perhaps Piggott expected the other riders to open up and let him through when he was ready to make his move, just as the boys here used to do for my favorite jockey, who shall be nameless. He did say that if the footing had not been so soft Sir Ivor would have won by a hundred yards. As I saw it, if Piggott had kept him off the rail he'd have won by that much anyhow. Vincent O'Brien, Sir Ivor's trainer, cooling out after it was all over, said, "He's a super horse. He was in difficulty all the way round. Once he got through—ping! He's the best horse I've ever trained." Well, I wouldn't be surprised.

The French trio made a nice try, Carmarthen finishing fourth, La Lagune fifth, and Petrone sixth, all getting in the money ($5,000 each), but then the French always do. John Schapiro, president of Laurel Race Course, puts up a good show every year for the International. This was one of the best.

FOR the longest time, it looked as though the horses of the Wheatley Stable-Ogden Phipps-Ogden Mills Phipps combine wouldn't earn their customary million dollars this season, but recently the Wheatley Stable's King Emperor won the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, and last weekend Beau Brummel carried the colors of Ogden Mills Phipps to victory in the Garden State Stakes, putting the establishment over the top. There's still a month to go. (The horses leave Belmont Park for Florida any day now, and Ed Neloy, their trainer, has always done all right at Tropical Park.) The race in Jersey was not without its surprises. (It usually has at least one.) Top Knight, who is rated the top two-year-old, could do no better than finish third to Stretchapoint, a colt with moderate form, who beat him by a nose. Ten ran for the $312,660 jackpot, of which $187,596 went to the winner. As I saw it on TV, Distinctive, a speedball, set the pace for half a mile; then Stretchapoint, who had shown plenty of zip in a trial gallop the week before, took over and looked very much the winner until Beau Brummel passed him in the stretch. Beau Brummel broke well but was slow to settle into his stride, and with less than half a mile to go he had only

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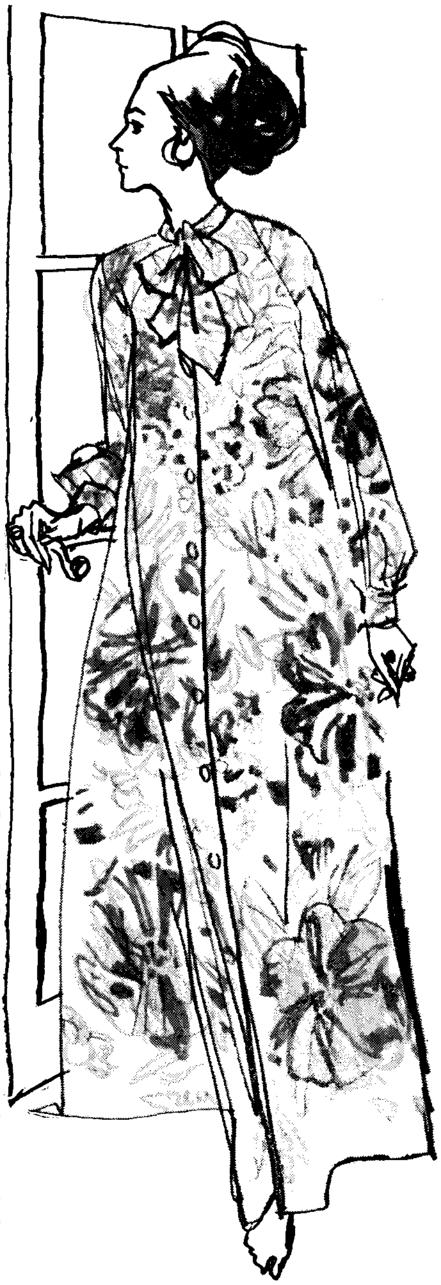

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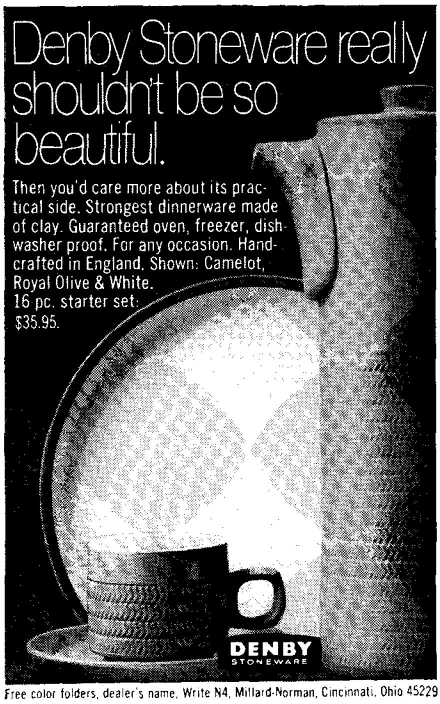

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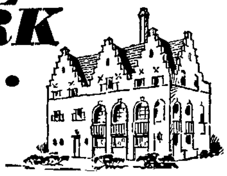

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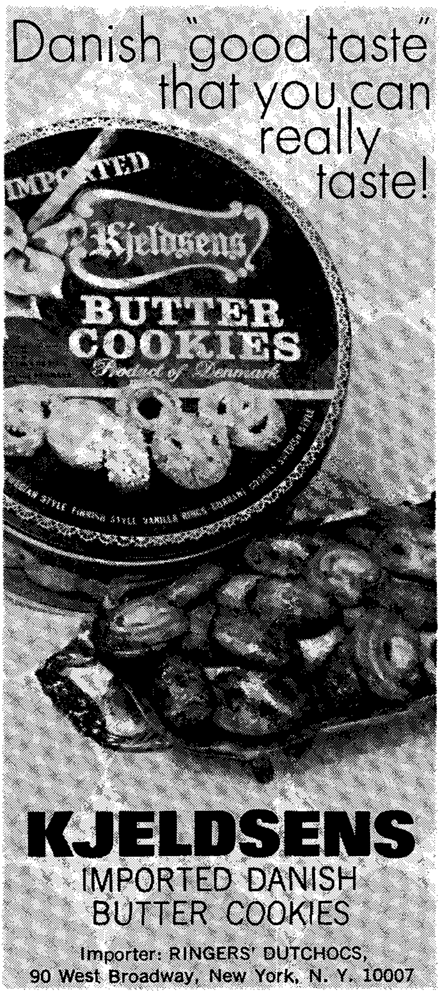
one horse beat, as the race-track saying goes. But when he got rolling, after Baeza had taken him a bit wide, he simply mowed down the leaders and won comfortably, by nearly two lengths. A medium-sized bay colt by Round Table out of So Chic, he has been lightly raced, as two-year-olds go these days, starting only eight times and winning four starts. The Garden State is his first stakes victory, and I have a notion that he'll be one of Neloy's main hopes for the classics next spring. Top Knight appeared to be in a good position—sixth or so—in the early running. I wonder what kept him.

WHAT started out as a pleasant afternoon at Aqueduct last Saturday turned into a gray and chilling one long before the Queens County Handicap, which was lively enough to warm up any horseplayer. In this one, Irish Dude came up on the rail on the turn for home and went on to win by a head from Champion, who won the Travers Stakes at Saratoga last August and hasn't been in the winner's circle since. Ribereno, a handsome runner from Argentina, was third. The last-named was the hottest sort of tip at Laurel the previous Saturday—and finished fourth. He's worth remembering, though. Irish Dude is one of those prizes that horsemen are always looking for. R. W. Taylor, who had a one-horse stable at that time, bought him for $25,000 last May, and the colt has since won his purchase price several times over on the Ohio circuit. On Saturday, he collected $38,025 more.

PICKING up a loose end or two: Politely, the most travelled mare this season—she's run at Belmont, Delaware Park, Saratoga, Keeneland, Monmouth, Atlantic City, and Garden State Park—won the venerable Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct on Veterans Day. It was her seventh victory in thirteen starts this year. . . . Two-year-old fillies were also in action at the Big A; Queen's Double, winner of the Spinaway at Saratoga, added the Demoiselle Stakes to her list, beating Dauntless Dora and Mizzle.

TRAVEL ITEM: Dr. Fager went to his new home, Tartan Farms, at Ocala, Florida, last week. He made a quick trip, too. In fact, shortly before he reached Ocala the van he was riding in was flagged down for speeding, but when it was learned who the passenger was the driver didn't get a ticket.

—AUDAX MINOR



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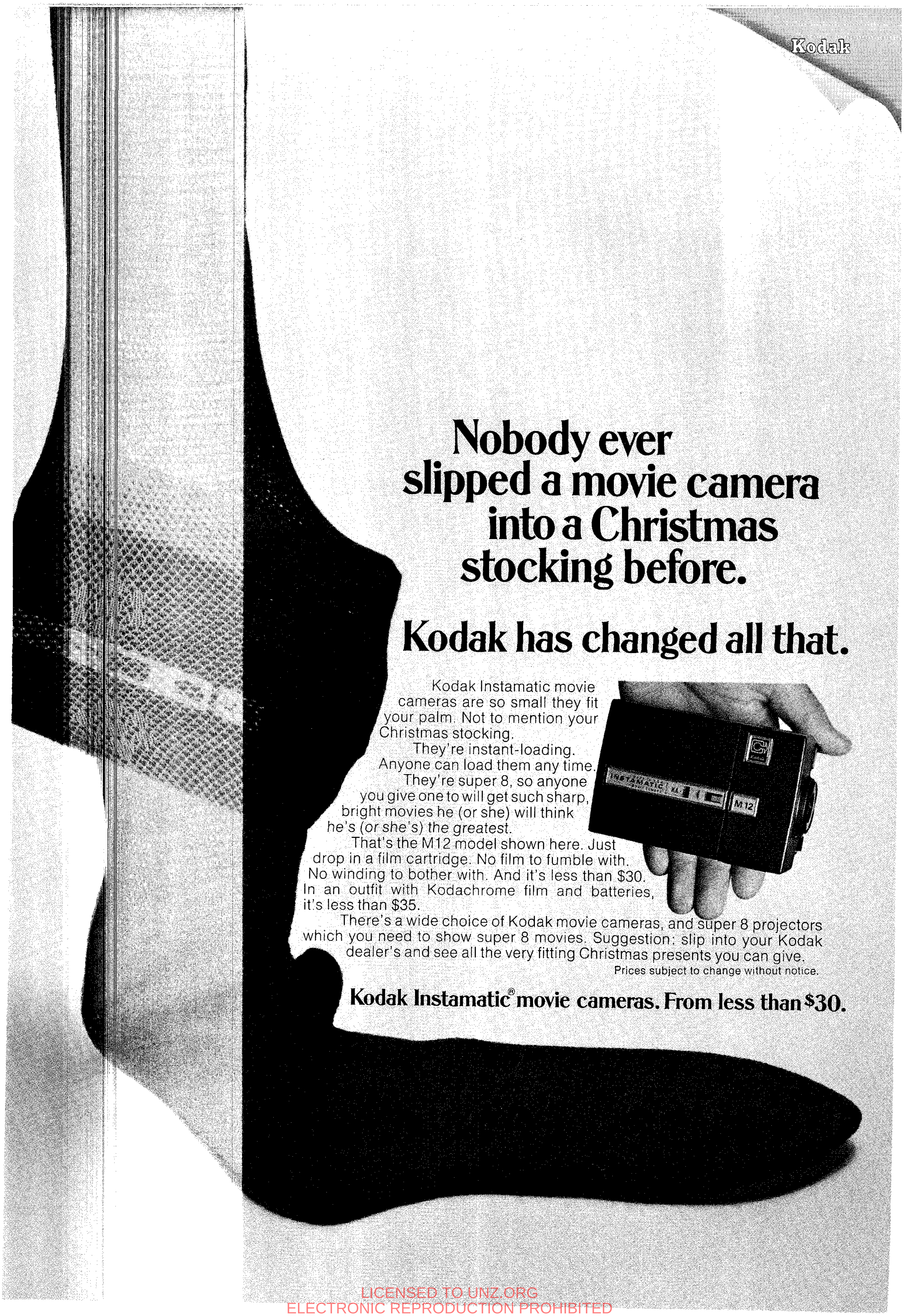

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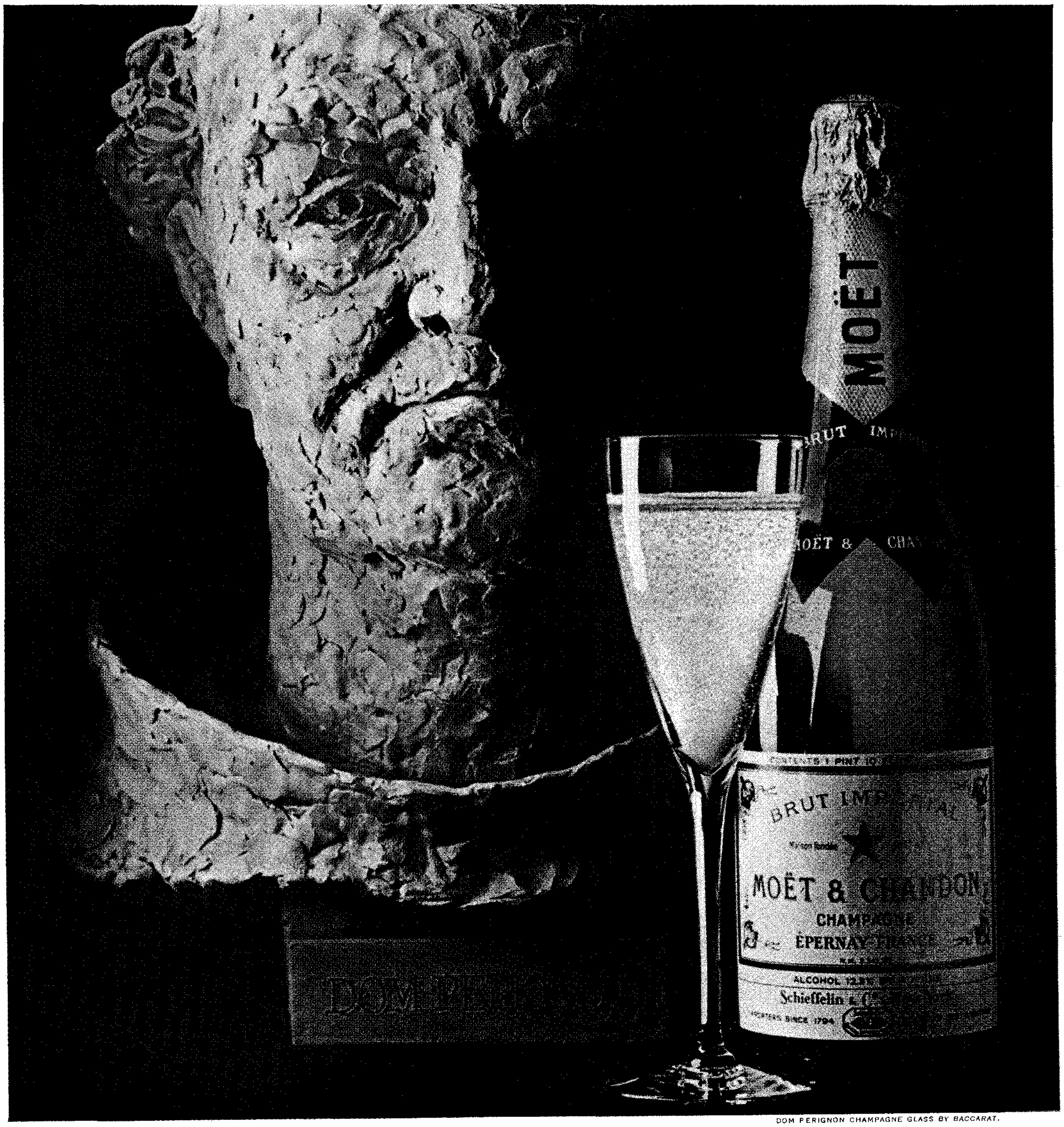
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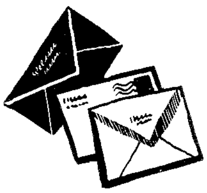
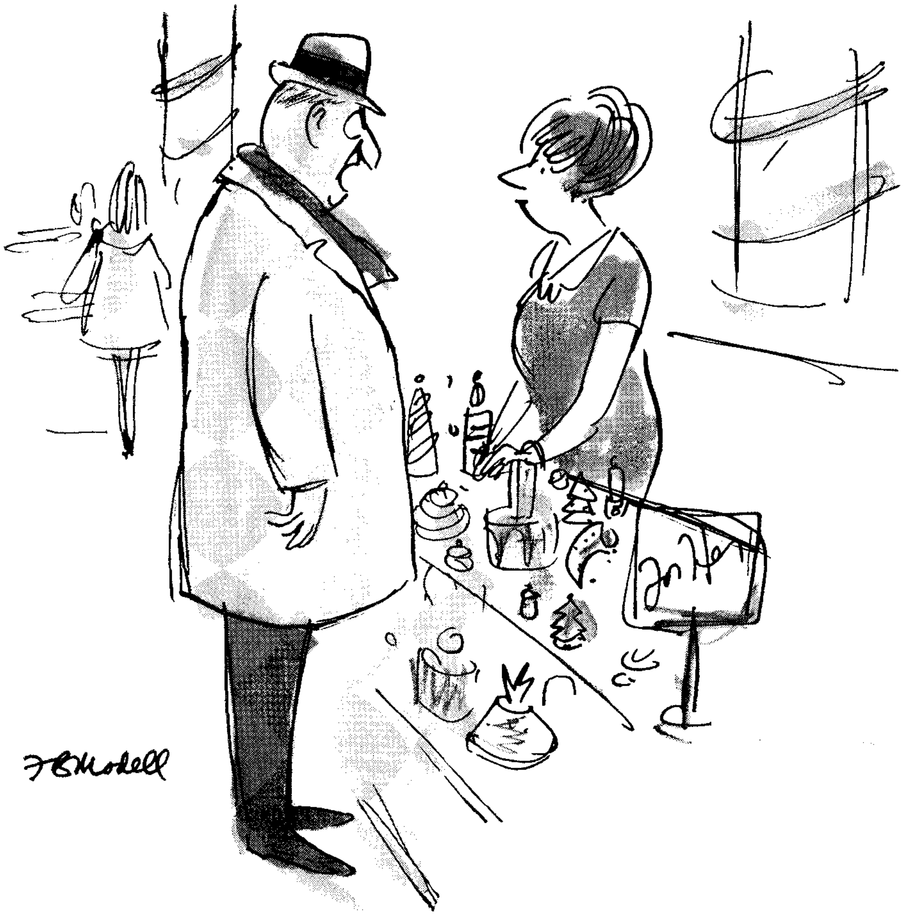


HARK! (That means "Listen!") Is that the sound of Herald Angels? So soon? Wait a minute. False alarm. It's just the church choir across the way practicing a complicated new arrangement of "The First Noël." It is enough, however, to remind us to remind you that it is not a moment too soon to start Christmas shopping. This week, we open the subject with a roundup of presents you might give a lady, along with gifts of wearing apparel for children.

Since custom gifts take longest, we start with them, in inverse order of availability, or counting backward, like a space-age child. Classification: Custom furs. Time: Four weeks. Place: Georges Kaplan, at 730 Fifth Avenue (57th). Item: A private indoor ski-practice area, consisting of a five-by-eight-foot beaver rug mounted on motor-driven rollers so as to simulate slopes, bumps, hollows, and drifts. Beaver is expensive but, we understand, it feels slippery, like snow, under-ski. The skier controls the speed of the rollers with a tall, three-speed gearshift. The price is $6,000. (Kaplan has been known to make jokes in fur with a perfectly straight face.) Time: Three weeks. For years, nutria was known as a velvety brown fur estimable for its lightweight warmth, but a nutria coat was considered a mite earnest. Well, this year a romantic mutation nutria is on the market. Instead of being all brown, the fur shades from vanilla to café au lait. That improvement is nature's. Art—the furrier's art, that is, and the furrier is Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Avenue (67th)—makes the fur lovelier by leaving it unplucked. Its texture is plushier than ever before. A coat of this grand new stuff, in any of several styles, costs $725. A coat of another mutation, natural white nutria (also unplucked), is $1,275. And—we like to introduce an economy note when we can—the recipient may at any time in the future send the coat back to be plucked (at her own expense, of course), and start over with quite a different texture. Two weeks: A fur-lined coat from Dunhill Tailors, 65 East 57th Street. The design of this one commemorates those old-time coachmen and chauffeurs who sat out-of-doors while driving. It gets nippy out there around Christmastime, calling for a warm coat, and this one looks both trim and lavish. The wool is navy or black, the lining is nutria, the collar is mink, and the price is $550. One week: A cheery brown-and-gray lamb vest, bordered with orange wool embroidery that is a-jingle with silvery bells, that costs $275 at Georges Kaplan. (Kaplan can be serious, too.) Also one week: Also at Georges Kaplan, a brilliant fur rug, made of small pieces of black and white kid fur stitched together to form a geometric pattern like a mosaic-tile floor. It measures four by six feet. An ideal gift, we imagine, for a lady whose floor really is cold mosaic tile; $250.

We proceed to an assortment of presents that have to be ordered but are *not* fur. Three weeks: A party dress of peacock feathers, just as gorgeous as you'd imagine. As donor, you will have to decide whether or not the round neck and armholes should be trimmed with imitation emeralds and sapphires. The effect is delightful, but is beading the peacock anything like painting the lily? The place is Ohrbach's fourth-floor boutique, and the price is $475. At Macy's Little Shop, you'll find a charming short, fluffy marabou evening coat—not absurdly short but above the knee rather than down to the ground. It is shaded horizontally, starting out brown at the hem and working up to a flattering pale beige around the collarless neck; $189, and worth the three-week wait. Any lady might fancy a major, not to say imposing, at-home caftan—a long, loose-sleeved robe of the kind that was once worn only by deys, beys, emirs, pashas, and other villains along the Barbary Coast. Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue (64th), makes one in three weeks, of peacock-blue cotton velvet. The round neck, the cuffs, and the front closing as far as the waist are trimmed with lavish gold scroll embroidery. It fastens with a multitude of tiny gold-embroidered buttons; $265. Jax, at 7 West 57th Street, takes three weeks to make a terrific floor-length satin party dress. The top could hardly be more modest, what with a standup collar and long, full sleeves. The skirt, on the other hand, is naughtily slit as far as the thigh on the left side. A narrow shoestring belt comes with it. The dress is $95 in black or white, and it's a knockout.

Two weeks: Capezio East, 136 East 61st Street, will take your order for a two-piece evening ensemble consisting



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of a one-shoulder top, whose waist is a long, wraparound sash, and floor-length culottes so full and fluid that even the sharpest eye might mistake them for a skirt. The fabric is crêpe and the color choice endless; $100. To protect a long party costume like that, a girl could use a wonderful floor-length foul-weather party coat from Casa Cuero, 202 East 61st Street. It can be ready in two weeks. It's of patent leather (your choice of red or black), and it's narrow above the high, belted waist and full-skirted from there on down. It has a toasty lamb's-wool interlining and a green satin lining. The price is $140.

Would the lady be pleased by a hand-knit wool tunic and matching hand-knit wool trousers? The Swinging Bishop, a new shop at 1283 Madison Avenue (92nd), needs two weeks' advance notice for black, plum, or mustard; more often than not, natural is on hand. In any case, the costume is fashion's own riposte to the nudity fashion: the long-sleeved, turtleneck tunic descends to two inches above the knee; the bell-bottom trousers discreetly veil the nether limbs. What it proves is: More is More. The price is $150. Tunic and trousers are the basis of another astonishing, totally covered-up outfit—this one four pieces—that you may order at Splendiferous, 16 East 56th Street and 1312 Third Avenue (75th). Where to begin? The stovepipe trousers are black-red-and-white plaid wool. The tunic is red jersey and sleeveless. The greatcoat (interlined) matches the trousers, and its red jersey lining matches the tunic. To top off everything, there is a huge muffler, seven feet long, that matches the coat that matches the trousers. *Voilà!* For $295, and in two weeks' time, the girl of your dreams will look like George Sand, or possibly Frédéric Chopin. Splendiferous also takes two-week orders for a sweet—sugary but not saccharine—at-home dress, which is a floor-length shirt of white crêpe printed with a pale blue-pink-tan-and-turquoise plaid. It has a delicious sash—a wide swath of pale-pink satin that ends in dripping gold braid and fake pearls. The price is $180. D. D. and Leslie Tillett have long been making marvellous original hand-screened printed fabrics here, there, and everywhere (for a time they were situated in Mexico). They have now expanded their operation to include clothes and stuff as well as fabrics, and have opened a New York shop called Portmanteau, at 43 East 80th Street, where, given two weeks' time, they will make your

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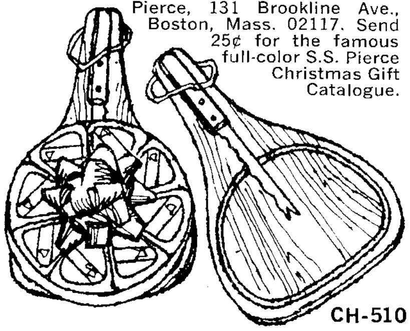

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girl a long at-home shirt dress of white silk shantung printed with colorful (and historically accurate) whaling-ship burgees and signal flags. It's $90. Or a softly gathered floor-length at-home skirt. Among the fabric possibilities is a pale-beige silk pongee scattered with free-floating wild flowers that suggest delicate, old-fashioned botanical prints; $110. On two weeks' notice, the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th), produces a beautiful Orlon-knit cardigan (we could have sworn it was cashmere) in any one of six shades, neatly decorated with yummy red embroidered strawberries; $25.95. The same shop, in the same time, makes custom Viyella bathrobes for children. The sizes are 1 to 6, the color is Christmas red (among others), and each robe is appliquéd with a trio of furry white pets—you may choose Teddy bears, rabbits, or dogs. Prices range from $13.75 to $21.50, depending on the size. A grown woman who could use a little babying might snuggle happily into a butter-soft bed jacket. Princess Obolensky, on the fifth floor at 519 Madison Avenue (53rd), needs two weeks to make a glorious one—pink or blue suède-finished nylon jersey with matching ruching around its Peter Pan collar and covered buttons down the front. This delicate affair is machine washable, and it costs $29.50.

If the lady is an equestrienne, a new riding jacket could elicit squeals of happy surprise. Fashion in sports clothing changes slowly, but riding habits are shifting detectably in the direction of slenderness. We know this because the newest black twill riding coat at Miller's Harness Shop, 123 East 24th Street, is slenderer than earlier Miller jackets. Its name is Briton. Furthermore, Miller's slim, non-flaring riding breeches, as Miller's is quick to explain, were worn by the United States Olympic team. The jacket takes two weeks and costs $139.50. The breeches, which do not need to flare, because they are made of stretch fabric, are always in stock, and cost $31.50. If you're shopping for a skier, Andre, at 21 West 56th Street, can make her a stretch ski suit in two weeks. The fabric is a *sportif* green-and-gold Tattersall check, effectively insulated with foam rubber. The jacket has a natural brown nutria band collar, and there's a snap-on nutria jabot as well. The whole outfit is $175. St. Crispin, at 888 Madison Avenue (72nd), makes princely custom-order memo pads: one hundred huge sheets—twice the size of a piece of typewriter paper—per

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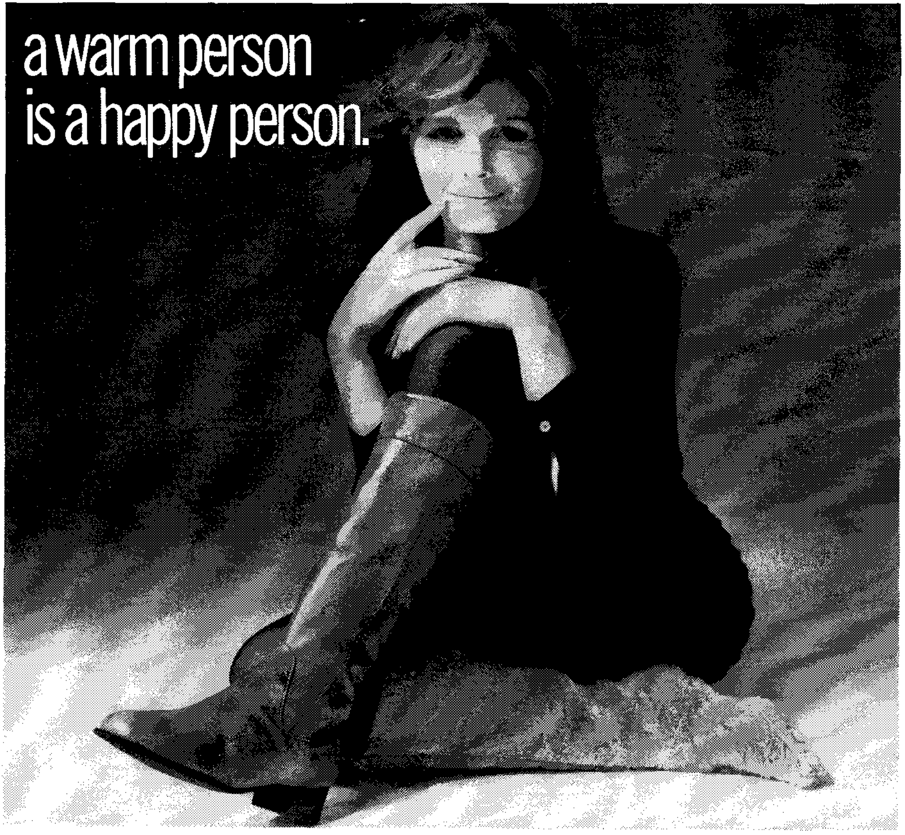

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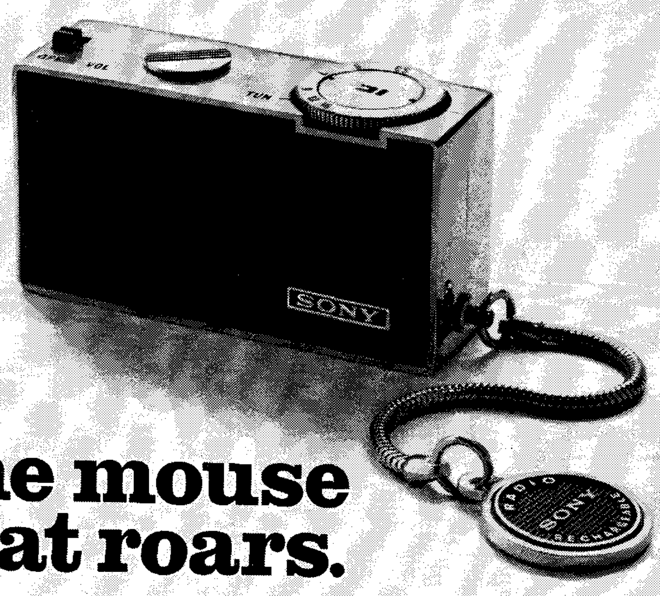

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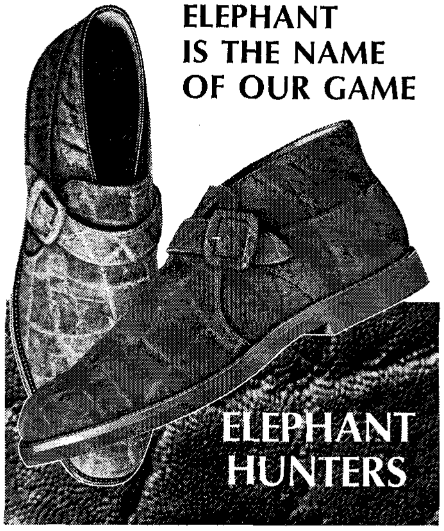

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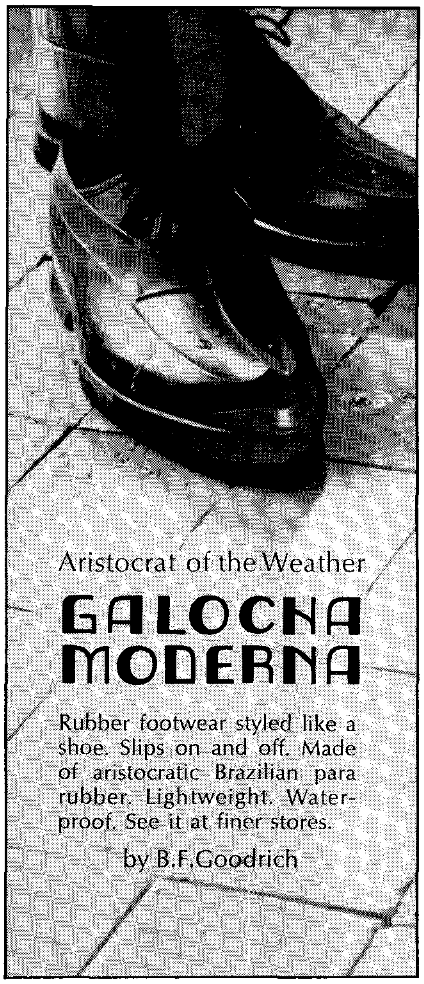
pad. They are topped with a handsome wooden bar, and there is a leather thong with which to hang them on the wall. Who could forget anything with such a big reminder? The donee's name, printed in bold block letters an inch tall on each and every sheet, is the custom part of the order. Three pads, $18, two weeks. Should a woman you know want a working briefcase that looks frivolous, the place to go is Porthault, 55 East 57th Street. In three weeks' time, the shop will concoct a capacious case (eleven inches by fourteen and a half) in a lovely linen print—an allover pattern of field flowers, for instance. It will have a stitched linen handle, an envelope flap that closes with a loop and a button, piping that picks up one color in the print, and a plastic lining that slips out, so the linen cover can safely ride the washing machine. It's $17.50.

FROM here on, we enter the vast realm of gifts that are ready to wear, or in stock—at least, they should be in stock during the next few weeks. Let us remind you, though, that shops empty fast at this time of year, and that—for reasons that elude us—reorders can take forever to travel no farther than from Seventh Avenue to Fifth. Festive garments come first—clothes that a woman could wear to her own parties, in her own home. She could entertain with considerable self-assurance in a brocade trousers-and-vest set. We've found such a set at Annacat & Co., an English firm that refers to its new quarters at 924 Madison Avenue (73rd) as its first "foreign" branch—much nicer than thinking of us as "the Colonies." Our English cousins have used a smashing brocade—a handsome floral pattern that blends two pinks, red, orange, and gold. It's $135. If you like, you can add a long-sleeved blouse of cream-colored silk, ruffled at the neck and cuffs and down the front, for $55. The Charles of the Ritz Boutique, 461 Park Avenue (57th), has a dazzler of a two-piece at-home party costume—a flowing black crêpe jump suit with a turtleneck and long sleeves, and a be-glamoured and be-glittered vest of gold-black-red-and-white brocade that fastens with tiny gold-metal filigree balls and chains; $125. Another black crêpe at-home jump suit we admired has no vest. It gets its sparkle from stripes of silver paillettes that run up and down the front. This costume is sleeveless, its neck is scoop, and it comes with a headband and a sash similarly decorated with silver paillettes; $70 at Blooming-



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dale's Place Elegante. A one-piece at-home culotte that Ibid, 123 East 77th Street, sells is plain black velvet—no glitter except, perhaps, the shine in the lady's eyes. Its snug-fitting, sleeveless top has a low neck and a high waist. The price is $36. And Bedlam, 817 Madison Avenue (68th), offers a cocoa-colored satin jump suit whose long-sleeved, surplice-closing top wraps into a bow on one hip; $46. At Fancy That, 1006 Lexington Avenue (72nd), the at-home pants are harem pants, and they must be authentic, since they come from Pakistan, where they are called shalwar, and where harems used to be as common as two-car garages are in Westchester. The pants are made of cotton with narrow vertical stripes (green, yellow, and black on a red ground, for instance); their waistbands gather on a drawstring, and their ankles are tight. In between, the trousers balloon like balloons; $20. Argentine trousers, which are only somewhat narrower, have arrived at Palacio, 830 Lexington Avenue (63rd). They are the spit and image of the brilliant multicolor wool afghans Grandma used to crochet, and they are lined with black silk. The price is $150. And Palacio has an enchanting long-sleeved, ruffled crêpe shirt to go with; $40, in a wide choice of colors.

The old reliable jump suit turns up at Honeybee, 7 East 53rd Street, in mauve satin. The belt buckle is a copy of an antique tortoiseshell brooch, and, possibly as a hint that this pretty is not to be worn with flight boots, the trouser bottoms flare noticeably; $60. At Latinas, 769 Madison Avenue (66th), you will find a creamy crêpe fitted tunic atop wide, cuffed trousers that speak of nineteen-thirties film sirens; $67. And Saks Fifth Avenue's Young Elite Shop has billowing party pajama trousers topped by a straight shirt with billowing sleeves. The fabric is green crêpe printed with lovely lavender, fuchsia, and black flowers; $23.

Some ladies prefer party skirts or party gowns to party pants. The anthropologists tell us that trousers are arctic and skirts are tropical, so the whole controversy may come down to a matter of thermostats, heating systems, battles with landlords, and so on. Never mind. The lady knows what she wants, and if she says skirts we can help, starting with caftans. Perhaps a queenly caftan trimmed at the neck with fake seed pearls and tiny crystal shells encrusted on gold braid? The stuff is pink-and-lilac brocade with pink and gold metallic diagonal stripes. It costs $125 at the Charles of the

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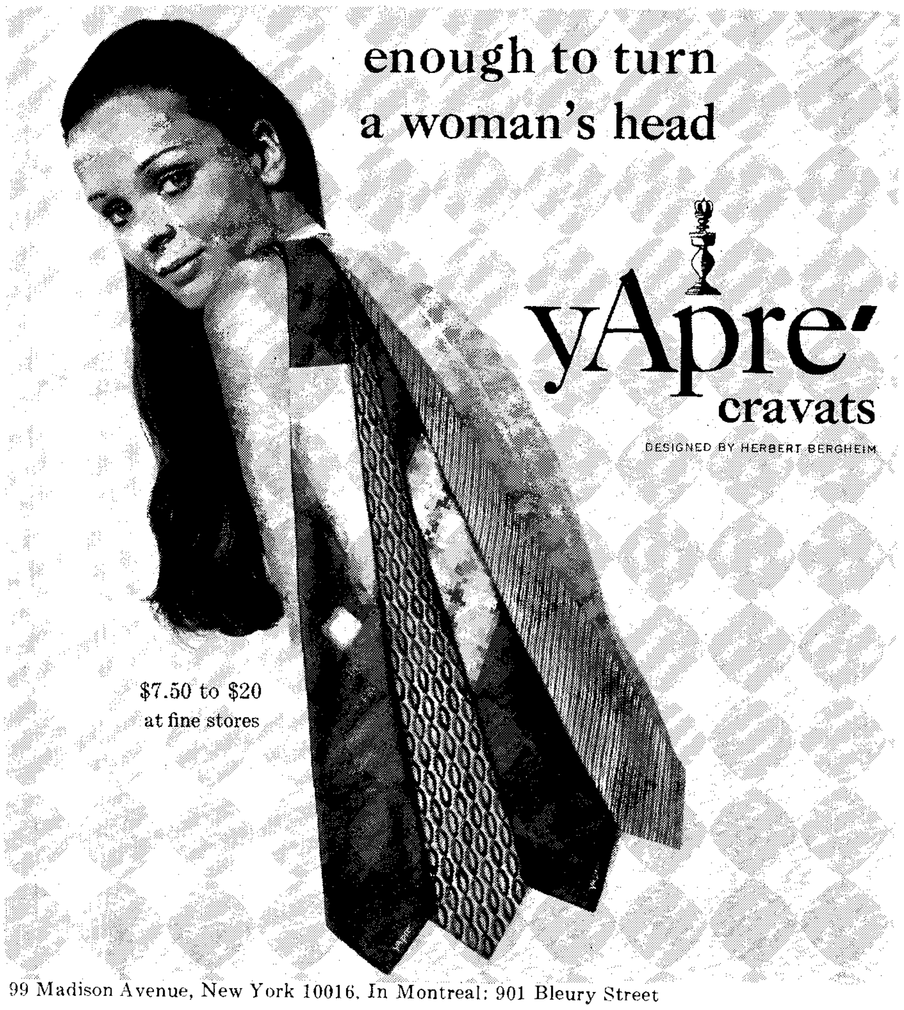
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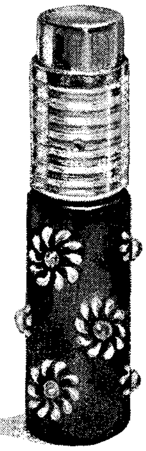

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Ritz Boutique. Down at James Holton, 193 West 4th Street (near Sixth Avenue), you will find a brilliant caftan made of orange-and-silver Lurex. The whole thing just gleams; $65. The same shop also sells heavy silk shantung caftans. You can pick blue or green trimmed with gold or silver braid; $75. Bonwit Teller's prize caftan is of quilted silk striped in pale, restful hues of blue, yellow, and green. The effect is not exotic, but beguiling. The price: $110. A white fleece caftan? Your little shepherdess can have one—in Arnel, to be truthful—trimmed all over with rhinestone-studded silver braid; $42 in Saks' Young Elite Shop.

You say this lady despises caftans but still likes to pretend that her home is the Garden of Allah? Well, you can buy her a fine flowing robe at Altman's Inner Circle. It has long sleeves and a hood, and the material is wool knit striped horizontally in green, red, and blue; $70. Would she rather entertain as a mandarin? Altman's Studio Three can provide a mandarin's robe of quilted silk. The color is soft brown or bright red; $40. India has sent a treasure—a gold silk robe with black mirror cloth bordering its neck, the ends of its three-quarter-length sleeves, and the hem of its skirt. (This mirror cloth is silk embroidered all over with little circles of gold, green, and red thread, which frame little round mirrors.) The price is $150 at Bloomingdale's Place Elegante. An Art Nouveau print (wherein orange, red, blue, and purple all somehow go together) has been worked into a moody, not to say sultry, hostess gown of silk and Lurex at Barra, 445 Park Avenue (57th). The wide, wide sleeves flow right into the nipped-in waist; $250. There's a slender Shocking-pink wool jersey at-home robe at Elizabeth Arden with beautiful embroidery—green silk thread encrusted with pearl and crystal beads—at the neck, down the long front tab closing, and at the cuffs of the long sleeves. It's $90, and the adjective that comes to mind is winsome. Another Elizabeth Arden hostess gown is daisies, pink daisies, all the way. They are of wool, embroidered on drifting white organza backed with pink taffeta. The price is $100, and the adjective is winsomer. A good-looking wool jersey jumper that reaches down to the floor makes a dandy at-home dress. If the lady wears a shirt with it, she looks like one of those old-fashioned Alices—you know, In Wonderland or Sit by the Fire. Without a shirt—the way it

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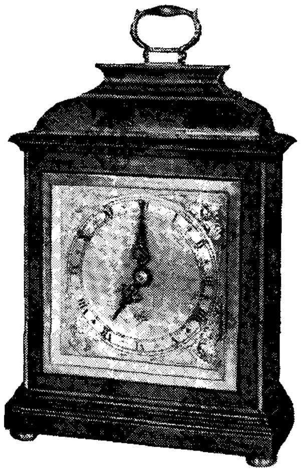

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comes off the rack at Henri Bendel—the jumper bares a modest patch of chest; $45, in red or black. Twofers item: A wholly reversible at-home gown. One side is acrylic pile disguised as brown broadtail; the other is brown rayon dotted with small orange flowers. It has a turtleneck and long sleeves, and though it isn't silk and her name may not be Julia, it illustrates the poet's phrase about "the liquefaction of her clothes;" $90 at Elaine Starkman, 857 Lexington Avenue (65th).

At Latinas, you should ask to see the floor-length red-and-green plaid wool skirt, at $28. One adds a black velvet vest ($22) and a white satin blouse with an ascot tie ($17), and one is doing Christmas dinner in the Highlands for Bonnie Prince Charlie. Trim lines and bright colors are a fine combination. For a case in point, see Abercrombie & Fitch's trim floor-length at-home skirt in a plaid that combines white, orange, pink, green, and magenta. The fabric is wool tweed and the price is $110. A tailored shirt to go with it is silk surah in the identical plaid; $80. The at-home skirt-and-top concept at Greek Island, Ltd., 215 East 49th Street, begins with a mouth-watering floor-length tweed skirt—strawberry with a fleck of cream. An intelligent purple eye is appliquéd on its pocket. The top is a bare-armed purple wool overblouse. The outfit costs $85. Antartex, 139 East 76th Street and 14 West 55th Street, has an at-home skirt hand-knit in Scotland. It is of soft mohair lined with chiffon, and has an unexpected contrasting band about four inches above the ankle-length hem. On the emerald-green skirt, for example, the band is azure; $40. For occasions when a Mother and Daughter are alone at home—writing their Christmas thank-you notes, say—the things to wear are matching red-and-white horizontally striped floor-length T-shirt dresses. You can buy them at D/R International, 53 East 57th Street; $10 for parent and $6 for child.

Here is a lovely boudoir robe: The outside is white nylon dotted swiss flocked all over with colorful spring flowers on long green stems. The inside, in deference to the season, is warm brushed nylon. There are fluted white ruffles at the throat, down the front, and at the wrists. It's $45 long and $35 short, and a bed jacket to match is $23. All these are at Elizabeth Arden, and the pity of it is that a lady wearing them is expected to stay in her boudoir. On the other hand, we have

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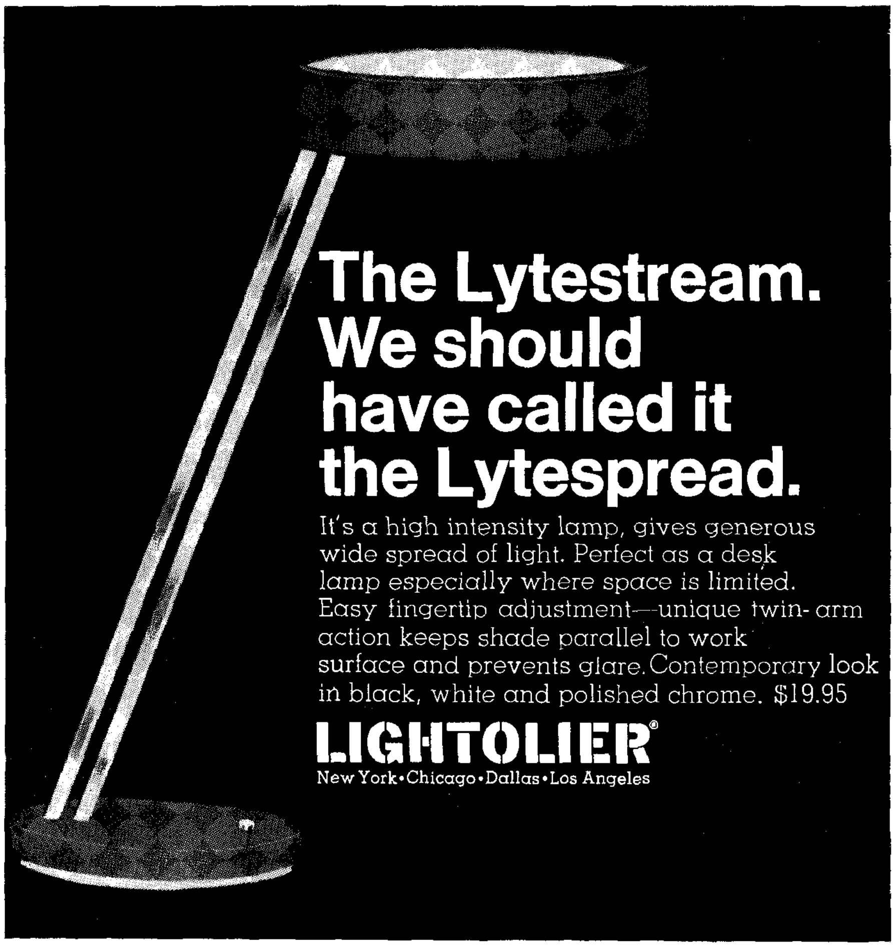

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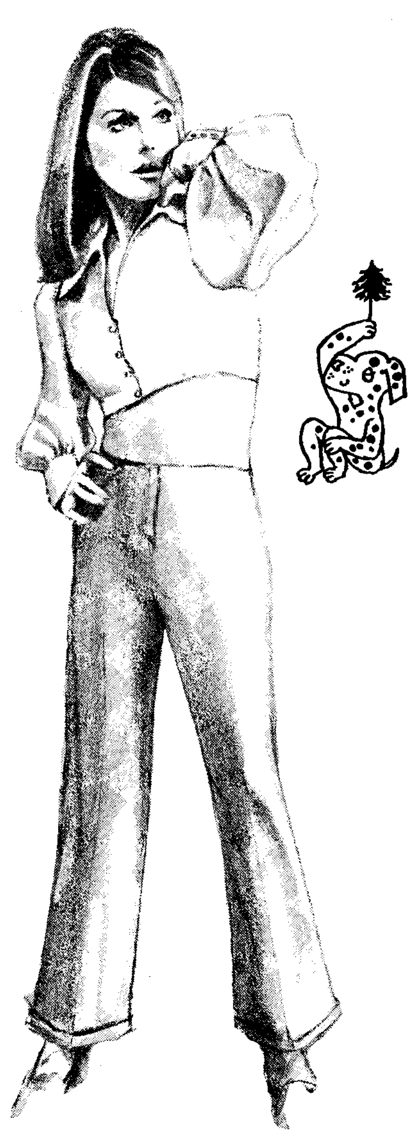

A Great Pouf of Sleeve, bare middle and slinky wide leg slacks would be at home under any Christmas tree. By Elli, slacks in black or beige crepe, 4-14, $14.50; cropped top, white or beige crepe, 6-16, $12.50 postpaid from Casual Corner 8555 Fenton Street, Silver Spring Maryland, or at Casual Corner stores in major cities.

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come upon a few robes that are described as "bathrobes" but could easily be worn in public—on a beach, that is. It stands to reason that a high-collared, kimono-sleeved robe made of velours-finished terry cloth vertically striped in red, purple, green, and pink might just as well adorn Montego's strand as not. It's $50 at Bonwit Teller. It would be equally silly to hide the charms of a velours-finished terry-cloth robe at Saks' Carlin Comforts Shop, around the corner from the main store, on Fiftieth Street—especially since it has an embroidered corsage of huge black daisies on the right shoulder. It costs $27.50 and comes in white or a choice of colors; a matching towel is $6.50. The Village Store provides a robe that is unequivocally an indoor robe—and charming, too. It is floor length, is made of quilted cotton, and buttons down the front. The round neck is trimmed, and the long sleeves are cuffed, with a flutter of Irish lace. You have your choice among several tidy little flower prints; $22.

May we make a couple of suggestions for at-home footwear? Low-heeled mules from Italy via Lord & Taylor, for one. They're gold (or silver) kid trimmed with fine bands of iridescent sequins; $18. Flat non-Indian moccasins, for another. The ones we have in mind are white brocade, woven with tiny pink, blue, and gold flowers. They're bound with pink (or blue) kid, and you'll find them at Belgian Shoes, 60 East 56th Street, for $39.50.

AFTER all the parties this lady of yours has given to show off her at-home outfits, she is bound to be asked back. That means going out. What might a going-out lady like?

A fur hat is a fine present, and white curly lamb is a delightful fur. Shades of Rudolph Valentino on "The Late Late Show"! At Bergdorf Goodman, the curly-lamb hat is called Gaucho. No matter, and, more to the point, the style is becoming. It's $70 in the Miss Bergdorf Fur Boutique. On the same site you'll see an enticing coat-dress made of bottle-green moleskin with a jaunty scalloped hem; $425. Ben Kahn, a furrier on the thirteenth floor at 150 West 30th Street, has several fur temptations on display. A zippered-front minicoat of badger, pale and creamy with feathery gray tips, is for someone young; $650. A coat made of soft, tawny gazelle is for someone wise; $650. An elegant mink sweater—a new mutation, called Black Cross, which is white with black

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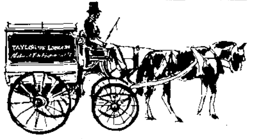

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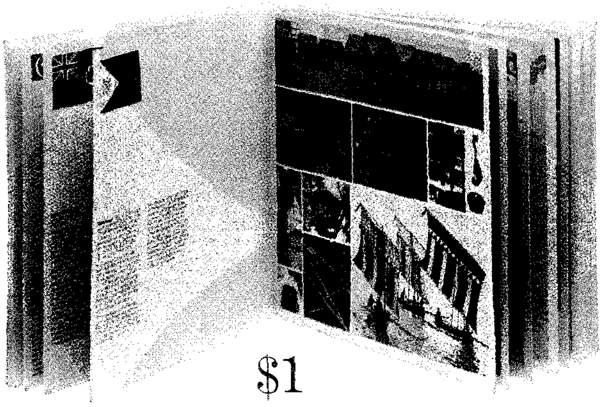
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streaks—is for someone lucky; $950. You could proudly squire a lady around town to show her off wearing a natural Spanish-lamb coat if you bought her one we admired at Mark Cross. The curly white fur is splotched here and there with brown, and the coat is bound and belted in brown leather; $270. Any girl would love to go out to tea in a trim, double-breasted coat of natural Norwegian blueback hair seal (the fur shades from steel gray to off-white) that comes from Harold J. Rubin, 1186 Third Avenue (69th). The price is $895, and the sizes are 4 to 10. And she would be happy to go almost anywhere in a well-cut coat from Saks Fifth Avenue's Revillon Boutique made of brown-and-white kid from Asmara, in Ethiopia. The collar and the front opening are edged with brown braid; $325. The same shop sells a charming small white curly-lamb barrel muff, for an Amy March kind of girl; $25. Speaking of extra bits of warmth, we've located a splendid fur muffler. It's six feet long and eight inches wide, and it's of black mink with a white mink border; $450 at Georges Kaplan. And we promise you genuine kisses if you give a girl a fake-fur coat from Elegantissimo, 1038 Second Avenue (55th). The imitated fur is ponyskin (black, chestnut, or white), and the length is midi; $85.

LAST winter's omnipresent short, short skirts led to many, many pairs of cold, cold legs. It may be only a coincidence, but fashion's lawgivers have now decreed that it is more than O.K. for a lady to go out to all sorts of gala events wearing warm, warm trousers. Even so, if you are shopping for a timid girl who does not want to be the first by whom the new is tried, you could hedge cleverly with a tunic-and-trousers suit. Sans pants, the tunic makes a swinging short party dress, and when she gets up her courage and adds the trousers she will look 1969 right down to her ankles. Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street, has an example, made of knit raw silk—a wonderful material. The tunic (or dress) has an openwork crochet border around its neck and hem, and the matching trousers sport the same crochet border just above their cuffless cuffs. The outfit is $185. If you don't want black, you can have white, and the sizes range from 4 to 12. At Bedlam you can get a young *femme* who longs to appear *fatale* a black (the only color for *fatale*) velveteen tunic-and-trousers set whose top is lavishly

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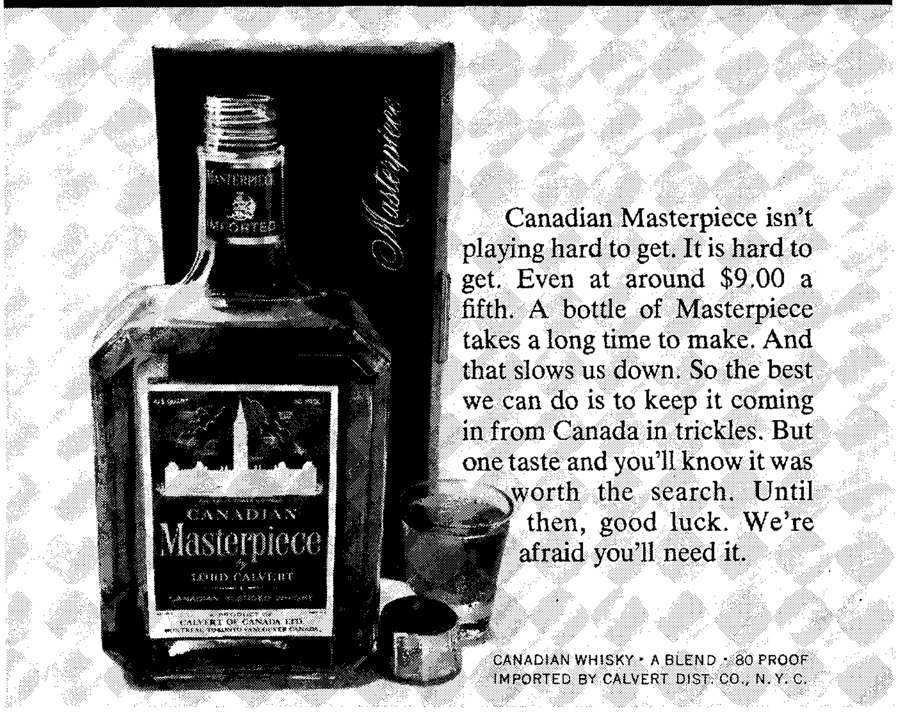

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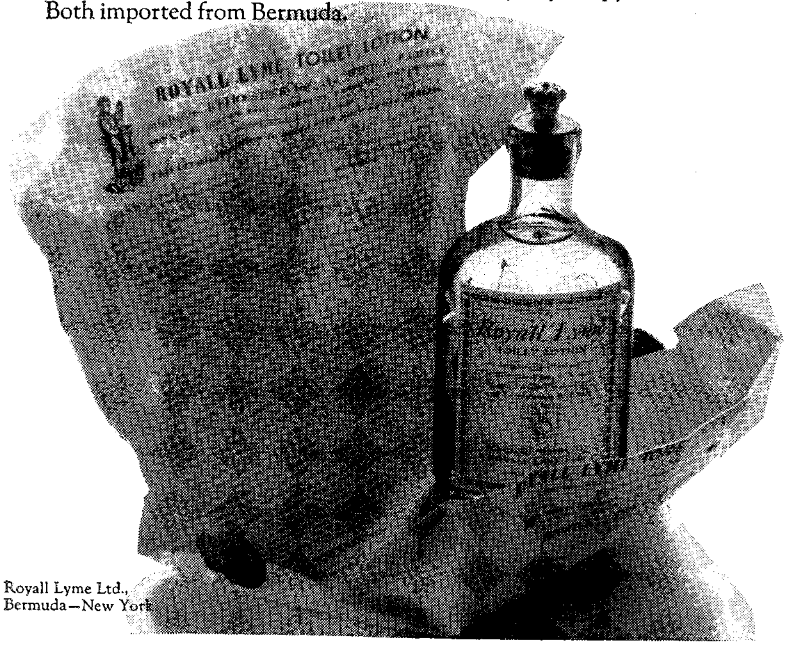

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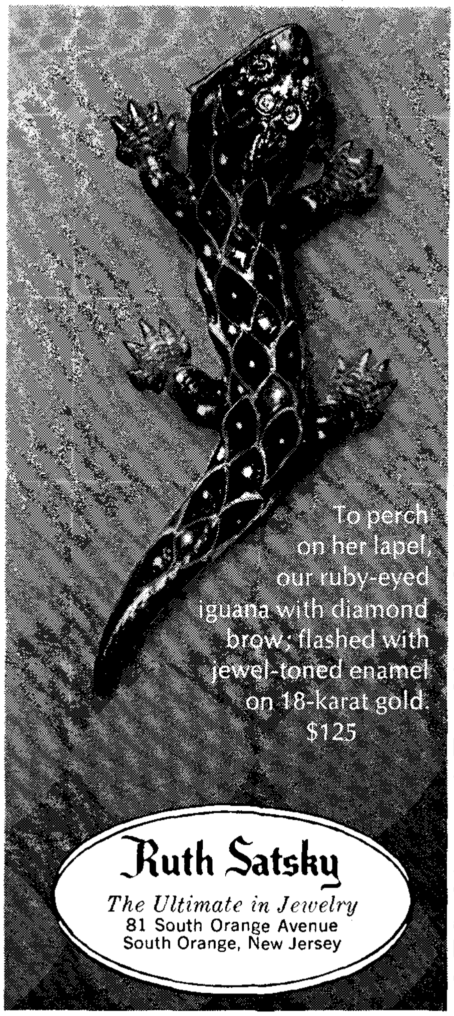

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garnished with coq feathers; $100. Knobkerry, at 26 St. Marks Place, offers a simple Chinese-collared tunic with horizontal bands of that glittering Indian mirror cloth on its long sleeves. The fabric is velveteen, and that is true of the matching trousers, too. The color choice includes dark green, brown, and black, and the outfit costs $65.

If your lady is not timid at all, and has been wearing trousers everywhere for months, get on over to Veneziano, 819 Madison Avenue (68th), and buy her a flower-printed white velveteen pants suit that is rather Continental in cut—meaning that the double-breasted jacket nips in farther at the waist than non-Continental pants suits. It's nice; $150. The jacket of another Veneziano pants suit, made of an antique-gold crushed velvet that is calculated to melt your heart, has two patch pockets and a belt; $160 complete. At Sportique, 816 Madison Avenue (68th), one party-pants outfit boasts no jacket; it has a vest instead. Its wide, cuffed trousers ($35) are slinky black satin, and so is the long vest ($25); the equally slinky satin shirt ($25) is, on the other hand, gray. The sizes are 6 to 12. What about a leather trousers-and-vest set? At Cordoba, 989 Madison Avenue (77th), the black calfskin trousers are bell-bottomed and self-sashed. The closings on the matching black calfskin vest are sweet little silver-metal flowers, a row of which also decorates the outside seam of each trouser leg; $65 for the vest, $105 for the trousers. If you are shopping for the kind of girl who would like to be a cynosure, she merits a white crêpe turtleneck top with accordion-pleated sleeves to go over accordion-pleated crêpe trousers with one leg red, the other black. The costume is $150 at Palacio. Saint Laurent's new boutique, Rive Gauche, which is conspicuously on New York City's Right Bank, at 855 Madison Avenue (71st), offers slender party pants of shadow-striped black velvet that flare with discretion in the vicinity of the ankles; $90 in sizes 6 to 12. And, speaking of striped pants, the Inside Outlet, 956½ Lexington Avenue (69th), sells a pair whose credentials are not so much diplomatic as social. The fabric is velours, and the stripes are gold, rose, and moss green; $40.

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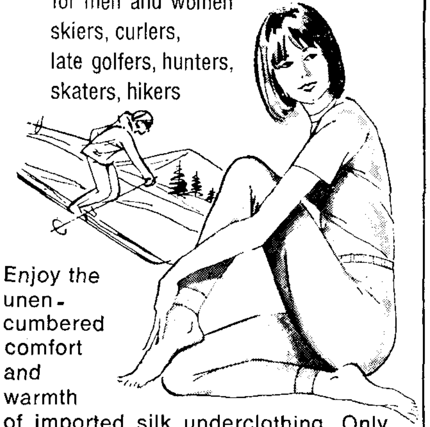

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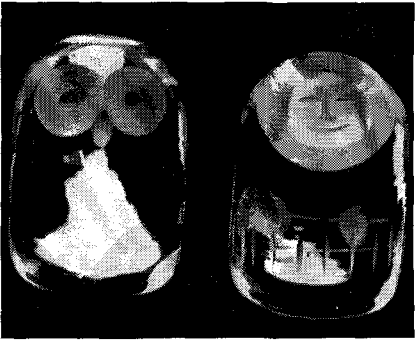

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Before we leave the subject of party clothes, we remind you that many a woman has spent the past year envying many a man his Nehru jacket. If you know such a woman, you can get her a splendid version all her own, dress length. It is made of lime-green raw silk printed with golden parrots sitting among golden flowers and magenta leaves. This costs $52 at Sona the Golden One, 11 East 55th Street.

A GIRL who goes out and about in the country, or to the Park, would be warm and happy in a sable-paw trenchcoat with brown leather epaulets, belt, and piping; it's $825 at Abercrombie & Fitch. While you're in the shop, take a look at the sheepskin jacket from Persia, fur side within, leather side without, all ablaze with brilliant floral embroidery. The price is $150. There is a snug, handsome Russian-sable-paw sports jacket—zippered front, beige wool-knit turtleneck—at Georges Kaplan; $295. If it's a fur skirt she's after, the one at Sportique ought to please. It's curly lamb, black or white; $150. A girl who tramps in the snow could keep some of herself warm with a reverse-lamb minicoat. The one we have in mind is single-breasted and close-fitting, and has two big patch pockets. The white lamb's-wool lining appears on the lapels, and the suèded exterior comes in any one of seven colors; $165 at Antartex. In Lord & Taylor's Country Clothes Shop there is a magnificent bone-colored canvas greatcoat, by Bonnie Cashin, that has a pile lining and a huge raccoon collar. The coat closes with gold-metal hardware and is belted with a leather sash; $160. South American Indians—those who live in the Andes, anyhow—wear a garment called a *ruana*, which is a big, fringed woollen blanket that is slit halfway down the middle so that the wearer can settle it around her shoulders gracefully. At De Pinna, the ruanas (imported from Colombia) were woven with stylish American ladies in mind, which accounts for their stylish brilliant plaids—pink, plum, and ma-

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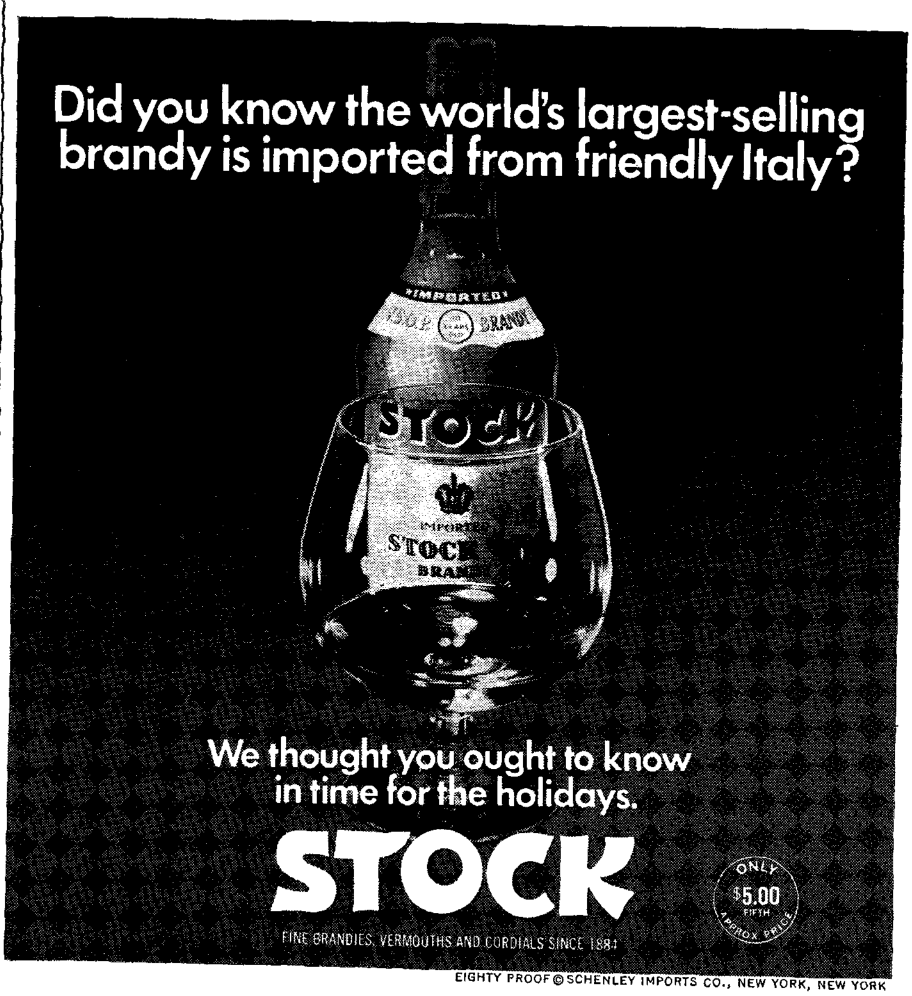

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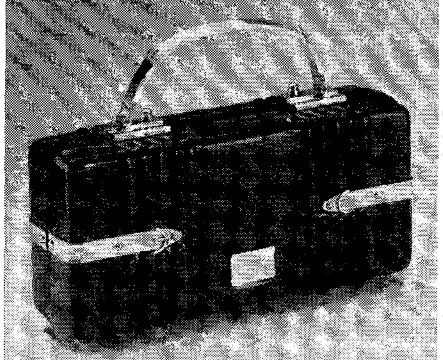

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genta, for instance. These are $40. A good-looking hip-length cape at Greek Island, Ltd., reverses, as a lady chooses, from brown curly lamb to creamy white wool and back again; $215. And D/R International has imported an all-weather coat from Greece that is made of shaggy knit-and-boiled goat's wool. The coat has a peaked hood, and there are loop closings down the front. You may pick from among eight spectacular colors; $65.

A FEW suggestions for specific outdoor activities:

Biking: A jacket made of very shiny nylon. The style is a cross between General Eisenhower's battle jacket and a boy's windbreaker. We hear tell these jackets have been all the rage in Saint-Tropez, and why not? The price is $12, the colors are vivid, and the place is Fancy That.

Skiing: A one-piece ski suit made of water-repellent nylon with synthetic foam insulation. The styling is all business, but the colors—Fireball Red, for example—are all play; $95 at Streeter and Quarles, 1 Rockefeller Plaza (49th).

Tanning: A bikini, naturally. One is at Semiramis, 317 East 9th Street, in prints that may be loud and clear or soft and fuzzy. The fabric is top-quality Antron, a superior kind of nylon. It costs $20. Semiramis also has a matching long-sleeved beach dress, for a girl to wear when she has had enough sun; $18.

Hunting: A handsome shooting jacket of brownish-green Kalahari cloth (don't brood about that exotic desert title; the fabric is woven of two factory miracles, polyester and Viscose) can be provided for your sportswoman at Hunting World, 247 East 50th Street, for $37.50, and matching culottes, which look like a street-length skirt, are $27.50.

Some sportswear that mixes well with the rest of a girl's wardrobe: A beige cotton sports shirt (from Rive Gauche) printed with the flowers called bleeding hearts growing on long navy stems; $35. An ivory cashmere sweater blouse with self-ruffles softening the neck, concealing the front zipper, and forming the cuffs; $35 at Abercrombie & Fitch. A turtleneck pullover knit in a delicate baby cable stitch, made by Jaeger and sold by Sportique; $22. A heavenly wool tweed basketweave skirt. The style is dirndl, there's one low patch pocket, and there's a nice choice of color combinations in the tweed; $26 at Honeybee. A never-crease two-piece knit dress

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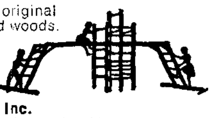

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made of a blend of cashmere and alpaca. The color is wheat. The top is a long-sleeved pullover with ornamental brown buttons at the neck and wrists, and the matching skirt is ribbed and straight; $100 at Veneziano, in sizes 6 to 10. And, for somebody who has her heart set on that fashionable revival, the American Indian Look, the Indian traders at the Village Store, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), will provide a fringed buckskin vest ($30) and a short fringed buckskin skirt ($30), which singly or together are worth any number of whoops of joy.

WE direct your attention to a sprinkling of cheerful raincoats for dreary days. Imagine antiqued chestnut calfskin with a special water-repellent finish that makes it shine like patent leather. The coat is double-breasted, midi length, and lined with brown pile. There are gold ball buttons on the chest; $300 at Cordoba. Another raincoat is ciré nylon, which is French for a shiny, tissue-thin stuff. The lining is *éponge*, which is French for a smooth cotton stretch cloth. The coat itself is narrow and tailored, with a Peter Pan collar, metal-hook closings, two pockets, and a neat belt. As for color, the idea is bright contrast—a navy coat with a yellow lining, for example. It's $60 at DeNoyer, 219 East 60th Street. Yet another raincoat is of brilliant-red poplin, double-breasted, self-belted, and doubly patch-pocketed (one on each side). It is $50 at Gavroche, 827 Madison Avenue (69th). Who would think of nylon crêpe as raincoat material? Lord & Taylor would, and with good reason. The fabric is printed with bursts of tiny flowers—in a grand total of seventy-six colors—and the lining is pink taffeta. A matching scarf comes with; $70. And a brown moiré water-repellent trenchcoat lined with pink wool jersey is $55 at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Next, a trio of frivolous umbrellas. The first is ruffled like a Victorian parasol but made of up-to-date hot-pink nylon. It is $11.95 at Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street and 660 Lexington Avenue (55th). The second is a great big striped affair (pumpkin, pink, and black is one version) that is reminiscent of sunny days on the golf course, because golfers always forget their umbrellas when it is going to rain; $14 at Bloomingdale's. The third is a trick stick—a wooden cylinder some thirty inches long with a magic ring on its handle, which is carved in the

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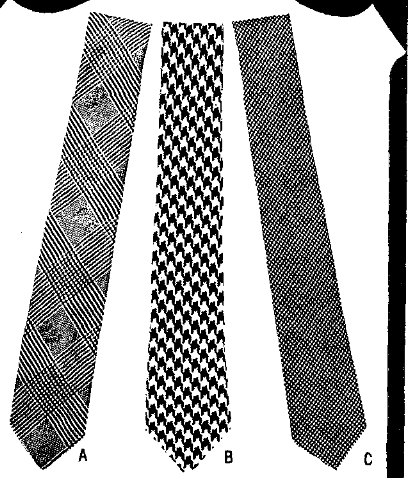
shape of a rose. When you slide the ring away from the handle—Presto chango! A black umbrella emerges from somewhere inside the stick; $30 at Bendel.

ARE the kids getting restless? Maybe it's about time we paid some attention to them. A tiny hand-knit Orlon creeper is $13 at Teeny Weeny, 1 Charles Street (near Greenwich Avenue), and though the garment itself is infantile, the available colors include such adult shades as gold and raspberry. For the creeping one's big but not very big sister (two to eight years), the same shop sells suède miniskirts; $15. Remember, when Big Sister is feeling grown-up, you do not need to point out that miniskirts are what little girls have been wearing all along. At Studio Del, 19 East 7th Street, a classic hand-crocheted Orlon-and-wool dress (size 2) with puffed sleeves is to be had in pastel shades ($8.50). Larger sizes (size 4 is $10.50 and size 6 is $12.50) are available in darker shades, including rust. Does a little girl (sizes 4 to 6) on your shopping list want a warm coat? Ohrbach's has a French import of reverse sheepskin with a cap to match. Besides serving as the lining, the furry side makes the collar and cuffs of the coat and shows up again as the brim and pompon of the cap; $120. If you are shopping for a brother and sister, you might drop in at Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), where you will see a related but not cloyingly interdependent pair of robes. The girl's has a navy jersey bodice, a red-navy-and-white plaid flannel skirt, and a plaid sash; $25, in sizes 3 to 14. The boy's robe is entirely of the plaid; $16, in sizes 2 to 6X. A solo girl's robe, also at Jean Gale, is made of pink jersey embroidered with long-stemmed pink roses and bound at the collar and cuffs with green piping to match the sash. It would more than make up, we feel, for the absence of a kid brother; $33 in sizes 3 to 6X, and $35 in sizes 7 to 14. Little girls who have yet to weep over Anna Karenina or any other star-crossed heroine of a Russian novel will nevertheless look marvellous in a scaled-down version of Anna's coat—the one with a fur band at the collar, down the front closing, and around the hem. Bendel has it in velvety blue cotton suède. The fur is white curly lamb outlined with scrollwork of bright-red and white. The lining is navy Orlon pile; $50, in sizes 6 to 14. While you're on Fifty-seventh Street, how about strolling over to Porthault



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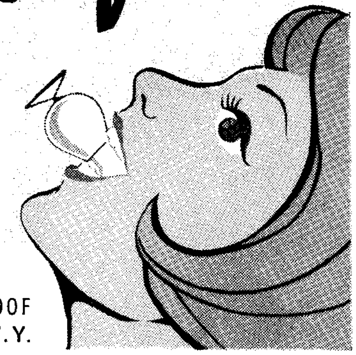
and having a look at their lavish terry-cloth bathrobes for children. The material is printed all over with pink or blue hearts and piped to match. Sizes 2 to 6 are $40, and sizes 6 to 12 are $45. At F. A. O. Schwarz, there is a lively trio of toddlers' Tyrolian outfits, and if you're shopping for a family with three little ones close together, or for a clutch of tiny first cousins, you might buy them all. The little girl's one-piece Tyrolian dress has a white Orlon-knit bodice and a spruce-green Orlon-knit skirt. The flowered suspenders are trompe-l'oeil; they're just stitched onto the bodice material, but they look great; this one is $13. The little boy's matching outfit is two-piece, the bottom being shorts; $14. And a toddling Tyrolian gets a one-piece jump suit; $14. The Lighthouse Craftshop, 111 East 59th Street, sells fine smocks for little girls (sizes 4 to 6) to paint, cook, or merely mess in. The style is artist's, and the fabric is red or blue cotton; $4. A one-piece party-pants costume just like Mother's? At Little Bits of the Sixties, 1036 Third Avenue (62nd), you will find one of wide-wale corduroy with wide trouser legs, à la mode. It has imported beige cotton lace around the neck and a lace jabot. The colors are hot pink, apple green, orange, and many, many more; $21 for sizes 1 to 4T, $23 for sizes 4 to 7. The Elder Craftsmen Showcase, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), has an exemplary little (sizes 1 and 2) two-piece suit for a little boy, whether he's exemplary or not. It's composed of a simple hand-knit wool pullover with a bit of cable stitching at the neck, and trim shorts with a row of cable stitching down each leg; $12.50. The pants come in any one of four colors; the sweater stays white. The same shop sells, for boys and girls of all sizes and ages, bright-colored and boldly patterned hand-knit woollen caps; $4.50. (Such a cap makes it easy for a



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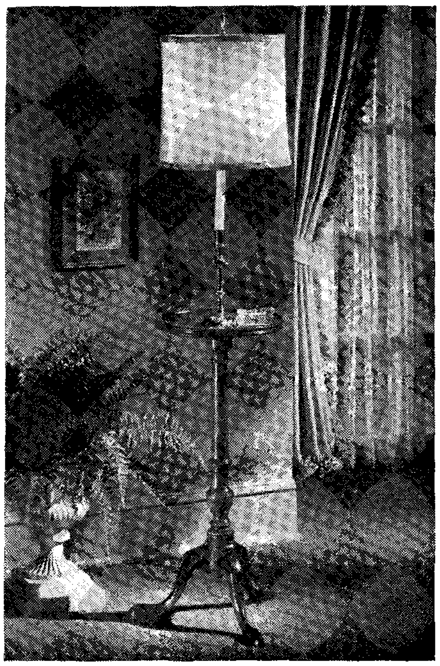

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grownup to keep an eye on the child even when the Wollman is mobbed.) Nothing is more pleasing than to see the young wearing just what we wore when we were young, and among people who wear sizes 1 to 3 it is still possible. (You might as well give up after that.) You could provide a parent you know with this pleasure by getting a plain white (polyester-and-cotton) dress gloriously hand-smocked in red around the neck and on the sleeves. It's $5.50 at Ingeborg Kuppinger, 22 East 65th Street, which also has, for a baby boy, a blue suit smocked with darker blue across the chest; $8.50. For novice skiers or veteran pram-sitters (sizes 1 to 3), the same shop sells a hand-knit blue wool ski sweater with white reindeer adorning the front and back, as well as a matching ski cap; the sweater is $19.95 and the cap is $6.95. At the Children's Dream House, 1190 Third Avenue (69th), the management knows how cold the Park gets on cold days. For an infant, there is a fleece-lined acrylic thermal-knit outfit consisting of a pair of coveralls, a jacket, a cap, and mittens—all for $21—and available in white, pink, or blue. A blue corduroy infant's sleeping bag lined with white lamb's wool is $30. Poupées and Pinafores—one flight up at 987 Lexington Avenue (71st)—can show you a little girl's party dress of pale-beige moire with a little self ruffle at the neck and with an inverted pleat running down the front from collar to hem. If you insist on pink, they have a pink moiré dress with such a pleat down the side, punctuated by three little pink moiré bows; toddlers' sizes are $25.50, and sizes 3 to 6X are $27.50. At Gavroche, you will find a hand-knit wool dress of bright orange bound with bright yellow. It zips up the front, which makes dressing oneself easy; sizes 2 to 10, prices $20 to $26. And Pat-Rick, 930 Madison Avenue (74th), has a one-piece synthetic jersey jump suit in blue with a bold red stripe up the sides of the pants and up the front to the neck ($10 in sizes 2 to 4T; $11 in sizes 3 to 6X), and a Merry Mites corduroy jump suit in any of four colors, including orange ($12, in sizes 2 to 6X).

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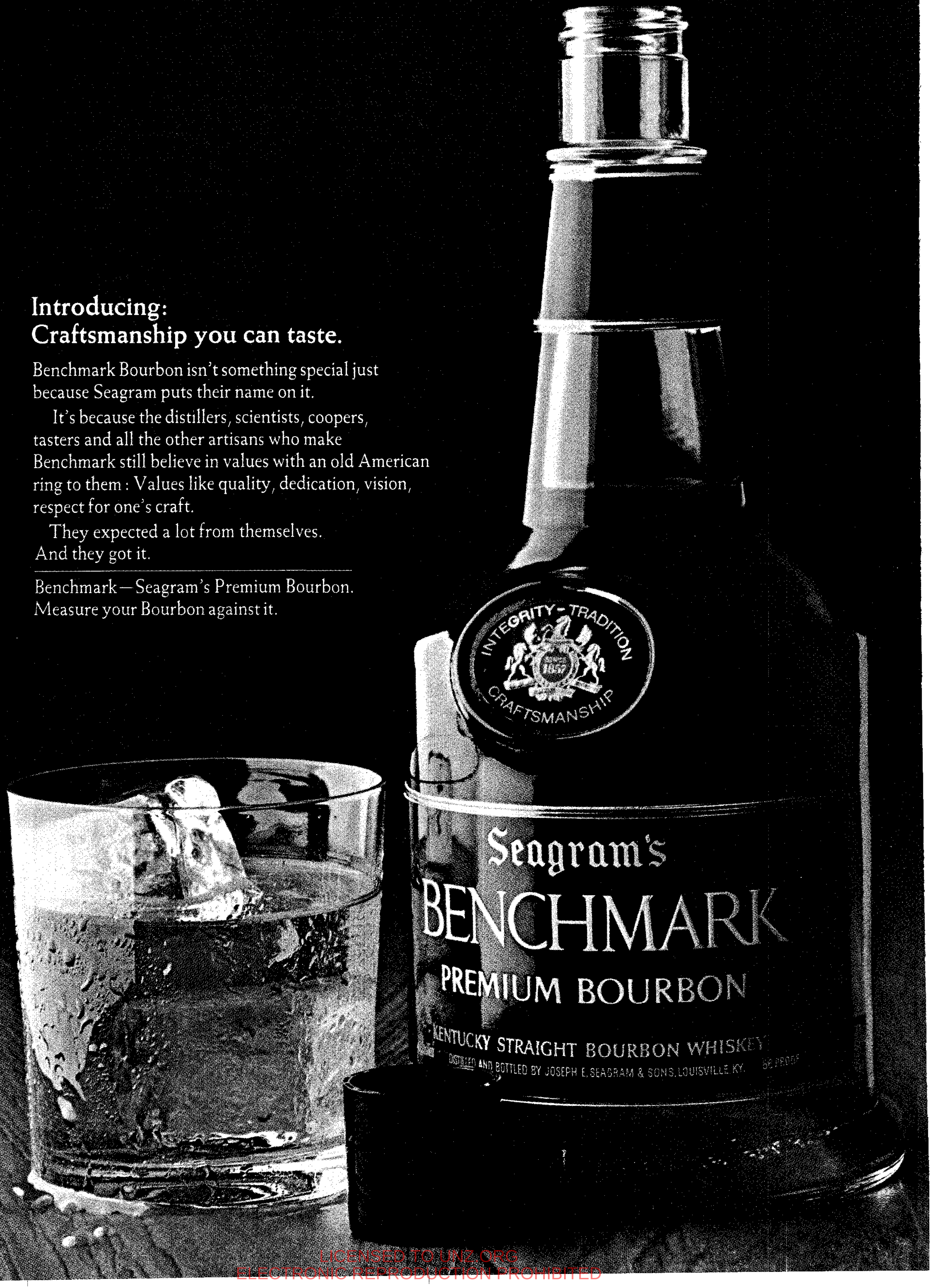
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cessories. Once upon a time, a lady got a dress, and if it was winter her shoes and handbag were black; in the spring they were navy, and in the summer white. When she felt a need to express herself, she bought a hat. Those days are past. The accessory now comes before the dress; the accompaniment outranks the melody. And the accessory dominating the lady's thoughts just now is very likely a little jacket of some sort—unless it is a vest, or possibly a bolero. One vest source you might look into is Allen & Cole, 150 East 54th Street, where we were taken with an admirable bolero made of glass beads in stained-glass colors, arranged to look like an abstract stained-glass window; $190. Lustrous black coq-feather vests are $155 at the Fifty-seventh Street I. Miller Galleria, 743 Fifth Avenue. Splendiferous has a comprehensive collection of both vests and boleros, each specimen unique. A single for-instance: The sort of waistcoat material an eighteenth-century gentleman might have selected—vertical rows of pink, gray, and tan ribbon, all embroidered with tiny flowers—but the garment itself is cut shorter than an eighteenth-century waistcoat, and along the front closing and down the back go two columns of gold braid; $165. And Studio Del makes a short gold bolero crocheted from heavy metallic yarn for $25. Bigi at Bergdorf Goodman sells a red velvet bolero, from Pakistan, on which gold braid, green and orange embroidery, and bits of mirror have been lavished ($30), and, for contrast, a simple light-blue suède vest with silver-metal buttons ($40). Emerald-green silk embroidered with what looks like a maharaja's ransom—gold braid, counterfeit pearls, topazes, and the like—makes a seductive Indian vest at Bloomingdale's Place Elegante. It fastens with green silk frogs. It is absolutely splendid and splendidly immodest. The price ranges from $50 to $80, depending on the size of the maharaja's ransom.

Several years ago, when the female waistline was last seen, a few profound bassos who refused to join the male chorus of lamentation were certain that sooner or later ladies' waists, like General MacArthur, would return. So they have. With waists come (or go) belts, and among belts those made of metal chains are fashion's favorite. The dogma is clank and clink, and never mind Marley's ghost. Three gold-metal chains compose one belt that you can admire—or even buy—at Bergdorf Goodman. They are united by a mag-

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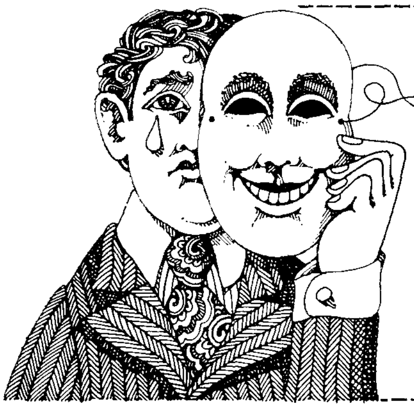

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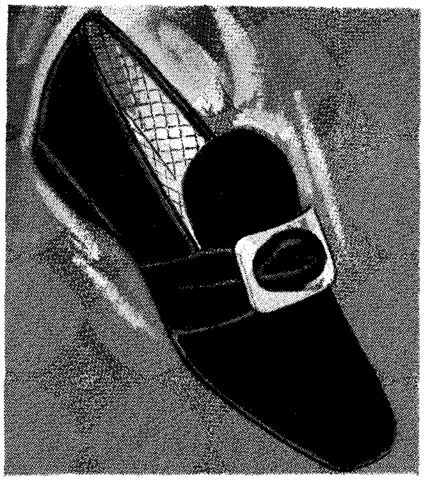

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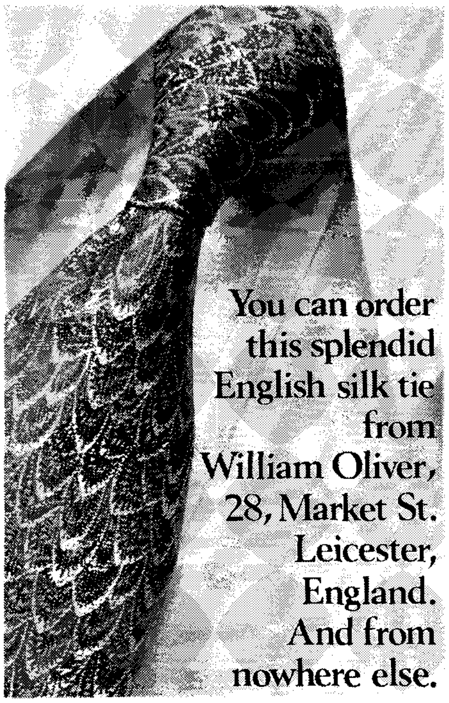
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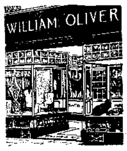

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nificent gold-metal filigree buckle set with false turquoises and equally false corals; $50. Bloomingdale's Christmas chain belts are belt-size charm bracelets. They are made of gold metal, and no two are exactly alike. One of them dangles the following charms: a mirror, a filigree medallion, and a cluster of lanterns. It also has a chain for an additional charm of your own, if you happen to have one; $13.50. Splendiferous has a gold-metal charm belt that sports several charms of a single sort: that most desirable antique-style jointed goldfish. This belt is $25.

Cartier's belt jingles rather than clanks. Its links are flat, milky mother-of-pearl rings—like rich babies' teething rings—joined by vermeil loops. Three little vermeil jingle bells chime at the closing; $100. Rive Gauche shows a chain belt that is very *ancien régime* indeed; the effect is circa the First Crusade. Its big, twisty, ropy gold-metal links look antique, and they are set with imitation turquoise matrices and imitation amethysts. So is the big round buckle. The whole thing is beautiful, and $50. More history: The bee of the Bonapartes turns up on a Lord & Taylor chain belt. This one has tiny rhinestones on each and every gold-metal link, and the fastening is a pair of gold-metal bumblebees with rhinestone wings; $30. Something quieter? Mink is hushed. Macy's Little Shop has a wide mink belt that fastens with a large, rectangular gold-metal buckle; $90. At Annacat, the plan is to let you assemble a noiseless one-of-a-kind belt for a unique lady. The shop has an impressive collection of old buckles—the oldest made when Edward VII was the Prince of Wales, and the newest when the Duke of Windsor was. A lovely Victorian buckle of sterling silver set with mother-of-pearl pansies costs $75. Belts for such a treasure start at $10. You pay for the components; the shop puts the whole thing together gratis. A pretty length of metallic gold braid strung with bogus seed pearls makes a quietly elegant evening-party belt ($20), and so does a length of flexible gold metal disguised as a snake ($15). Both these marvels come from Saks. For informal wear, you might get your lady a taciturn Mexican sash. It's of wool, woven in bright peasant patterns in bright peasant colors, and it costs $4.50 at the Mexican Art Annex, on the second floor at 23 West 56th Street.

That brings us to a few top-notch silk scarves. At Gucci is a marvellous thirty-three-inch white square printed with mushrooms, autumn leaves, ferns,

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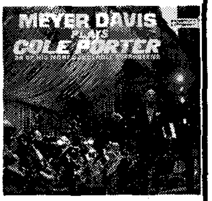

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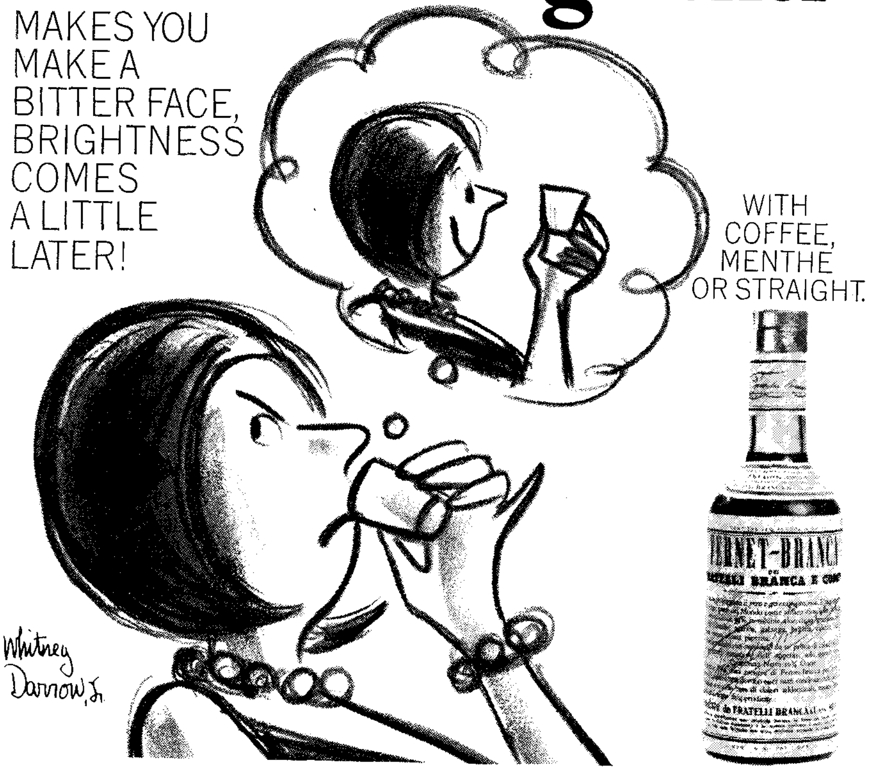
wild flowers, snails, ladybugs, butterflies, robins, and other natural lovelies. When ladies used to paint china, it was this sort of thing they were trying for; $24. A fascinatingly misty purple-and-lime silk-batik rectangle printed with pink hydrangeas and lined with plain lime silk is $16 at the Inside Outlet. A thirty-inch black silk square printed by Pauline Trigère with a giant tortoiseshell-colored turtle is $30 at Bonwit Teller.

Let's think about gloves. We were captivated—and we think any lady on your list would be—by the snug wrist-length gloves for sale at Barra. They are made of Italian leather. A pair in black or white or—still more captivating—orange or red or bright green is $7.50. Lord & Taylor sells slip-on evening gloves made of silver capeskin, to match a lady's silver evening slippers. The cuffs are outlined with rhinestones; $15. Next morning, when the lady goes about her outdoor tasks, she would be happy with Lord & Taylor's rabbit-lined black leather gauntlets. They have giant cuffs of shaggy gray Tuscany lamb; $21. How about a pair of gloves with a built-in watch? Gucci has them. The gloves are wrist length and brown suède, and the watch, strapped onto the back of the left glove, is dime-size and 18-carat gold; $43. Bloomingdale's has them, too. These are kid gauntlets (nutmeg color) with a gold-metal oval watch strapped on the left wrist; $30.

In spite of all the pants propaganda, your girl may insist on running around in miniskirts. If so, she needs boots. The Young Elite Shop at Saks Fifth Avenue has a pair of beauties made of navy-blue Corfam (a plastic wonder) embroidered to make a green-and-gold overplaid. The heels are an inch and a quarter high and the boots themselves are knee-high; $40. The stretch-vinyl (another plastic wonder) knee-high boots at Lafitte have two-inch-high composition heels plus rubber soles, so they count as rainwear. A mere technicality! Their brilliant colors—Kelly, fuchsia, orange, and such—iridesce on sunny days, too; $45. All the way above the knees go boots called Shoe Stockings. They are puckered velvet (black or brown), and they are mounted on two-and-a-half-inch heels; $38 at Bloomingdale's. Bendel's shoe department can supply a partygoing girl with something like a cowboy's party boots. They're black velvet, and the cowboy's beloved decorative patterns—executed here in fake seed pearls and coral thread—suggest a Paisley print. Does the average cow-



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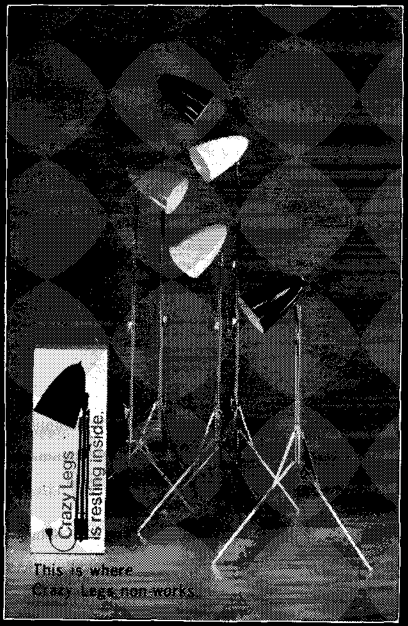

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boy realize that? The price is $65.

If you are thinking of buying a lady an evening bag, think of buying her a metal one. Gucci's six-and-a-half-inch-long metal cylinder is covered with sterling-silver filigree on which are scattered crystal and fake-turquoise flowers and leaves; $199. At Bloomingdale's is an evening bag of gold metal with decorative perforations and dotted here and there with itty-bitty fake topazes. The lid is topped by a bogus cat's-eye and a genuine metal handle. Old Oriental hands will recognize it as a betel box, but it looks like a tiny trunk to us; it comes in three sizes, at $39, $65, and $70. At Artbag, 735 Madison Avenue (64th), the evening box is silver-metal grillework and looks like a small Spanish treasure chest. It has a silver-metal handle and a silver kid lining; $55. Saks Fifth Avenue has a gold-metal wicker evening bag that looks like a small-scale picnic hamper and is lined with gold velvet; $70. And at L'Insolite, at 39 East 78th Street, you will find a small metal lunchbox that looks like a lunchbox no longer but like an evening bag. It has been lacquered midnight blue on which appear some wispy, painted evening clouds and a few glass beads pretending to be stars. The lining is dark-blue velvet; $40.

Here is a soft evening bag—a flat pouch of black peau de soie, to be carried by its over-the-shoulder rhinestone chain; $50 at Lord & Taylor. Mark Cross makes a nifty black alligator bag, five and a half inches by eight, with a detachable shoulder strap ($200), but should your lady prefer a black baby Indian crocodile bag with a stationary handle, you can get a stunning one at Gucci—an envelope, about six inches by nine, whose clasp is a nautical knot wrought of 18-carat gold and blue enamel; $899. If $899 seems a bit steep, Macy's Little Shop will sell you a shallow black bag of alligator-grained calf. It has handles, it's about four inches by ten, its clasp is gold-metal filigree, and it goes for $54. A black lizard satchel (say six inches by eight) at Saks Fifth Avenue, which any woman would be pleased to take to a cocktail party, is dressed up with a clasp containing a chunk of genuine amethyst quartz tied, like a Christmas package, with gold-metal cord; it's $140. And Artbag can show you a flat rectangle (six and three-quarters inches by eight and a half) of black lizard-grained calf. The clasp is a gold-metal shell, and the handles are gold-metal chains; $23.95.

A crackerjack daytime bag? See the

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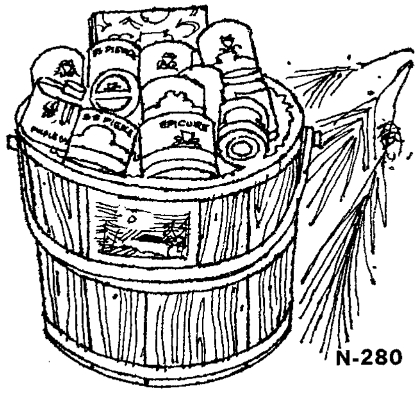

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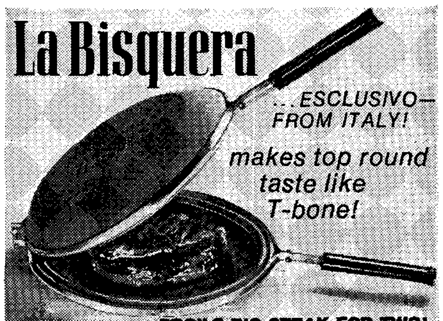

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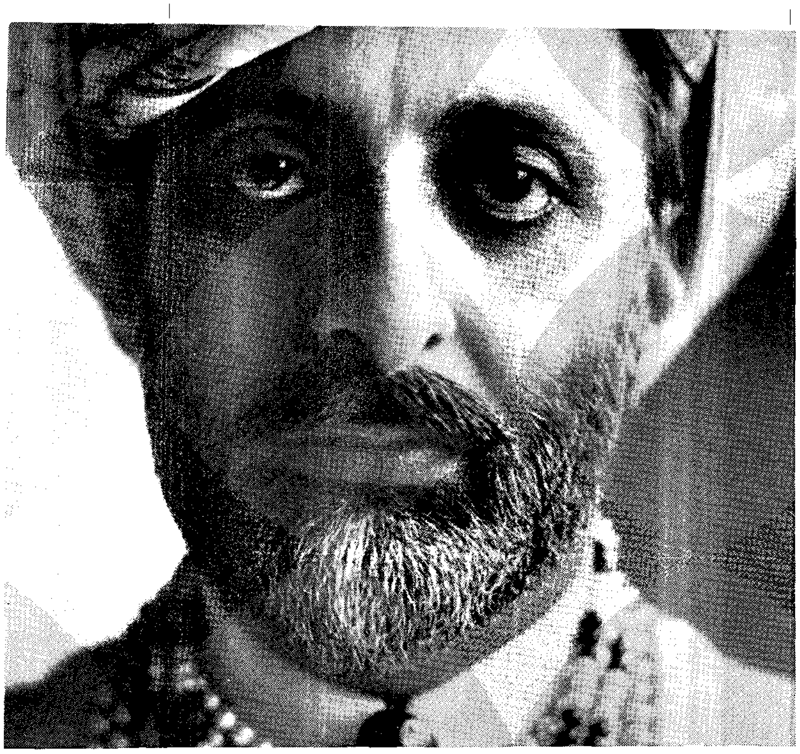

Before Shalimar was a perfume, it was a garden of love.

Our story begins in India, some 300 years ago. It belongs, however, to no place and no time.

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medium-sized but capacious (eight and a half inches by ten and a half) satchel in the Hermès Boutique at Bonwit Teller. It comes in burgundy, beige, or black calfskin with a matching morocco lining, and it costs $250. Jacomo, at 25 East 61st Street, sells a slightly larger bag—eleven inches by fourteen. It is an envelope with handles, and it is made of black or red goatskin. It has three outside flap pockets, handy for Kleenex, small change, and subway tokens; $98.50. And the same shop sells the *nc plus ultra* of canvas tote bags. The canvas can be black, tan, off-white, light blue, or red. The lining will be a contrasting color, and it will be vinyl, which means it can transport leaky packages or damp bathing gear. Further inducements: three outside pockets and two gold-metal carrying chains. All this for $19.50. The Seasoned Traveller, 175 West 4th Street (near Sixth Avenue), sells a roomy, soft over-the-shoulder bag with one interior zippered pocket. The leather is reversed calf. The color choice is almost bewilderingly large, and the price is $18. The same shop has (under the name The Mitten) a plain soft-leather pouch. The color choice is legion, with special attention to the colors that girls and women always wish they could find—lavender, for one, and hot pink, for another; $5. A handbag that is intended as a possible overnight bag is at Mark Cross, where it is called the Dachshund, in honor of its sausage shape (six and a half inches by thirteen and a half). The bag is suède (brown, green, or beige), it zips open, and the inside—roomy enough to stow a nightie in—has one open section and one that is zippered. Along the outside is a zippered compartment for diamonds and rubies; $55. For a lady who is travelling and planning a long stay, you might get a case designed to hold eight pairs of shoes. The outside is heavy brown velvet with a single beige stripe around its middle. The handles are brown leather. When the proprietor reaches her destination, she can open the case all the way—flat out—and it will hang, like a shoebag, in her closet; $200 at Altman's.

If your travelling *amie* does needlepoint or crewelwork, she may want to take it with her on her journey. At the Green Box, 954 Lexington Avenue (69th), you will find a good-looking fold-over moiré case designed for that purpose precisely. When it's unfolded, it's thirty inches long. It comes in gold, green, navy, or black, and it has enough interior compart-

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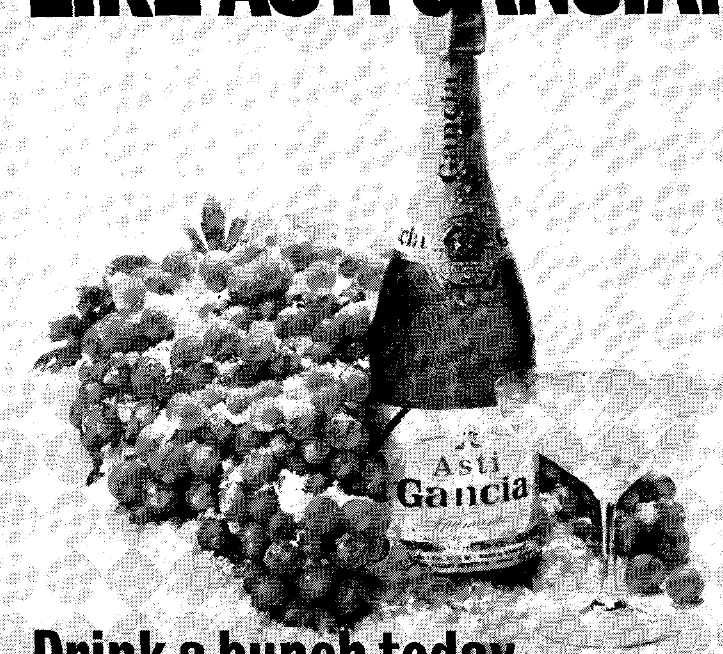

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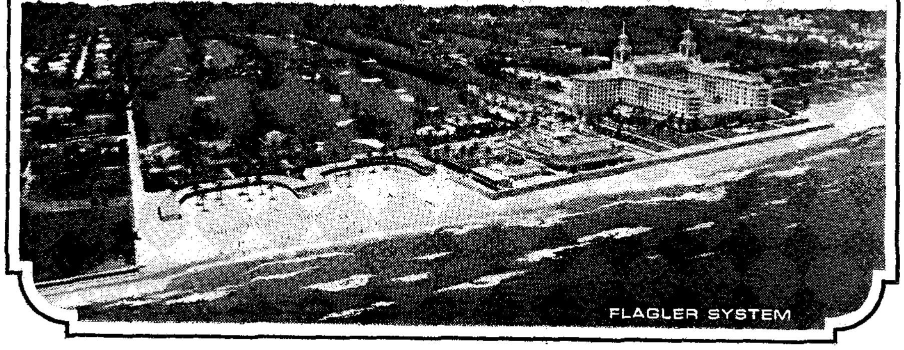

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ments to keep more than two dozen different-colored lengths of wool in their places; nooks for a thimble, needles, and scissors; and space for the embroidery itself. It's $14.50. For a knitter, the same shop sells a jumbo knitting bag of quilted printed cotton for $22.75. A woman who does fine needlework may need her spectacles. Greek Island, Ltd., can supply an eyeglass case of off-white cotton embroidered with pink or eggplant flowers and mounted on a gold-metal frame. The fabric is about a hundred years old, but the colors look as fresh as paint; $10. A traveller must have a travelling alarm clock—*ça va sans dire*. And a lady in a strange city also wants to turn on the radio and get the late news and weather reports and, perhaps, a little night music, too. Therefore, T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), has packed a small alarm clock and an AM transistor radio into a miniature suitcase, four and a half inches by seven and a half. It's black plastic, and it and its contents cost $32.50. If your girl is going on a picnic, consider a handsome three-by-five-foot wool tartan throw rug. The Lighthouse Craft shop has one for $15.95. The same rug in a pale-yellow-and-white plaid is not for her to take on picnics but for her to snooze under on her chaise.

THE lady is home now, from what must be the shortest excursion in literature since Caesar took two provinces in three sentences. Let us look at gifts she might like to decorate her apartment with. Silver-plated seashells, we now realize, are simply beautiful. The Very Thing, at 149 East 72nd Street, has plated genuine seashells from South Pacific shores and our own West Coast. A silvered scallop shell about six and a half inches across could hold pins or bonbons. It costs $28. A slender, spiny, silvered Murex holds nothing—it just *is*; $28. And at S. Wyler, 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), you will find an array of old English porcelain coffee cans and saucers. (In this context, "coffee can" describes a demitasse cup.) A woman might use a coffee can to hold cigarettes and a matching saucer as an ashtray. Or she might just consider them decorations. The sets date from between 1810 and 1825; the prices go from $35 to $50. Wyler also has an assortment of English Sheffield toast racks, circa 1860. Cold toast is a bore. Modern ladies, however, love to use toast racks as ornamental letter racks; $22.50. Just now, Cartier's second floor holds a

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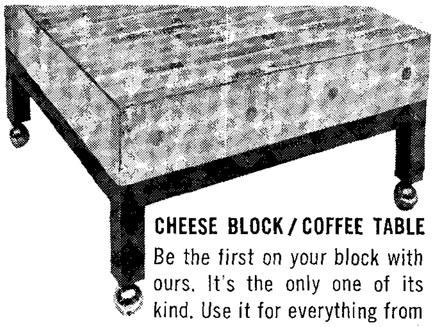

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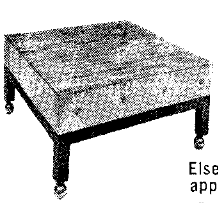

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The Red Carpet

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truly astonishing collection of miniature silver furniture. These little pieces—they are no more than three and a half inches high—were all made between 1805 and 1890. Some items—a Belter sofa, for example—reproduce the styles of the period. Others—a Spanish Renaissance chair, say—reflect the Victorian taste in antiques. Each object is $55. At Antica, 802 Madison Avenue (67th), which is right inside Ethel Rogers' Flower Shop, you will want to look over the collection of miniature etuis—a word familiar mostly to crossword-puzzle addicts. It defines containers that, in the eighteenth century, often held the necessary equipment for a fast job of sewing. These models are about three inches long, and most of them—like most etuis—are cylindrical. They are silver or pinchbeck embossed to a fare-thee-well. What do they do? They sit on a table and look like choice collectors' items. (A lady *could* keep pills in them.) The price range is from $60 to $150. Antica also has a set of twenty-four puppet heads, made in Sicily in 1820. The cast, at least on the day we were there, included a beautiful young woman, a villain with a handlebar mustache, and a couple of dragons. The heads are six and a half inches high, and we'll call them statuary; $45 and $50 a head. Over at the Mexican Art Annex, there are sculptured wooden birds and animals—an eight-inch armadillo, a frog, an owl, and a few other creatures. They have great character, and each is painted a sharp, unrealistic color, such as acid green; $8.50 apiece. Might your girl prefer an engraved image? At Wakefield-Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (64th), you can select one from among Sheridan Oman's realistic engravings of birds and animals. They are marvellously well done, and include pets—there's a Siamese cat—as well as wildlife. The smallest engraving is a three-by-four-inch owl, which costs $15. The largest—seven by nine inches—depicts a wild ringtail cat; it's $24. For a further consideration, the shop will do the matting and framing. A woman might like to beautify her surroundings with a small tapestry. Fabulous Fakes, 239 Third Avenue (20th), has a number of these, and they are not fake at all; they are genuine, hand-hooked handiwork. One, complete with its own hanging rod, is a fifty-two-inch horizontal strip, some fourteen inches wide, on which a country wife has portrayed her concept of flowering branches in blues and greens. It's $35. When a woman's notion of interior decoration is photographs

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of her loved ones, she will appreciate an easel-back picture frame. The Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (72nd), has a wealth of picture frames, ranging in size from three inches by three to eight inches by ten, that are covered wih glorious Venetian papers. The prices go from $8.50 to $24.50. Albrizzi, 991 Madison Avenue (77th), sells a chaste frame whose base is made of clear Perspex, which is a first cousin to Lucite and is thought to be less scratchable. Two ten-by-twelve sheets of glass fit into a pair of grooves and frame a portrait, or two portraits, back to back; $21.

You could help a lady decorate her desk with her own initial. Whatever the letter, it will be of white pottery, five inches high. It's a paperweight, and Altman's third-floor Christmas Shop has it; $10. Or with Tiffany's sterling-silver stamp moistener. This good-looking little shaker sprinkles a few drops of water from minute perforations in its top. It has been copied from an antique sander—the gadget used in olden times to dry the ink on documents—and it's $11. You could assist in the decoration of somebody's closet with the gift of a large, luxuriously padded hanger from Porthault, covered in any one of twelve delightful cotton prints; it's $4.50. Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, sells an enchanting bud vase to decorate a lady's breakfast tray or night table. It's a vermeil bird supporting a vermeil coil holding a glass bud vial; $30. A woman might like to adorn her Christmas scarf with a fine antique stickpin. At the Collector's Studio, 22 East 84th Street, you will find an abundance, not to say a plethora, of such pins to choose from at around $40. And to decorate a blazer, or the jacket of a pants suit, there are the antique buttons from Tender Buttons, 143 East 62nd Street. Authentic British regimental buttons, for instance. Prices range from $7 to $25 a set.

Finally, every sensible girl wants a decorative container for her savings. L'Insolite sells a wooden box bank called Stars and Stripes. Why? Because the outside of the box has a hand-carved and hand-painted bas-relief of the flag of the United States of America. Just the thing, we judge, to hold American currency; $27.

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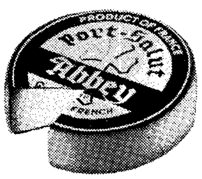

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FOOTBALL

A Life of Ease

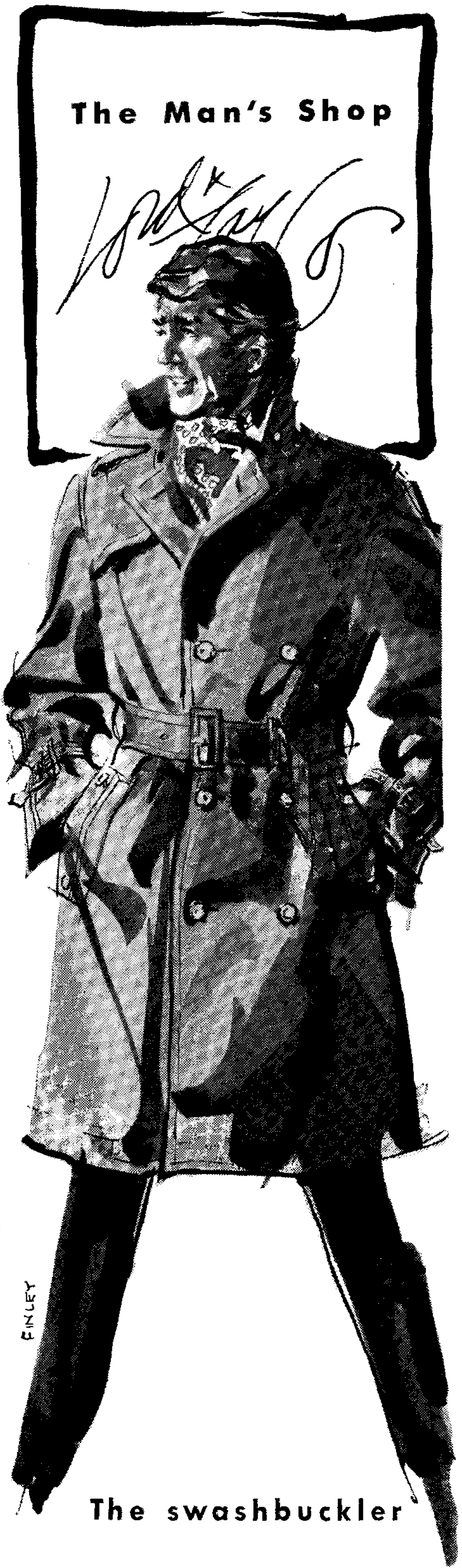
B.O.A.C. takes good care of you, or so the ads say, and Yale takes good care of Dowling and Hill. Both of them are old and experienced enough to be allowed out on the town by themselves, but Yale would much rather that, on their not infrequent touchdown runs, someone tag along—or, rather, tag just ahead of them—as guardian, even though the Yale forwards are so good at depleting the supply of enemy tacklers that Hill and Dowling usually race along, mile after mile, without need of protection. So it was again in the Bowl on Saturday, as Yale put Princeton down hard, 42–17. Like most of the important matches hereabouts that day, it might as well have ended at half time, for in the last two quarters Princeton fell wholly apart, as Brown did against Harvard (31–7), as Navy did against Syracuse (44–6), as Holy Cross did against Rutgers (41–14), as Cornell did against Dartmouth (27–6). Second halves of games like these are for parents and fiancées; the younger fry, eager for battle testing, are sent onfield to do their trial-and-error plays, and everything looks like a dress rehearsal for next year. For Yale, it was a rehearsal in dead earnest, since, along with Dowling and Hill, two dozen fellow-playmates will depart the campus in June, and the Yale freshmen, who lost, 54–12, to the Princeton fledglings earlier that afternoon, may not be of much aid next year. It was the sixth straight defeat for the Yale novices. But the varsity, confident without being cocky (a pleasant attitude these days), is gathering rosebuds while it may—sixteen wins in a row now, which matches Penn State's sixteen. Penn State's meeting with Maryland (57–13) could have ended in the first quarter. Pennsylvania, though, had to go the full four quarters before it could convincingly call a halt to a remarkably rigorous Columbia, 13–7, and Army could not be sure at all of taking over Pittsburgh, which has been a doormat this fall, until well along in the second half—Army 26, Pitt 0, which is nice enough, and no more than persevering Army deserves. Army didn't get to rest up its leaders, as Yale and Harvard and Dartmouth et al. did, but Army has a spare week to prepare for Navy; Navy has a spare week, too, and, on the evidence adduced so far this fall, Navy needs it.

STADIUM PARKING

It is practically sixty years since Harvard and Yale have gone up against one another without either having been beaten all season. It has been a much more than fair Harvard this season, what with Gatto and Hornblower and Crim and Lalich, and it is not likely that the second half of this match will be a panorama of second-stringers just playing out time. It is pleasing, though, to be able to record that Lawler, a leading Yale quarterback before Dowling got into stride, made a momentary appearance in the game with Princeton. Lawler was a hard worker in 1966, when Dowling was unable to play and Yale wasn't as prosperous as it is now; this fall he couldn't even serve as relief man for Dowling because of a wound that it was thought would permanently ground him. It is surprising, furthermore, to be able to record that Dowling is only mortal. Saturday, he was inserted into the defensive backfield when it came time for Princeton to punt. On his first try in his new role as safety, he fielded the ball neatly and, escorted by the younger Gallagher, ripped off thirty-two yards before he was upended. The second time, like many another performer in Saturday's uncalled-for weather, he mussed things up, thoughtfully dropping the ball into the hands of a grateful Princetonian. Thereafter, Bouscaren, a clever defense man whose damages had kept him, too, inactive for a considerable time, did the fielding. Dowling and Hill have broken all kinds of records for running and throwing and scoring, and it should be added that St. Ignatius, the Cleveland school that sent Dowling on to Yale, is also doing some record-making; when last I looked, it was just winning its eighteenth in a row. If you aren't doing anything Thanksgiving Day (and you may not be, for that holiday is just about an open date), you might go out to Cleveland and watch St. Ignatius play the match that will decide the local school championship.

—J. W. L.

Footnote: The Jets should have arranged to have the match with the Raiders end when the television camera ended it.



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BOOKS

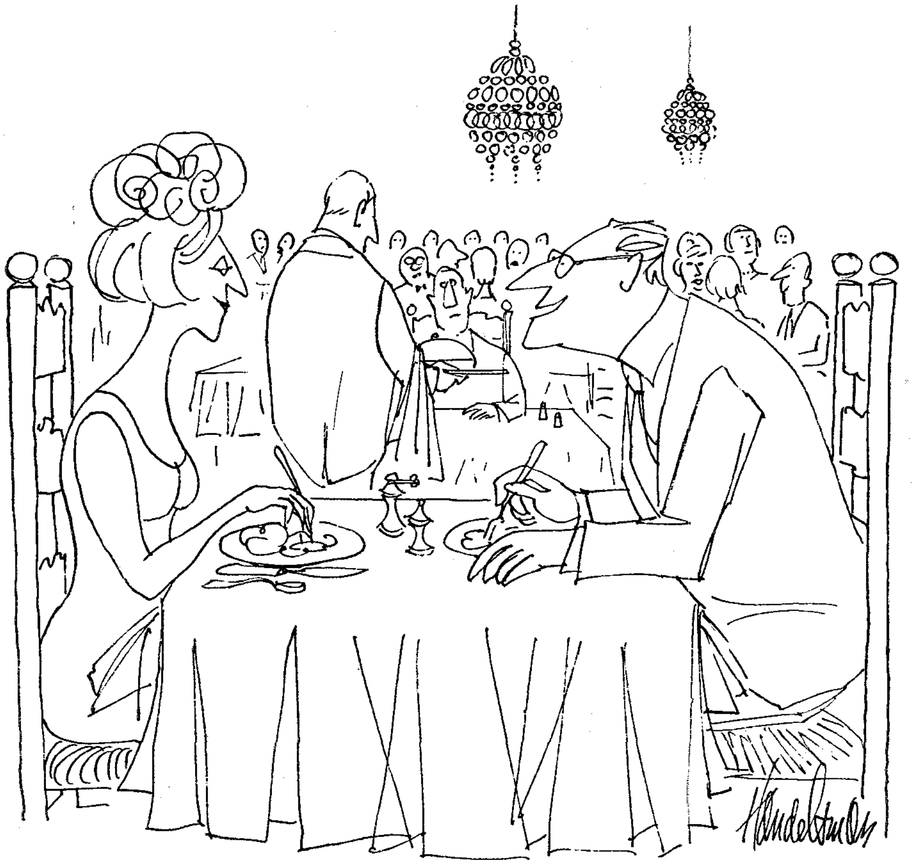
Business Not as Usual

READING Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's "The American Challenge" (which has been translated by Ronald Steel, published by Atheneum, and given a foreword by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.), an American feels like an eavesdropper. This peppery book is addressed not to Americans but to Western Europeans, especially the author's French compatriots. Servan-Schreiber is telling his European readers about the United States and urging Western Europe to take this country as a model; that is, he wants Western Europe not just to federate but to copy other features of American political organization. He recommends the virtues (as he sees them) of American society and American business management, and hopes that a transformation of European governments and society will prevent European big business from becoming a dependency of American big business. When Europeans build their very own great modern industries, he thinks, they can make their very own great modern destiny.

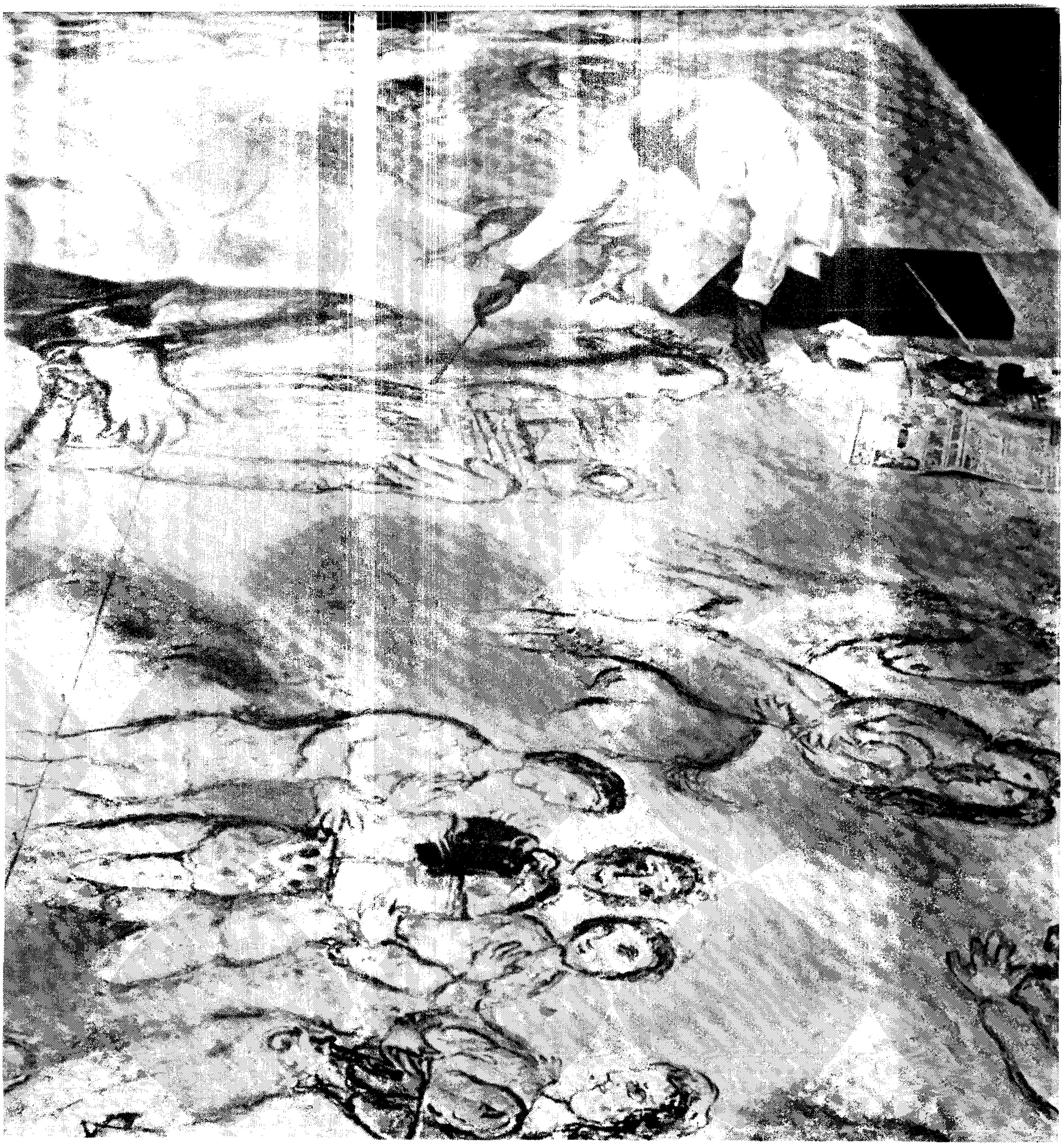
Overhearing anybody talking about oneself can be both baffling and enlightening. Servan-Schreiber is indeed baffling to Americans when he praises achievements of which many of us are not exactly proud; he praises, and urges Europeans to duplicate, the burst of American technological creativity, managerial innovation, and industrial expansion that, he notes, dates from the nineteen-fifties and has been achieved by coöperation between government, industry, and the universities. He politely calls this collaboration the "industrial-intellectual complex;" we know it as the "military-industrial complex," and scarcely any American has a kind word for it. Servan-Schreiber also admires our huge federal outlays for scientific and technological research, but half of our population is uneasy when we spend money on research not directly connected with defense and half of it is uneasy when we spend money on projects that are. He likes the democratic inclusiveness of American education, but few articulate groups in this country are satisfied with American schooling at any level. No compliment is ever wholly disbelieved, so Americans will at least agree with Servan-Schreiber that our industrial production is big. We have been bragging about it for some time. As long ago as the Second World War, our propaganda told the world that American productivity guaranteed victory, while the Japanese, whose industrial achievements were quite as remarkable as ours, were talking up their heroic warrior code.

Servan-Schreiber's admiration of the United States may surprise us, but his description of Europe's failures says what many Americans already think: that Europeans are (a) quarrelsome between nations, (b) undemocratic within nations, and (c) old-fashioned, lacking pep and hustle. He declares that European businessmen and governments have not taken advantage of the opportunities for growth offered by the Common Market. Even if they had, he thinks, they probably could not have created an industrial plant that could compete with ours—which is why he wants that federation. European business has stagnated while American business has so well used these same opportunities that—unless Europeans do as he suggests—American industry in Europe may soon be (after industry in the United States and in the Soviet Union) the largest industrial agglomeration in the world. Other West European institutions—the Coal and Steel Community and Euratom—are dead or dying, he says, victims of European nationalism, and the exclusion of Great Britain from the Common Market is the outstanding instance of the self-destructive small-mindedness of European governments—a characteristic that encourages the small-mindedness of European corporations.

Servan-Schreiber assumes that his West European readers are, like him, seeking the modern philosopher's stone—the formula that makes a nation or a continent rich. (It was once thought that alchemy fathered chemistry. Nowadays alchemy's heir is economics.) He thinks the United States has found the formula, and foresees unending growth for our economy because of our society's "confidence in man," which allows us to make a "more intelligent use of skills;" American business stimulates individual initiative and technological innovations; we



"I think I'm pretty good at sizing people up. You tell me if I'm right. You're not the kind of person who goes out with every Tom, Dick, and Harry."



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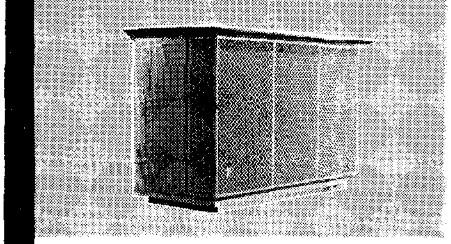

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educate a larger percentage of the population than any other nation does, and—to a degree beyond anything West Europeans are willing even to imagine—we offer higher education to the children of manual workers. So Servan-Schreiber wants Europeans to dismantle class barriers; he wants his European governments to improve and extend education and to invest in scientific and technological research; he wants businesses and governments to allow more freedom at every level. Such acts of trust, generosity, and optimism would, he says, produce the inventive management and the happy people that create industrial wealth. "American materialism" has almost achieved one-word status, like "damnyankee," but Servan-Schreiber is trying to persuade Europeans that our material achievements derive from nonmaterial traits, such as our free political system and our social egalitarianism. This high estimate seems only partly correct; after all, we Americans had all our present social virtues and knew at least half of today's economic theories and techniques, but they did not cure the Great Depression. Almost everything he admires and wishes to imitate—our space program, say, or the speed with which we have invented and applied new computers, or the reconciliation, sometimes amounting to partnership, between big government and big business, or the high wages of industrial workers, or the variety of jobs that await college graduates—looks to me like a result or a by-product of the Cold War. I am not saying that the munitions makers are running our society, or that in the guise of "fighting Communism" we are "going Communist;" I am suggesting, instead, that we may owe the huge social and technical transformations of the last twenty years—our progress, if you wish—as much to our fears as to our free institutions. Perhaps I am too much a skeptic; perhaps I am unjust to my country—an attitude one can usually leave to foreigners. Nevertheless, it is true that before the Russians scared us most American businessmen (possibly most Americans) believed that initiative is killed, not stimulated, by government action. Servan-Schreiber admires our education, but the educational provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights were regarded by us as a non-recurring obligation to veterans, and until the Russians launched Sputnik modest school-construction bills used to get lost in the congressional maze. Let us accept this much of our observer's admiration: it is to our credit as a na-

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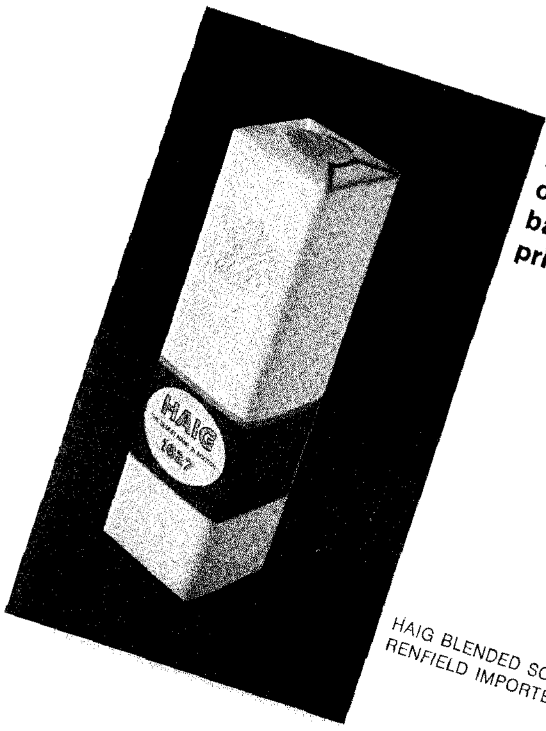

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tion that when we got scared we built schools.

Servan-Schreiber, of course, is trying to frighten Europeans, but his American challenge may not be frightening enough to stir Europeans to the great tasks he sets. He does not suggest that the entrance of American business into Europe was part of a design for world conquest; it was "an overflow of power due to the difference in 'pressure' between America and the rest of the world," and so far, he thinks, American industry in Europe has benefitted Europeans. What he fears is that the "commanding heights" of European industry may eventually belong to us. Even so, he foresees not American tanks enforcing censorship of European newspapers but something less concrete—important decisions made abroad. He is mild and reasonable in describing that dark prospect, and not nearly as fiery as American Populists when, at the turn of the century, they protested the control they felt Eastern moneyed interests exercised over their lives. Servan-Schreiber's image of failure is Western Europe disunited, its major enterprises run by well-meaning foreigners who are not aware of what is specifically European, its people citizens of second-rate nations and gradually feeling a loss of personal power—a feeling that whatever they do does not matter. At this point, the American eavesdropper is overhearing a discussion of a party to which he has not been invited. Servan-Schreiber is appealing for a shift from the nationalisms that exist (which we do not share) to a European nationalism that does not yet exist and from which he wishes to exclude us. Do the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Marseille, Bremen, and Siena, because they are physically closer, feel spiritually closer to each other than they do to Americans? I have no idea. The United States has been accused of pushing European integration too hard and, like an importunate matchmaker, hindering rather than furthering the union. Everything Servan-Schreiber wishes certainly seems good for Europe, and none of it seems injurious to the United States. One hopes that a European preaching European unity may be more effective than we outsiders have been. And yet Servan-Schreiber is baffling when, after flattering us beyond recognition, he writes as if Americans were Martians, as if American civilization were not a variety of European civilization.

So much for the eavesdropper's bafflement. What about his enlightenment? Servan-Schreiber addresses,

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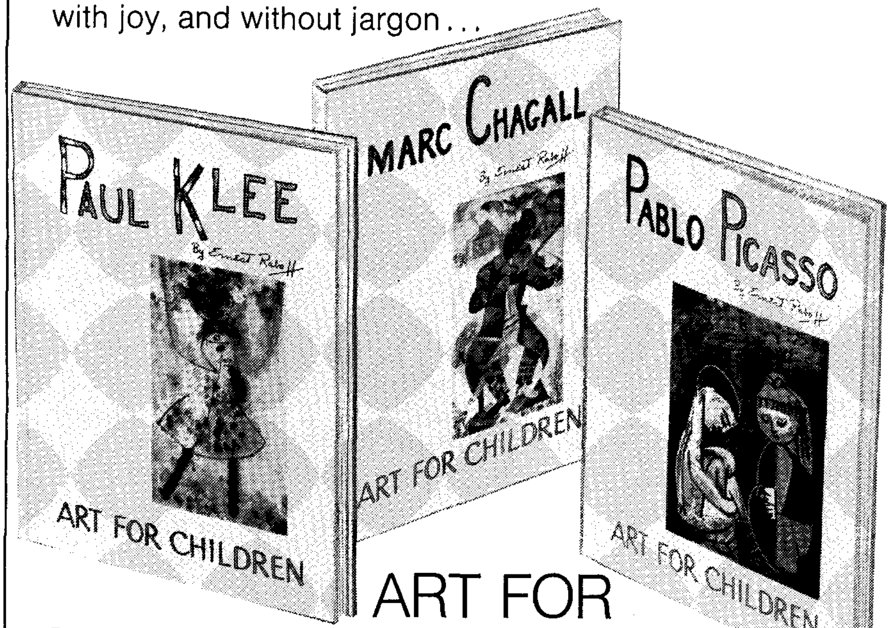

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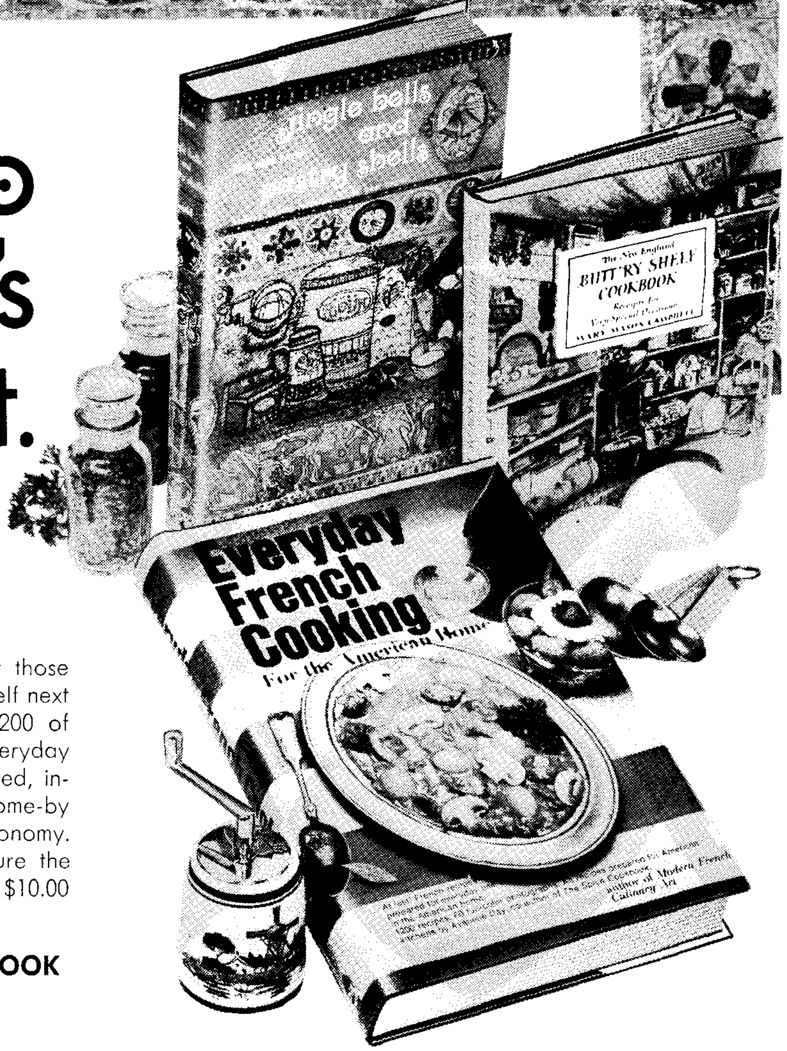
among others, the European (non-Communist) left, and some of what he says is intellectually profitable to the American left as well. Fewer Americans than Europeans nowadays believe that the best way to handle a problem industry or service is just to nationalize it, and our search for forms of private and public decentralization is, Servan-Schreiber recognizes, a proof of admirable social creativity. But some Americans on the left, like some of Servan-Schreiber's left Europeans, are worried rather than eager when they think about modern machinery and management. The word "computer" upsets them. Servan-Schreiber asks them to embrace technological advance and modern management as human means to humane ends, not to leave these new techniques to the conservatives, who will not use them generously, or to technicians without philosophy. He also argues with those European left intellectuals (we have some of the same sort here) who feel that economic expansion is not worthwhile because of the ways prospering workers spend money. That Tory view of the working class (they will only put coal in the bathtub) has migrated to the left; it comes out as: They will only buy television sets. I think that attitude is so wrong that it is funny, but Servan-Schreiber is convinced that it has done serious damage at the polls to the European left. Certainly the dream of imposing worthiness has been noticeable in the thought of the British Labour Party; probably it has cost votes. If one is earnestly concerned with the diffusion of high culture and the pursuit of a happiness that does not depend entirely on material possessions, Servan-Schreiber's adjurations are worth attention. It must be possible for critical thinkers to avoid sounding like killjoy schoolmarms.

Sometimes enlightenment comes through mortification. Servan-Schreiber's radiant picture of the United States, never discussing our terrible troubles, may seem both insensitive and unsympathetic, yet as he keeps on telling West Europeans, who are among the richest peoples of the world, how very rich Americans are—citing now this yardstick, now that—one understands his omissions, for poverty, constraint, and injustice are everyday matters all over the world; they are not news. But the wealth, comfort, and liberty that exist in the United States are not merely rare, they are unique. When we see ourselves as others see us, a mortifying question arises: Ought we complain, as we do, of our "unprece-

Ways to a cook's heart.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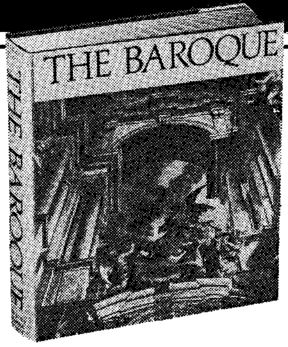

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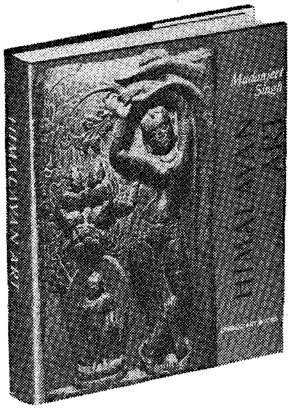

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dented” problems? All problems are unprecedented, or they would not be problems, and the rich can solve problems more easily than the poor. When the poor are the eavesdroppers, how does the whimpering of the rich sound? I am sure we must criticize and argue, for we all agree that our country is suffering, and we do not agree on the nature of the illness. Stoic silence is the lot of subjects, not citizens. Still, after Servan-Schreiber has counted our blessings for us, and even after each of us has made his own subtractions from the total, the suspicion remains: Do we just now exhibit that least sympathetic of human spectacles—the rich feeling sorry for themselves?

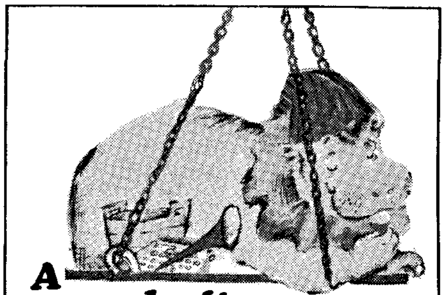
—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PHOTOGRAPHER, by Pierre Boulle, translated from the French by Xan Fielding (Vanguard). A semi-successful photographer in Paris sees a chance to capture the picture that will be the crown of his life's work and the proof that he has genius. Martial Gaur, once an ace war photographer, now has to content himself with still pictures of pretty movie starlets, because one of his legs was shot off in Algeria. The new President of France is a controversial figure—a forty-year-old man, bent on reforms and changes, who is hated by many because of his defiant vitality and because he is marrying a beautiful girl half his age. Gaur is a friend of the President's chief bodyguard. Gaur is also a friend of a superannuated troublemaker who calls himself a revolutionary. Strangely enough, just before the President's marriage, an ugly but fascinating young woman of unnatural intensity moves into Gaur's hotel and proceeds, with no delay, to make love to him. Gaur, at fifty-five, is sour and lonely, but he succumbs to the young woman almost as completely as he has already succumbed to the lure of his own unsatisfied ambition. Never a man of strict morality, he is soon quite undone. Mr. Boulle maintains his attitude of irony, and his prose is as laconic as ever, but all is wasted: since Gaur's moral sense was never much, the story of his undoing is hardly worth recording.

GAZAPO, by Gustavo Sainz, translated from the Spanish by Hardie St. Martin (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). There is a high proportion of street



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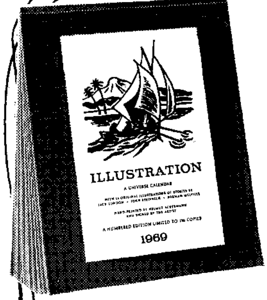

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names in the words that make up this book, which is an account, set in Mexico City, of a few days in the lives of a group of aimless, self-absorbed Mexican teen-agers. Events, such as someone knocking at the door of an apartment where the hero has been necking with his girl, are presented in the style that is called "cinematic," meaning that scenes of no intrinsic interest are repeated from many different angles. There is always a chance—slight in this case—that the charm of the original was not transferred to the English translation.

THE SUICIDE ACADEMY, by Daniel Stern (McGraw-Hill). This is a novel made up of questions and hypothetical answers concerning life and death, and, by association, what it means to be a Jew. The speculation is embodied in an allegorical institution called the Suicide Academy, of which the narrator, a Jew, is the director. People thinking of killing themselves may enroll for a day in a program designed to help them make a rational choice between living and dying. The main question is whether an irrational bias in favor of one or the other can be eliminated. The author is completely engrossed in the mechanics of his meditation, at the expense of his characters, and there is no sense in the book of what it feels like to want to live or die.

STEPHEN CRANE: SULLIVAN COUNTY TALES AND SKETCHES, edited and with an introduction by R. W. Stallman (Iowa State University Press). Nineteen short fiction pieces, five of them here reprinted for the first time, which represent Crane's earliest writing. They were written and published (for the most part in the New York *Tribune*) in 1892. Crane was then just twenty, but these stories are only nominally juvenilia. The least of them are not so much crude as dated by a faded, tall-tale humor, and the best—"The Snake" and "Killing His Bear"—are more or less to "The Blue Hotel" what Hemingway's "Up in Michigan" is to "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." Mr. Stallman is a leading Crane authority and the author of the recent "Stephen Crane: A Biography."

GENERAL

EXPANSION AND COEXISTENCE: THE HISTORY OF SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY, 1917-67, by Adam B. Ulam (Praeger). This big, informative work by a Russian expert at

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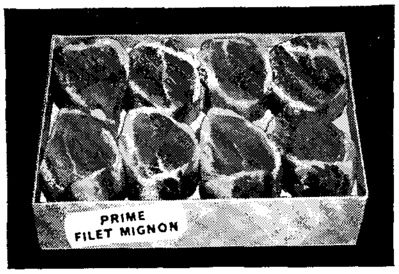

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Harvard is close to enthralling. It takes all the space it requires to give all the details needed to mark what seems a tortuous path, and at the end the reader, with Professor Ulam's aid, comes to realize that Soviet foreign policy has been more consistent than its historic switches suggest. He sees, too, why Professor Ulam is profoundly pessimistic. The author thinks that Soviet intolerance of non-Communists and deviant Communists reflects the suspicions of men who proudly remember that Lenin's tiny group, with a little German assistance, overthrew a government and took charge of a huge empire; to modern Bolsheviks it does not seem implausible that another tiny dissident group, with foreign aid, might overthrow them. Then, too, Professor Ulam doubts that rifts within the Communist world will make the Russians more willing to work for accommodation and world stability; the fragments of the former monolith tend to compete with each other in demonstrating revolutionary militance. Finally, his estimate of American foreign policy and diplomacy since the Second World War is, by and large, unenthusiastic. Still, if the reader cannot change the world, he may find some consolation in understanding it, and this book is an immense aid to such understanding. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

My God Died Young, by Sasthi Brata (Harper & Row). The appealing autobiography of a bumptious, troubled, talented, likable young man. Mr. Brata was born in Calcutta to a well-to-do Brahmin family. He was spoiled as a child in his Bengali-speaking home, and then (still in India) sent to a maniacally puritanical school, which educated him wholly in English and mainly about sin; later he studied science at Presidency College in Calcutta. The disparity of these formative influences, not surprisingly, has left him feeling unhappy and homeless wherever he goes. He lives in England, has visited the United States, and went back to India to try to please his parents and arrange a suitable Indian marriage; he did not succeed. That nobody in particular is to blame for his predicament—that he is the victim of ceaseless attempts to do him good—naturally makes Brata just so much angrier, but he does win (and deserve) the reader's sympathy.

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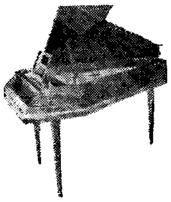

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House of Representatives, by Richard Bolling (Dutton). The author, a Democratic Representative from Missouri since 1948, describes the past and present and makes some suggestions for the future. He finds that the House of Representatives has been most effective and most genuinely representative of the country in periods when it has been run by a strong Speaker and by determined, disciplinarian party leaders. Mr. Bolling is especially fascinating when he tells what he has seen at first-hand. His judgments are thoughtful and thought-provoking, and often mitigate commonly held opinions. (He thinks Kennedy was not all that bad in dealing with Congress, and Johnson not all that good.)

Talk About America, by Alistair Cooke (Knopf). Forty-one of the several hundred radio talks on America and the Americans that the chief United States correspondent of the *Guardian* has broadcast over the B.B.C. in the past decade or so. They are short, informal, and generally light (though not lightweight) in touch, and they would seem to be almost as effective read as heard. Mr. Cooke's purpose is to interpret this country to interested English-speaking people elsewhere in the world, and he brings to this task a crucial insight: "Americans who have not been in Europe tend to imagine what is best about her; Europeans who have not been in America tend to imagine what is worst." His perceptions are sharpened as much by age (an ability to see the present from the vantage point of the past) as by his foreignness: "'Discovering your identity' is a byword of the American student. I have still to learn if it means much more than the old slang phrase of the twenties: 'Be yourself.'" Both these qualities are evident in an epilogue, in which he quotes a sentence from John Kennedy's inauguration speech that at the time was merely stirring: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty." And comments, "Vietnam, I fear, is the price of the Kennedy Inaugural."

The White/Garnett Letters, edited and with a preface and notes by David Garnett (Viking). An exchange, covering some twenty-five

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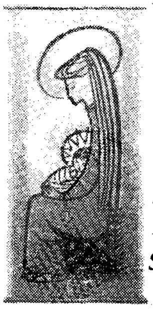

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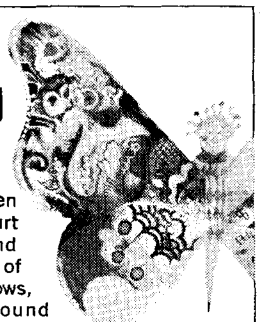

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years (1936 through 1962), between T. H. White and his oldest (and almost only) friend and mentor. White and Garnett became acquainted by mail (as a result of a review by Garnett of one of White's novels), and since White lived much of his life away from England (first in Ireland and then in the Channel Islands), their friendship was largely epistolary. Their letters are thus real letters. They form a continuing conversation between two intelligent and articulate men on a rich variety of subjects (field sports, the Hitler war, territorial aggression in ants, Damascus-steel gun barrels, bees, gardening, dogs, books, diseases, death, the Holy Ghost), and they are a pleasure to read.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, by Edwin P. Hoyt (Abelard-Schuman). The purpose of this biography—the author is absolutely frank about it—is to refurbish the reputation of a onetime celebrity (1887-1943). Mr. Hoyt's restoration is successful partly because he does not insist that Woollcott was a major literary critic or a great man; instead, he emphasizes that Woollcott was a poor boy from an odd family who felt that he had to make good, and, for that purpose, invented for himself a showy personality he had trouble living up to. Mr. Hoyt also points out some of the virtues and values of Woollcott's critical work, as well as its limitations. Woollcott's sparkling friends and enemies help make the tale diverting.

NOTE: Simon & Schuster has published "A Portfolio of Social Cartoons," by Alan Dunn, all of which originally appeared in this magazine.

•

ANXIOUS MOMENTS OF 1968

[*From the Times*]

In a postmortem on the campaign, close advisers to Mr. Nixon disclosed that the Nixon camp had gone through some anxious moments in the few days that followed the President's announcement on Oct. 31 . . . that the White House had ordered a stop in the bombing of North Vietnam.

"The bombing halt almost did us in," one key adviser commented. "We thought for 24 hours we had lost the whole thing."

•

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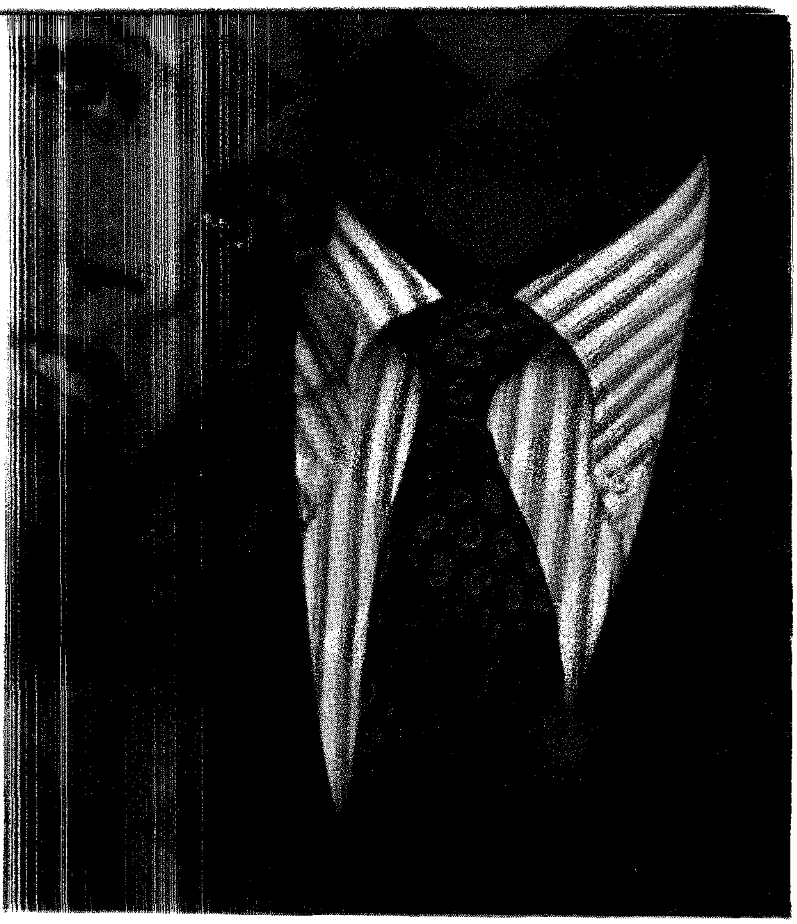

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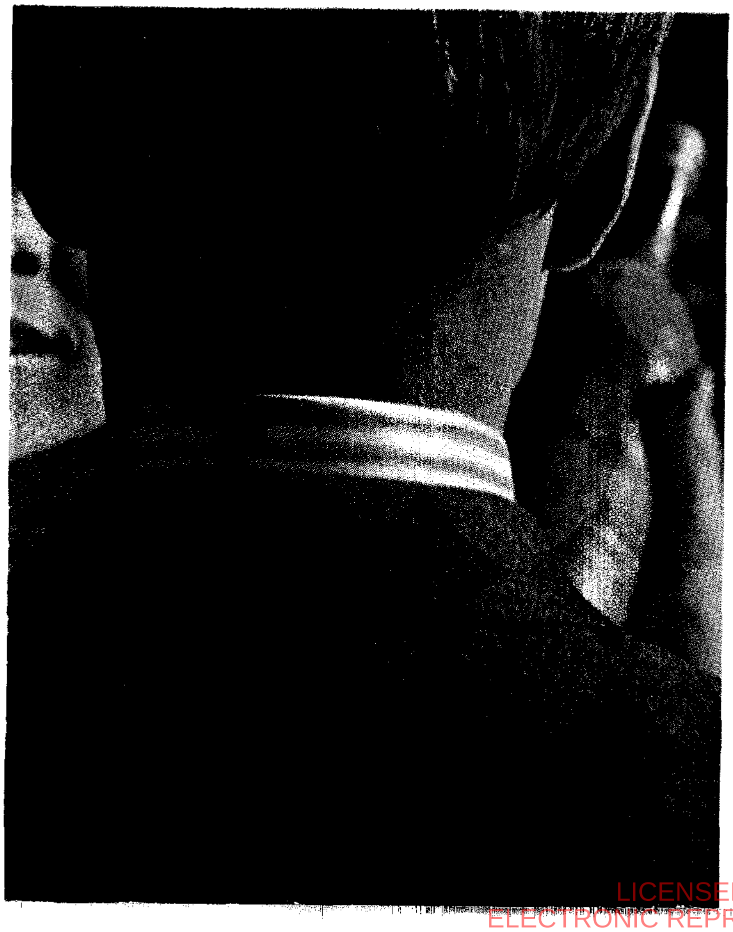

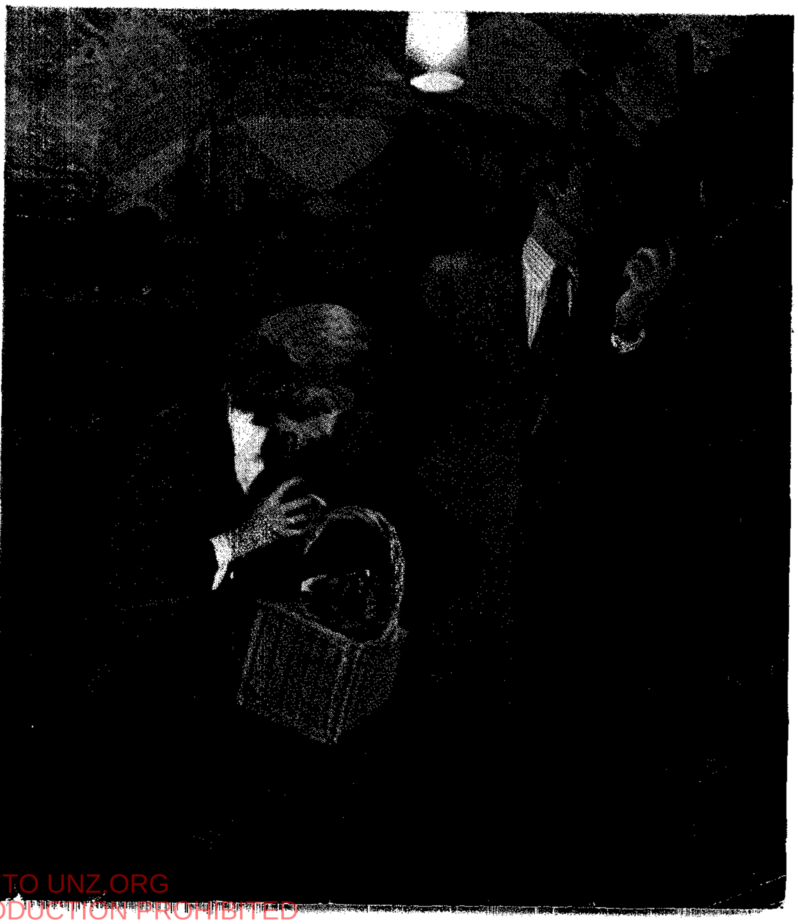

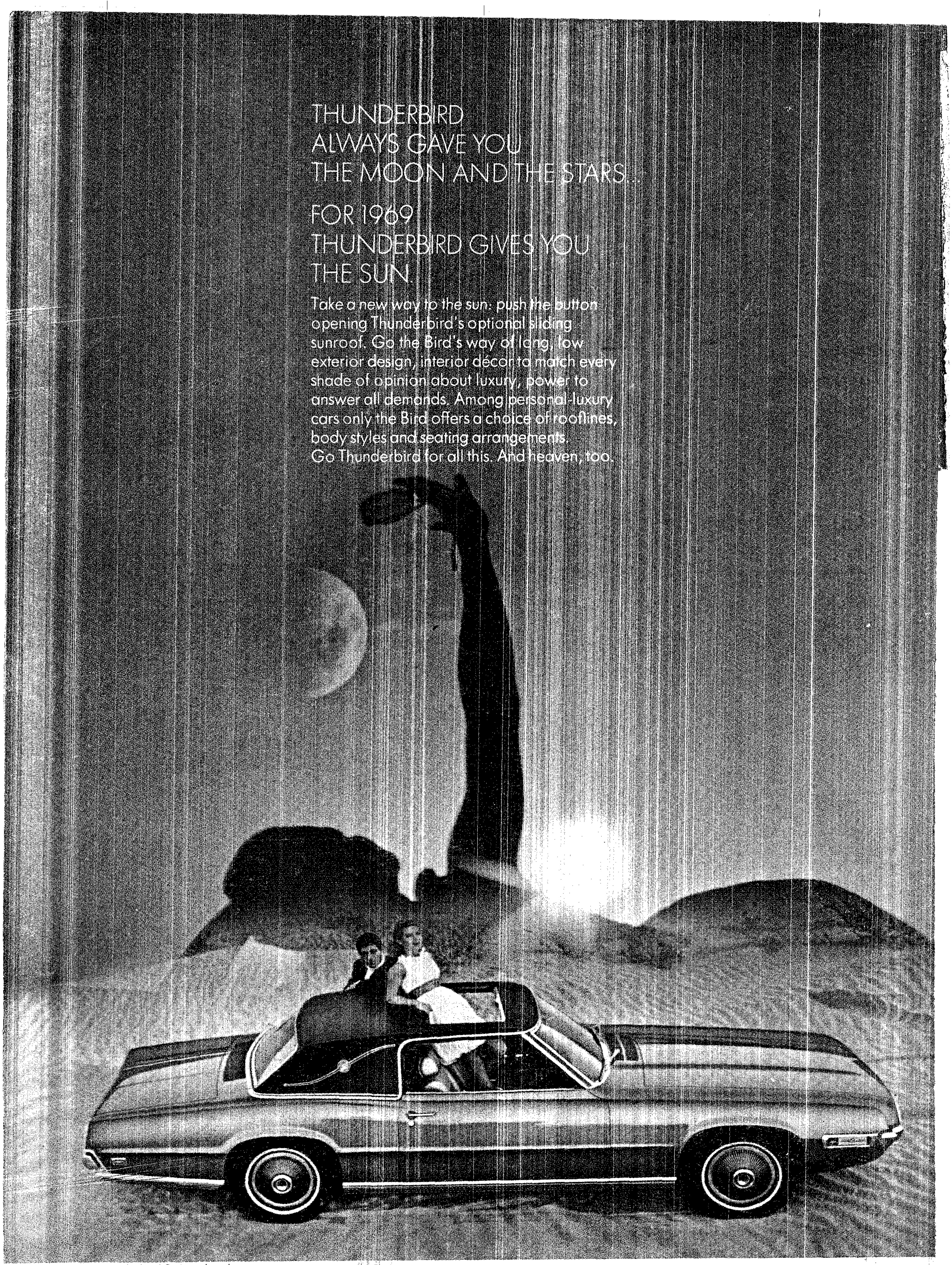

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